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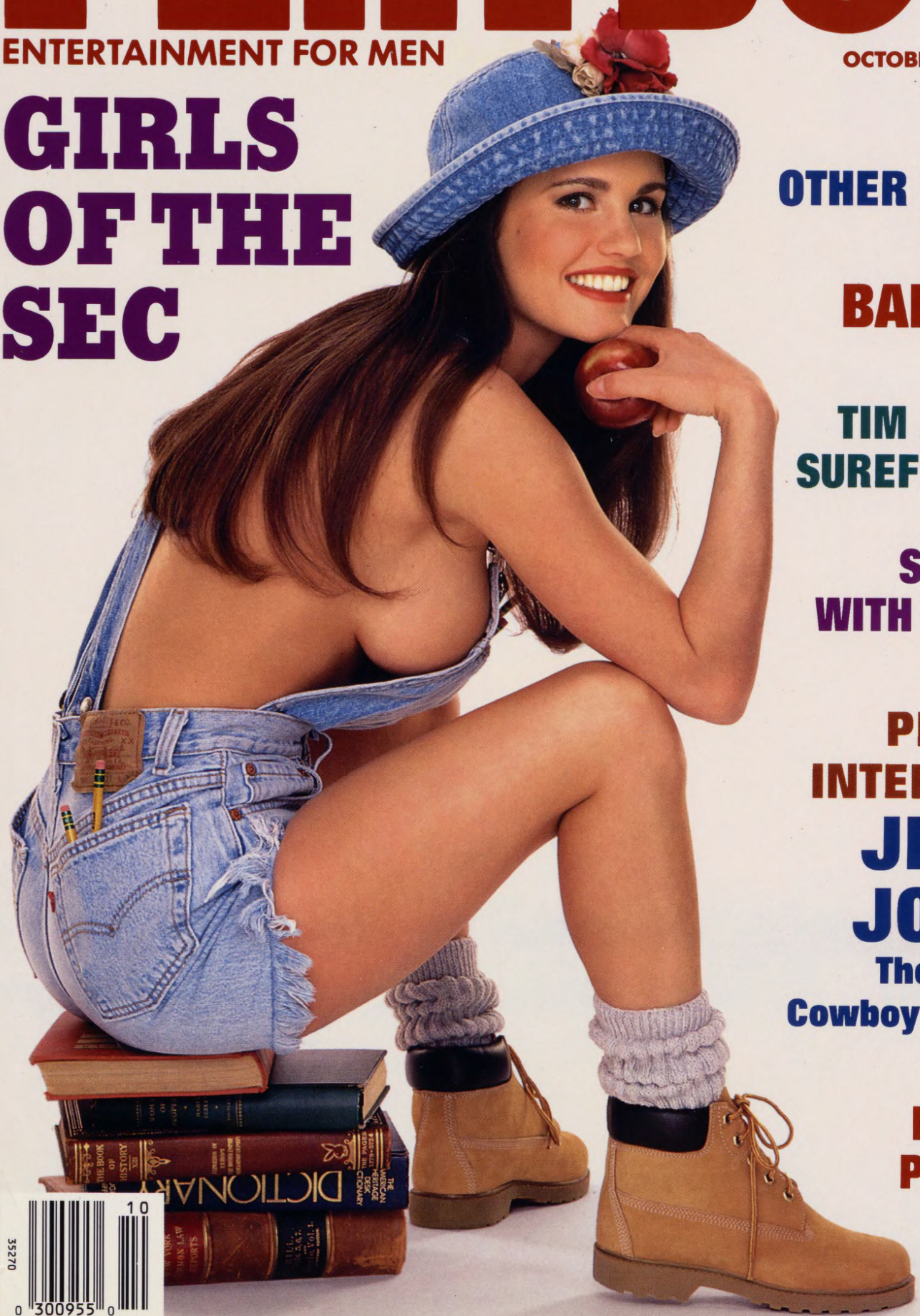

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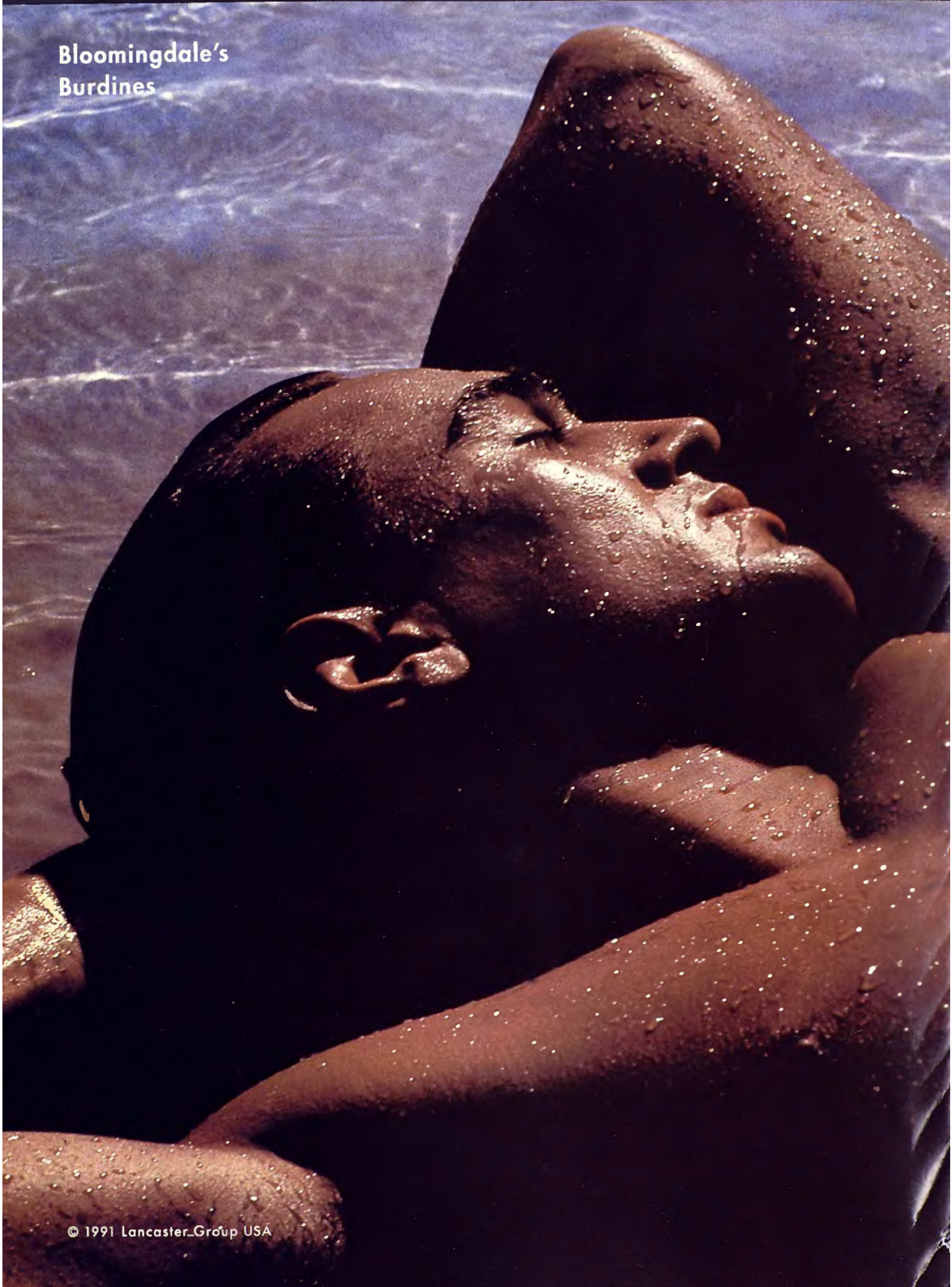
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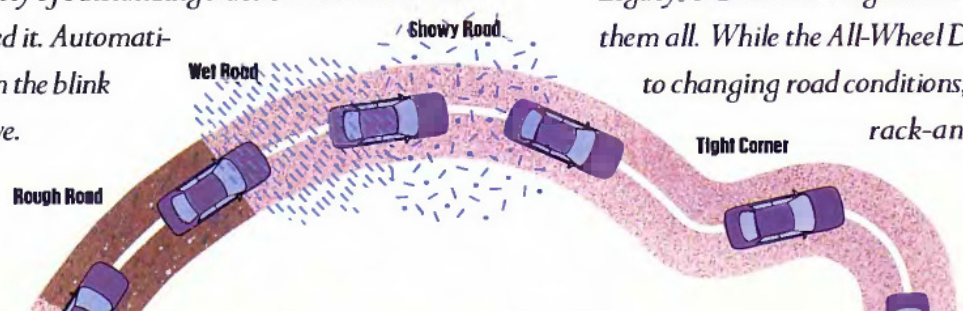

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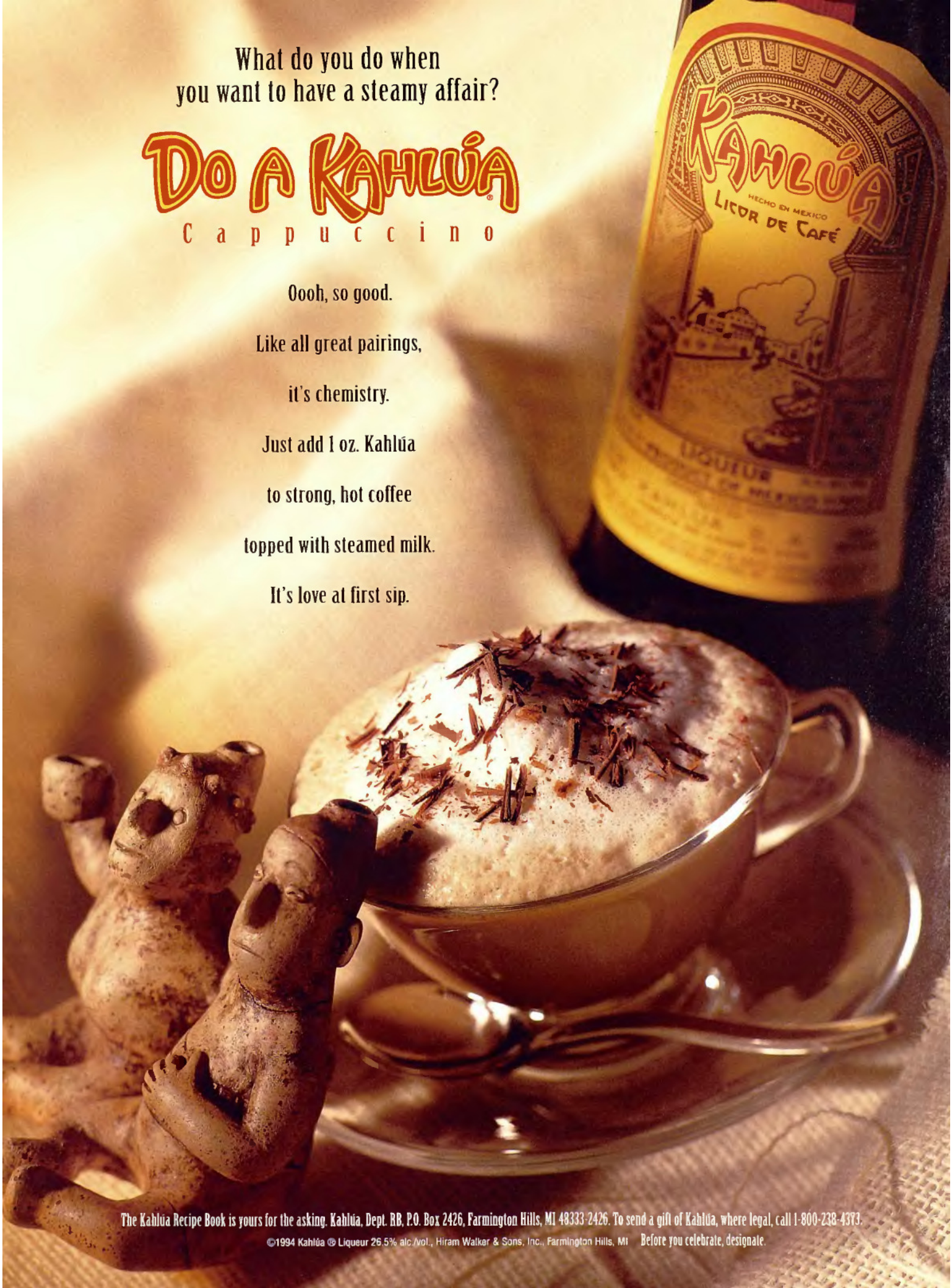
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PLAYBILL

THE NOVELTY of watching live-action legal dramas, especially the O.J. Simpson case, has captivated and exhausted millions. This month, we have just the fix for court watchers who are intrigued by L.A. law but are numbed by long TV trials. First, we present **Paula Barbieri,** who caught our eye a year ago as a model with star potential. Then she was named in Simpson's much publicized "suicide note." Her pictorial comes out of Africa from the lens of **Peter Beard.** You'll be equally taken with *Killer in the Courtroom*, a profile of attorney **Leslie Abramson** by Contributing Editor **Joe Morgenstern** (illustrated by **David Levine,** winner of the prestigious Thomas Nast Prize). Abramson kept Erik Menendez from the gas chamber, and is set to play pit bull for Menendez II. How tough is she? After Abramson successfully defended another young man accused of murdering his abusive father, the judge said admiringly that she "made you want to go out and dig up that father and hang him."

The star of a more genial type of TV, **Tim Allen** of top sitcom *Home Improvement*, turns a new page in his career as author of *Tim Allen's Guide to Living With Women*, a selection from his forthcoming book *Don't Stand Too Close to a Naked Man* (Hyperion). It's a hilarious look at Allen's tools of the love trade. Just in case you're not as bold or beguiling as Allen, check out *First Dates Made Easy*, with artwork by **Jerry McDonald.** Regular guy **Myles Berkowitz** shares a list of icebreakers—covering such topics as sex, Elvis and recycling—that he painstakingly assembled during 20 years of dating. Veteran listmaker **David Rensin** prepared some queries for his date with that ultimate West Coast betty, **Heather Locklear,** but nothing could have readied him for her answers. In a must-read, will-drool *20 Questions*, Locklear admits that the men on *Melrose Place* are there to look good and stay hard and that if she wrote the show, her character, Amanda, would visit an S&M club. Whew.

In our next audible, veteran contributor **Lawrence Linderman** puts Dallas Cowboys owner **Jerry Jones** through the wringer in a Texas-sized *Playboy Interview*. Jones defends his sacking of coach Jimmy Johnson and tells why he raised Barry Switzer from the dead. You may question his ego, but when he talks of how he made his fortune in oil, it's clear the guy's a gusher.

Football then kicks off our college package, as Sports Editor **Gary Cole** sorts through the Big Ten, Big East and other bruising conferences to predict the big and best shots in *Playboy's Pigskin Preview*. Looks like it won't be the same old Seminole story. This year's college fiction winner, *Buckeye the Elder*, by the University of Iowa's **Brady Udall,** stars a panty-hose salesman who charms an entire family with his antics. There's also an edge to our collegiate look for fall. Photographer **Davis Factor** went out on a roof for *Back to Campus Fashion*, clothes that will guarantee entrée into the most slamming parties. We must say that on our third trip below the Mason-Dixon line we landed our best crop of beauties yet. Study the *Girls of the SEC* pictorial, take notes and be sure to highlight your favorite passages. Studying pays off: Playmate of the Month **Victoria Zdrok** is an exceptional scholar whom Soviet authorities allowed to attend school here. She's at two colleges, wants two degrees and leaves us speechless. Thankfully, Zdrok is able to pick up the slack: She speaks five languages.

There's a foreign influence in our feature on razors, *Close Shave*, by **Donald Charles Richardson.** He actually met with the master barber from Geo. F. Trumper of London, who then shaved Viscount Lewisham to demonstrate proper technique. Lastly and ghastly, cartoon genius **Gahan Wilson** pulls a few comic tricks in a four-page treat, *Gahan's Monsters*—making this one issue you don't want to leave under the bed.

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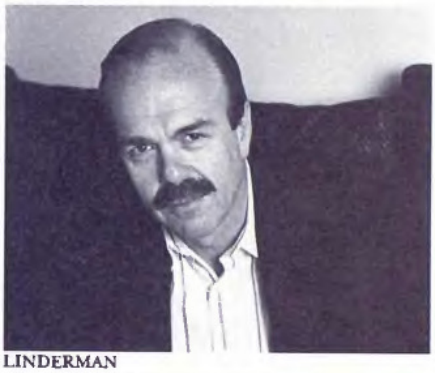
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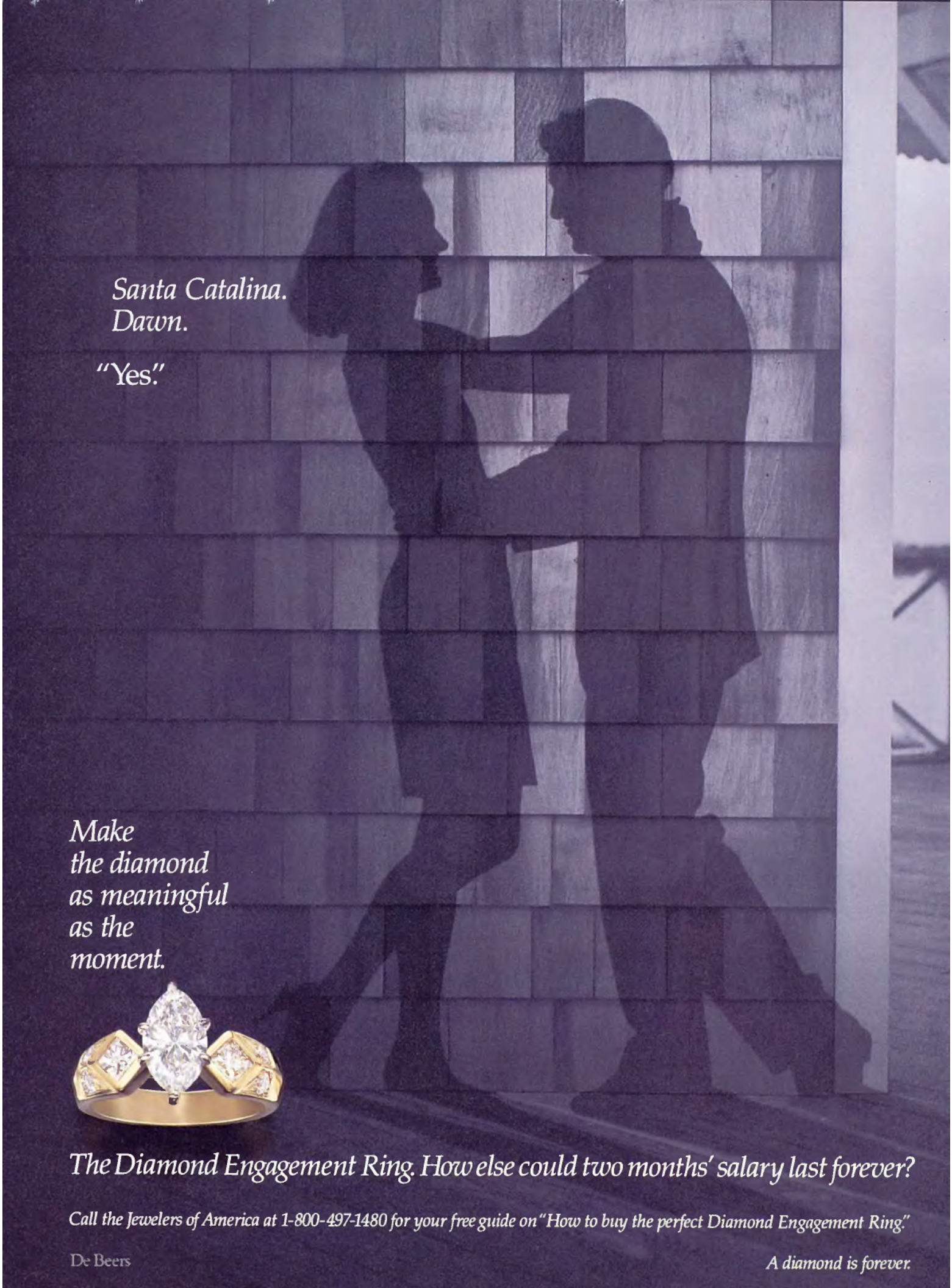

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COVER STORY

August 1993 Ploymate Jennifer Lavoie is the apple of our eye this month as she returns to kick off our back-to-campus issue. Our cover was designed by Assistant Art Director Kelly Korjenek and Associate Art Director Kristen Korjenek, styled by Ann Moorehouse of Aria and shot by Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley. Thanks to Pat Tomlinson for Jennifer's hair and mokeup. Our well-read Rabbit scores points for being the teacher's pet.

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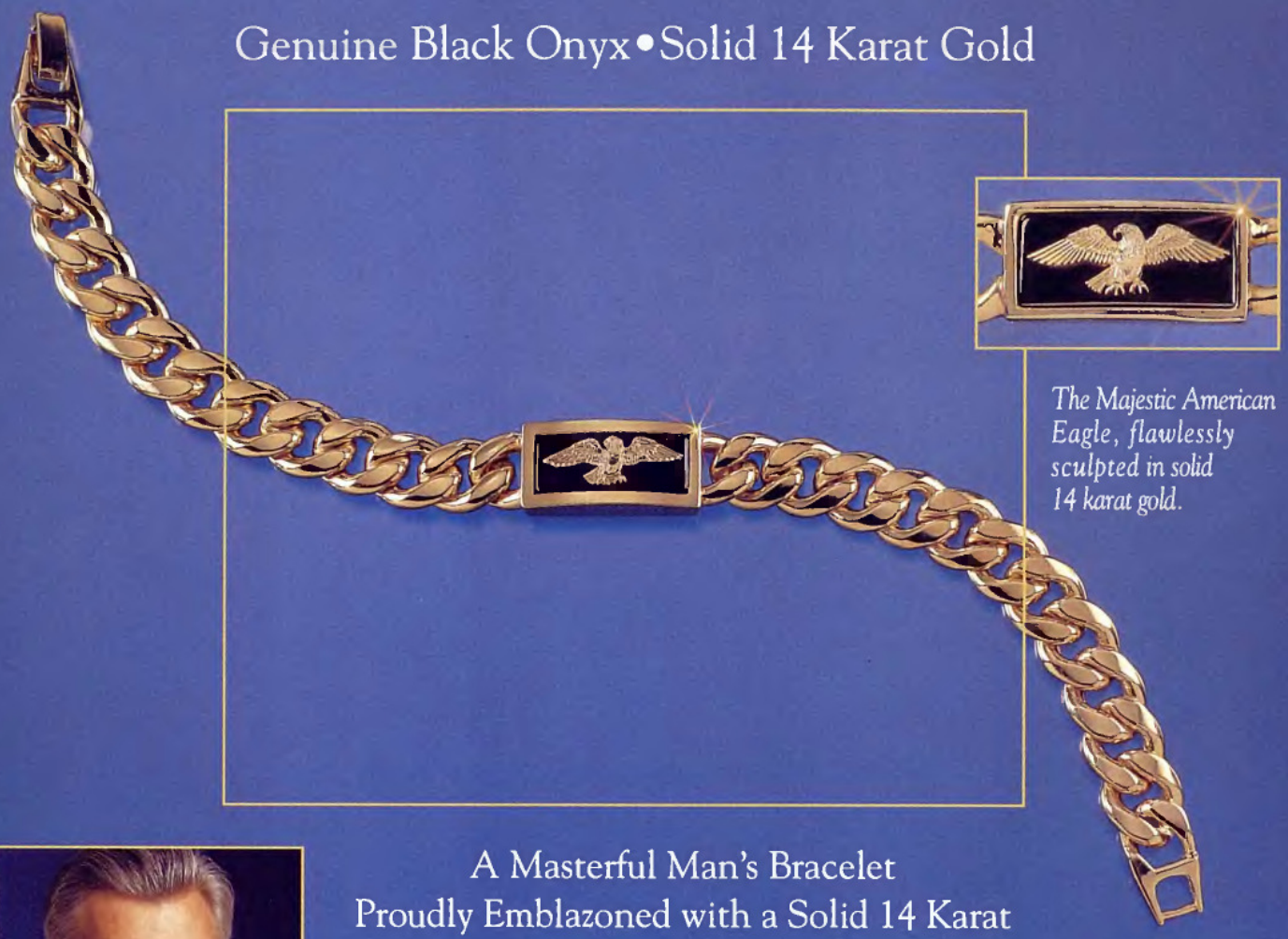

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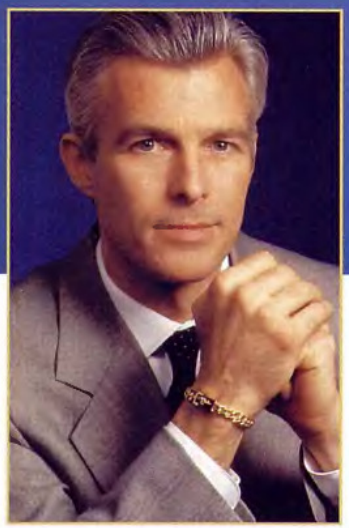

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Dennis Kelley
Las Vegas, Nevada

I never really cared for the Reagans and never gave much thought to Patti Davis. Until now. Are you sure Ron and Nancy are her real parents?

John Hall
St. Cloud, Florida

As a 30-year PLAYBOY reader, I have always been glad when you recognize small-breasted women. I was especially pleased with Patti Davis. I fell in love with her one rainy night in New York almost two decades ago, but I never dreamed that she would look so good without her clothes.

Chaston Raston
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Who wants to see Patti Davis nude? Who cares?

Kim Teller
Seattle, Washington

Ronald Reagan's reactionary positions on personal freedom drove me out of the Republican Party. I hope Patti has a party and I'm invited. She could be my commander in chief any day.

Richard Jensen
Birmingham, Alabama

BILL GATES

Contributing Editor David Rensin's interview with Bill Gates (July) was informative and timely. The Justice Department and the FTC aren't antitrust, they are antibig. Here's a guy and a company that made a good product at a good price. Their only crime was that they were successful.

David Ferguson
Big Bear Lake, California

Congratulations for an excellent interview. What an eye-opener. Who would have thought that such a powerful man would admit to enjoying *Ren & Stimpy*? It certainly raised my opinion of Bill Gates.

Dan Sweet
Tigard, Oregon

Since I'm considered a nerd myself, it was gratifying to read that my comrade Bill Gates is the second richest man in America. We nerds should be proud of ourselves.

Harold Li
hongnian@artsci.wustl.edu
St. Louis, Missouri

While I enjoyed the Gates interview, I'm getting a little tired of the journalistic tradition of equating profitability with

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Kinuko Craft has done hundreds of illustrations for Playboy, often rendering modern subjects in the styles of bygone masters. Now you can own one of her most romantic and sensual images as a signed and numbered lithograph. Mysterious Beauty, which appeared in the June 1982 issue of Playboy, cleverly juxtaposes an ancient Japanese couple with contemporary lovers who echo them in pose.

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vision and innovation. Microsoft has proven itself to be reactive in the marketplace, not proactive. Microsoft had to produce Windows because DOS was so user-unfriendly.

Steve Meloan
meloan@netcom.com
Los Angeles, California

DEATH AT THE CLINIC DOOR

I read Craig Vetter's article (*Death at the Clinic Door*, July) with great interest. I was raised a fundamentalist and am a member of NOW, so I'm familiar with the mind-set of both sides. I feel saner being pro-choice. Jonathan Swift said, "We have just religion enough to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another."

Thomas Boughan
Cowan, Tennessee

If you read the Bible, Exodus 21:22, to be exact, you will find no reference to abortion as murder. Abortion is tragic, but it's not murder.

Dennis Anthony
Los Angeles, California

PLAYMATE REVISITED

Thanks so much for bringing back Shannon Long, Miss October 1988 (*Playmate Revisited: Shannon Long*, July). As one of her many boosters, I welcome the stunning Australian back to the U.S.

Philip Riggio
Palm Beach, Florida

Shannon Long is so breathtakingly beautiful that I damn near sold everything to buy a ticket to Australia.

Gerald Burns
Ringgold, Georgia

MICHAEL MORIARTY

Thank you for the excellent *20 Questions* with Michael Moriarty (July). As an English novelist who grew up in a country with reactionary censorship and double standards, I found his comments insightful and heartfelt. Censorship prohibits communication, and if the media bow to government pressure, artists and audiences will lose.

Philip Nutman
Avondale Estates, Georgia

THE RULES OF DATING

While much of *Finally, the Rules of Dating* (July) was interesting, it was pretty one-sided. Women do a lot of things on dates that tick men off, too. Until Tracey Pepper is willing to submit rules for both sexes, her piece will be nothing more than just plain whining.

Mark Marmor
New York, New York

Bad news, Tracey. Most men between the ages of 19 and 45 have had just about enough of women telling them what to do, what women like, what women want, how women feel. You are about to see a monumental backlash.

Chip Elliott
Columbus, Ohio

I just wish the article were required reading for all men over 18. I found myself nodding my head in agreement over many points.

M.A. Wilson
West Grove, Pennsylvania

TRACI ADELL

Sure, Traci Adell (*Delta Queen*, July) has a great body, but what really sets her apart are her baby blue eyes. They could melt a man's heart.

Mel Perryman
Sandy Hook, New Jersey

In 40 years, no July Playmate has ever been voted Playmate of the Year—I notice these things. But Traci Adell gives me hope. How can you deny those gorgeous eyes?

Al Donald
Toms River, New Jersey

You outdid yourselves: four stars, an 11 (ten isn't enough), a goddess. Forget the 900 number to vote for Playmate of the Year. Traci wins hands down.

Frank Huntington
Orland Park, Illinois

Finally, Memphis has someone to praise besides Elvis.

Edward Owen Harden
Bartlett, Tennessee

SEX AND THE CIGAR BOX

Congratulations on the informative article on the art of cigar labels (*Sex and the Cigar Box*, July). Our organization, Cigar Label Collectors International, can give your readers additional information if they write to us at 14761 Pearl Road, #154, Strongsville, Ohio 44136-5000.

Laura Harrison
Strongsville, Ohio

HE STANDS CORRECTED

Hooray for Robert Scheer. I never thought I would see a journalist who would or could change his opinion about gun control (*Guns II*, July). As a retired Army officer and a former police officer, I know that gun control penalizes only those who are inclined to obey the law.

Royal Fyfe
Beaufort, South Carolina

Thank you for printing *Guns II*. If we allow the socially and politically correct to regulate the Second Amendment, they won't stop there. Other rights will surely erode.

Gary Alton
Trumbull, Connecticut

Robert Scheer's change of mind in *Guns II* is an example of honest journalism at its best. He was mature enough to own up to being wrong. I don't blame him for the original mistake; there are many so-called experts who are always spouting statistics.

Mark Harry
Portland, Oregon

The NRA should join Scheer in advocating a real war on poverty as an alternative to the hysteria over gun ownership as a source of crime.

Michael Johnson
Gilbert, Minnesota

CHICKEN GOES HOME

This is a fan letter to Cynthia Heimel: I chuckled when you skewered the Neanderthal man. I winced when your rapier wit got a little too close to me. I identified with your single-parent columns because I am one, too. But your July *Women* column, "The Chicken Goes Home to Roost," stunned me, for I also have a father afflicted by a series of strokes. I'll say a prayer.

William Stark
Pasadena, California

BREAST CANCER AD REVISITED

I salute you for running the breast cancer ad. You are helping men to realize that they have a role in the fight against breast cancer. You are also reminding people that breast-feeding helps breasts stay healthy. Finally, new research suggests that having been breast-fed helps women avoid this kind of cancer, too.

Carol Huotari
Melrose Park, Illinois

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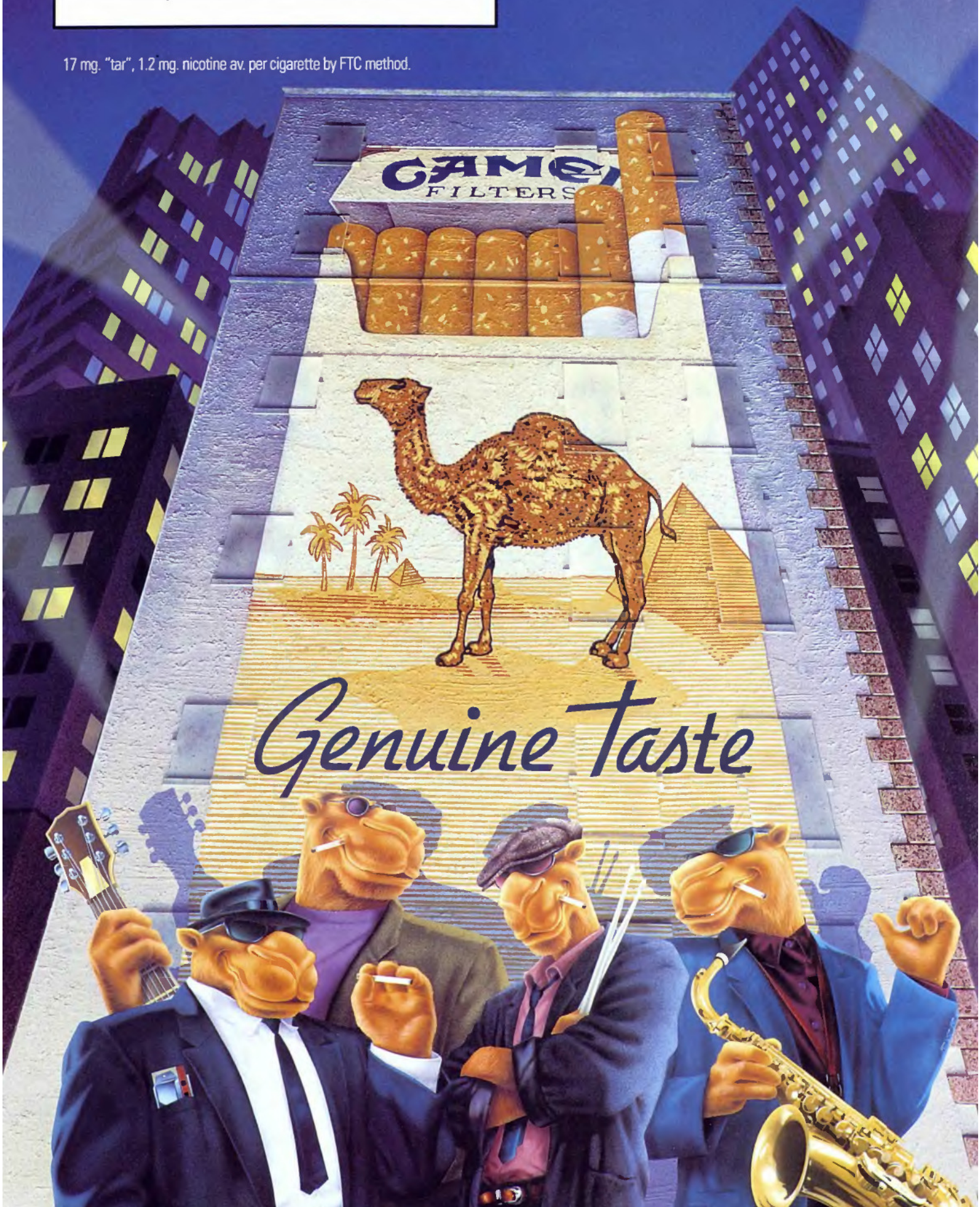
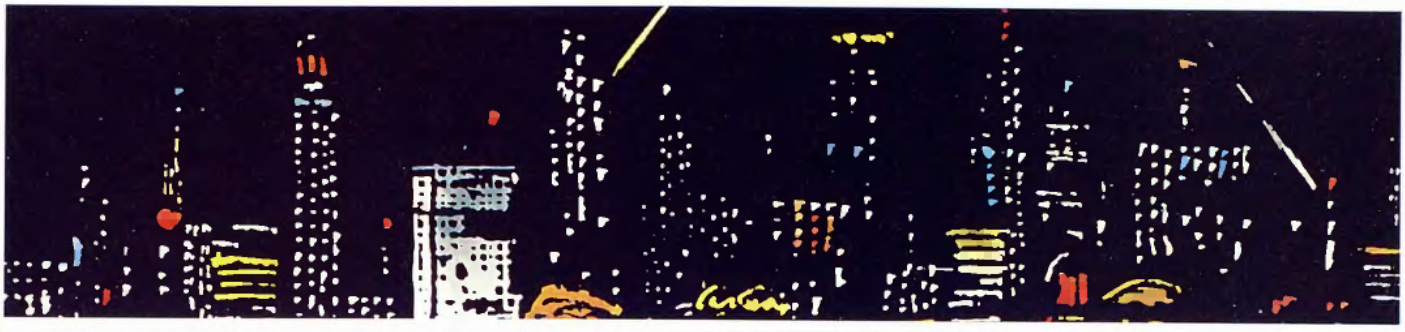


PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



CASH AND LE CARRÉ

When Aldrich Ames was convicted of spying, he left behind a 2000-volume library that was sold by his sister to the Old Book Co. of McLean, Virginia. It contains well-read copies of what might be considered, in Ames' case, professional books—such as *Great True Spy Stories* and an autographed copy of Tom Clancy's *Red Storm Rising*. But perhaps his work gave him the jitters, since the only self-help book in the collection was *Your Gut Feelings: A Complete Guide to Living Better With Intestinal Problems.*

A REAL DOWNER

For those who get leg cramps just thinking about mountain biking, a company in Hawaii has come up with the ultimate slacker's bike trip: a 38-mile trek—all downhill. Cruiser Bob's Downhill Bicycle Tour, based in Maui, starts at the top of the world's largest dormant volcano. It's a three-hour coast down a meandering route to the bottom, a drop of 10,000 feet. A group leader takes a dozen cyclists on a scenic sunrise adventure while an emergency van—in constant walkie-talkie communication with the leader—takes up the rear. Apparently the ride down the steep roads sometimes turns treacherous. Of course, nervous riders can be comforted that, should the volcano ever erupt, the sharp incline will prove extremely convenient.

BOYZ UNDER THE HOOD

Honk if you like *Dip Stick*—a two-page car-nut newsletter with a circulation of less than 300. Dan Dobbins, its editor and founder, runs such features as Horoscopes From Hell—"You can almost always tell an Aries because they like to consume high-fat, high-cholesterol and high-calorie foods. Because of this, they have really fat behinds." Dobbins also runs an oil-change service. You can subscribe to *Dip Stick* by contacting the editor at Island Oil Change Service, Inc., 239 Peconic Avenue, Medford, New York 11763.

ASSAULT-GUN WEDDING

During weddings in Iran, a burst of celebratory gunfire is considered traditional. Unfortunately, at a wedding in the Lorestān governorate, a guest lost control of his automatic weapon, killing six people and wounding 14.

SOLE SEARCHING

The former bishop of the Altoona-Johnstown Catholic diocese testified in Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania that he didn't believe he was required to discipline one of his priests, who had been accused of rubbing his penis against the bottoms of young boys' feet. The ex-prelate said, "I did not recognize it as child molestation."

•

T-shirt spotted during the Gay-Lesbian Pride Parade in Chicago last summer: I'M A VAGITERIAN.

TELLER MARKET

Need to confess? Call Mr. Apology, who operates the New York–based Apology phone line. Seventy percent of the users of the service are women who feel guilty about everything from adultery to browbeating co-workers. Mr. Apology says he runs the service "for ordinary people who feel troubled by something they did and want to reconcile those feelings by getting it off their shoulders." However, he encourages those who "wish to record a confession of a major crime to use a pay phone to prevent the call from being traced to your home."

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

KING SOLOMON'S FINES

During the occupation of the Gaza Strip, religious arbiters were often preferred to the Israeli-run court system set up to resolve disputes. But some of the sentences handed down by these private negotiators were extremely colorful. For example, a man who winked at a woman and greeted her with "Hey, beautiful" was ordered to pay her family $2500 and have one eye removed. Then there's the case of slick willie: A rapist was sentenced to ride an oiled camel from his house to his victim's—and then present any oil-coated part of his body to be cut off.

CELEBRITY CIRCUITS

Seems that such luminaries as Charles Grodin, Ed Asner, President Bill Clinton, Bill Gates and former Apple Computer boss Steve Jobs are actually common folk: They all have e-mail addresses that are listed in a directory, *E-Mail Addresses of the Rich and Famous* (Addison-Wesley), by Seth Godin. It's an easy way to find out where to send a message to your favorite celeb. The hard part is thinking of something smart to say.

A BIG KAHUNA

A statue commissioned by a group of Ocean City, California surfers as a tribute to one of their own—Mike Chester, who died of cancer at 27 a few years ago—recently caused a controversy. Apparently, the city council had been receptive to the project and responded encouragingly when shown pictures of a similar statue. Then council members

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

FACT OF THE MONTH

The 10021 zip code on the Upper East Side of Manhattan accounted for $6.59 million in federal campaign contributions for 1991-92 elections—by far the highest total of all zip codes in the nation and more than double that of 90210.

DAN FACCARINO

QUOTE

"Baby boomers are critical to our success. We know they will shop for a car. We know they will shop for a stereo. We know they will shop for funeral products."—RUSSELL MOORE, CHAIRMAN OF CASKET GALLERY, A DISCOUNT COFFIN WAREHOUSE IN MESQUITE, TEXAS

QUEER DISTRICT

According to the Victory Fund in Washington, D.C., number of the 450,000 elected officials in the U.S. who are openly homosexual: 150.

THANKS FOR THE MEMOREX

Of the 3000 hours of White House tapes recorded by President Richard Nixon, percentage that has been made public: 2. Hours of tape related to Watergate that still have not been made public: 200. As prepared by the National Archives, number of pages in the index of Nixon's tapes: 27,000.

ENDANGERED SPECIES

Number of auto dealers in the U.S. in 1950: 47,000. Number in 1992: 23,000. Number of car dealerships that shut down each year: 150.

PREHISTORIC MISCONCEPTIONS

Percentage of American adults who believe early humans lived at the same time as dinosaurs: 35. Percentage who think the nearest living relative of *Tyrannosaurus rex* is a crocodile: 22; an elephant: 8. Number of times per week that New Yorkers can watch Barney on public TV: 29.

DOCTORING DATA

According to the AMA, proportion of doctors who do not offer health insurance to their employees: 1 in 3. Percentage of doctors who offer free or cut-rate care to other doctors: 96.

NEWS TRENDS AND CURVES

Percentage increase in news about women on the front pages of major newspapers since 1989: 200. Current percentage of front-page news stories written by women: 33. Percentage of TV network stories reported by women: 21. Network with highest percentage of female-reported stories: CBS, 32 percent. Network with lowest percentage: NBC, 14 percent.

RANDOM SHOOTING

Types of guns that are covered in the recent federal ban on assault weapons: 19. Types of rifles and sporting guns exempted: 650. Number of violent crimes for every 100,000 U.S. residents in 1992: 758. Number in 1980: 597.

WIN, PLACE OR SHOW

Number of horses that won Thoroughbred racing's Triple Crown in its first 30 years: 8; number that have won in the past 45 years: 3. Number of horses that won the first two legs and lost the third: 14.

PAPER TIGER

According to the Information Security Oversight Office, number of pages of top-secret material declassified each day by the federal government last year: 18,051. Number of pages of newly classified material produced each day: 17,558.

STOP AND GO AND STOP

Average speed of vehicular traffic in Manhattan: 6.5 miles per hour. Average speed of a pedestrian: 3.3 mph.

—PAUL ENGLEMAN

saw a drawing for the actual piece and were stunned to see a surfer pictured sans suit. Council member Jim Mathias remarked, "This is the full male species. The full anatomy of a male is fully expressed. And well expressed." Ultimately, swimming trunks were added, though Mathias conceded that he wouldn't have asked for a change "if Ocean City were a nude beach and this were a sport that you participate in nudely."

PILLS A-POPPING

If you like Prozac, Upjohn is sure you're going to love Luvox—a drug that will, after final approval from the FDA, be used to treat obsessive-compulsive disorder. Upjohn is involved in a careful strategy to inform the public about the nature of OCD. Apparently, it costs the U.S. economy $8 billion a year and affects some 4 million Americans. As Eli Lilly and Glaxo (makers of Prozac and Zantac, respectively) know, publicizing a disease encourages demand for a drug. So Upjohn is setting up a hotline about OCD and is flooding doctors' offices with brochures—which, in this era of reduced health-care expectations, seems a bit obsessive-compulsive in itself. Philip Sheldon, Upjohn's public relations director, is candid: "The goal is to make the disease better known and make patients seek treatment. Obviously it's not all altruistic—we want to be part of the treatment."

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They love to splat and it shows: For $20, the Nature Company will sell you a bird-droppings T-shirt—green with white blotches of various sizes and shapes—alleged to carry the authentic signatures of 20 of our favorite avian friends, including the ruby-throated hummingbird (small, but sincere) and the European starling (assertive, with a Continental flair).

VERDICT HARD TO SWALLOW

It's too bad that we have to close the chapter on one of our favorite stories of the year. But British actress Gillian Taylforth did not win her libel suit against *The Sun*, a London tabloid that, she vehemently asserted, had misinterpreted her behavior. It seems that a police officer came upon Taylforth and her fiancé, Geoffrey Knights, in the front seat of a car on a public road. His belt was loosened and she was ministering to his nether regions. The cop called it oral sex. So did *The Sun*. But in court, Taylforth claimed that she was merely helping Knights seek comfort from a sudden onset of gastrointestinal distress and was rubbing his lower stomach. She re-created the scene for the court in a vehicle with the seat belts fastened. The jury ruled against her.

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TO THE MOON, ALICE

Creating the space exploration CD-ROM *Return to the Moon* was just one small step for Lunacorp. The giant leap will come in 1997 when the Arlington, Virginia–based company plans to provide earthlings with the ultimate interactive experience—driving a lunar rover on the moon. No, Lunacorp won't be rocketing you there on a space shuttle. But if all goes as planned, you'll be able to control the vehicle by remote from an amusement park base station. Lunacorp is reportedly in "negotiations with several major entertainment parks." There,

STEVE DINNING

visitors will sit down at computer simulations of the rover to test their skills at lunar driving. The best driver every ten minutes will take control of the vehicle. The remaining astronauts board a virtual tour bus to see a complete 360-degree live picture of the Sea of Tranquillity (the rover's destination, as well as the spot on which Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin made historical tracks in 1969). The 880-pound lunar rover, currently being built at Carnegie Mellon University, already has a cargo slot reserved on the first commercial flight to the moon (expected to happen in 1997).

EXPERT PICKS

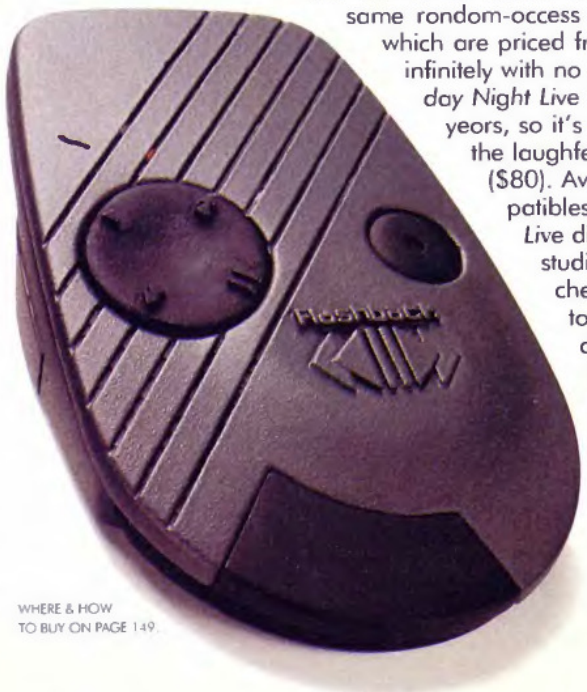
Although a custom installation is considered the best way to bring electronic entertainment into your home, you can get the same great results on a do-it-yourself budget simply by following the experts' leads. To that end, a recent survey conducted by *Sound & Communications* magazine asked contractors and installers in the U.S. and Canada to name the brands they used most often. Here are the results: For video monitors (direct view and rear projection), Mitsubishi came out on top, followed by Sony and Panasonic. Sharp was the top brand for video projectors, then Runco and Sony. In the VCR category, installers chose models by Sony, Mitsubishi, JVC and Panasonic. Pioneer was the laser disc leader, followed by Sony and Yamaha. Dominating the audio categories, Yamaha came out on top in AV control systems, signal processors, audiotape players, CD players and amps/tuners. Other brands chosen in these categories included Sony, Denon, Carver and Technics. For speakers, JBL, Bose and Yamaha headed the class.

3DO: THE REAL DEAL

A *Wall Street Journal* report published this past spring claimed that the fledgling 3DO multimedia company needed "a Houdini act" to survive competition from Sega and Nintendo. Well, we think the magic is in the machine. With the most powerful game system on the market (at 32 bits), 3DO is just beginning to show its potential. "This holiday season will be a critical one for the company," said a 3DO spokesperson. "But we're ready with plenty of new hardware and software." Besides Panasonic's $499 REAL Interactive Multiplayer, the original 3DO machine that has been out for about a year, as many as four additional manufacturers will be introducing 3DO gear by the close of 1994. Sanyo, Goldstar and Samsung are expected to release 3DO units that hook up to your TV (like Panasonic's). Creative Labs will debut a PC card that will enable you to run 3DO software on IBM-compatible CD-ROM drives, and Toshiba has announced plans to develop a portable 3DO machine that will double as a vehicle navigation system. A $250 full-motion-video module (for playing five-inch CD movies) also will be available in time for the holidays, along with up to 100 software titles. We recommend Universal Interactive Studios' *Jurassic Park Interactive*; Electronic Arts' *Shock Wave*, the first flight simulator with a 360-degree fly-around capability; and American Laser Games' *Mad Dog McCree II*, a shoot-'em-up that's a hoot to play—especially with the 3DO Game Gun ($60).

WILD THINGS

Why fast-forword or rewind through tape-recorded interviews or lectures when you con go right to the important info with Flashback? Pictured below (in neor-actual size), the $250 hand-held recording device from Norris Communications replaces anolog tape with 30- to 60-minute digitol sound clips thot have the same rondom-occess copabilities os CDs. The clips, which are priced from $40 to $90, con be reused infinitely with no degrodotion in sound. • *Soturday Night Live* has been crocking us up for 20 yeors, so it's only fitting thot Gametek honor the laughfest with a retrospective CD-ROM ($80). Avoilable this month for IBM compotibles ond Mocs, the *Soturday Night Live* disc lets you explore digitized *SNL* studio sets, reod script passoges, check out a scropbook of rore photos ond view performances by charocters such as the Blues Brothers and Woyne and Garth. • Toshiba's new FST Perfect television picture tube, featured in the compony's lotest 32- and 35-inch sets, is reportedly the flattest on the morket. The advantoge? Flot tubes enhonce picture quolity by reducing glare and reflection. Prices: $1800 to $2800.



WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 149

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

A FLASHY and fleshy performance by Jessica Lange fills ***Blue Sky*** (Orion) with heat lightning. In director Tony Richardson's final movie, which has had its release delayed since his 1991 death, Lange plays Carly, the addled, star-struck wife of a U.S. Army scientist (Tommy Lee Jones). Carly lives in a fantasy world, wishing she were somebody else—probably Marilyn Monroe—somebody who isn't trapped in drab GI quarters on an Army base. A womanizing captain (Powers Boothe) spots her right away. Carly is a pushover whose unhappy teenage daughter (Amy Locane) imitates her mother by dallying with the captain's son (Chris O'Donnell). Despite her compulsive indiscretions, Carly's superficiality covers a will of steel. After the Army puts Carly's husband in a mental hospital to cover up dangerous nuclear testing, *Blue Sky* escalates from soap opera to social drama. The movie is reportedly inspired by an actual case, but the true story most certainly must have been far less pat and theatrical. ¥¥½

•

He seems an unlikely leading man, yet character actor Tom Noonan (he's been a bad guy in *Manhunter*, *F/X* and *The Last Action Hero*) effects a career change by writing, directing and co-starring in ***What Happened Was*** (Samuel Goldwyn), an audience favorite at the 1994 Sundance Film Festival. Noonan plays an emotional game with Karen Sillas in this perceptive two-character psychodrama about the angst and insecurity of a first date. They're office acquaintances, getting together at her place for an awkward encounter. He pretends to be a budding writer, but turns out to be a fake. She proceeds from their candlelight dinner to true confessions, and turns out to be a desperately lonely woman whose revelations about her past make him wonder how to make a fast exit. Anyone who has ever sweated to pump up a dead-end relationship will recognize the dynamics between Noonan and Sillas. If they're not you, they might be the quiet-looking couple next door who unexpectedly start throwing the furniture at each other. ¥¥¥

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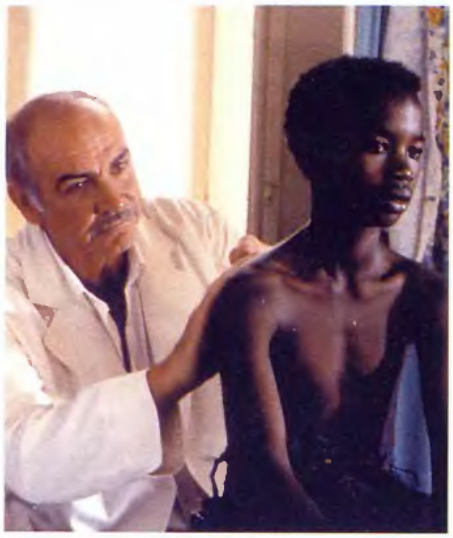
Director Bruce Beresford's ***A Good Man in Africa*** (Gramercy) is a caustic black comedy based on William Boyd's novel and screenplay about greed, intrigue and corruption in an emerging African nation called Kinjanja. The good man of the title, played by Sean Connery with his usual confident authority, is one Dr. Murray, a crusty Scot who has spent



Connery as *A Good Man*.

Hanky-panky with Army wives, British colonial con men, and TV contestants on the take.

years in Africa. Murray wields influence that cannot be bought—not even by Adekunle (Louis Gossett Jr.), the hot presidential candidate who hopes to prosper by getting Murray's vote on a construction project. The plot serves mainly to keep the film's stars in orbit. While Connery is an asset to any movie, the pivotal character is a seedy young British diplomat played with dissolute nonchalance by Colin Friels (husband of actress Judy Davis). Friels is the man assigned to buy Dr. Murray, though he spends more time drinking and having sexual adventures with a native beauty (Jackie Mofokeng), the British high commissioner's daughter (Sarah-Jane Fenton) or Adekunle's scheming white wife (Joanne Whalley-Kilmer). All hands lend strong support, including John Lithgow as the British commissioner and Diana Rigg as his wife (who also has a secret yen for Friels). This brand of intelligent satire about the end of British colonial rule won't break box-office records, but serious moviegoers should find *Good Man* as tasteful and exotic as a gin fizz in the tropics. ¥¥¥

•

Writer and first-time director Roger Avary has previously collaborated on screenplays with hotshot moviemaker Quentin Tarantino, one of three executive producers on Avary's ***Killing Zoe*** (October Films). Avary is going the Tarantino route with a vengeance, splashing grisly violence all over the screen. *Zoe* has some cinematic style, but lacks credibility and humor. Eric Stoltz plays Zed, an American safecracker who flies to Paris to join some colleagues on a bank job. While there, he takes his pleasure with a whore (Julie Delpy as Zoe, a sweet young hustler who claims to be a student). Then he joins a vicious gang of thugs led by Jean-Hughes Anglade (memorable as the male star of France's *Betty Blue*) for a night on the town. All of Stoltz' colleagues appear to be crazed drug addicts, so it's hard to imagine that he would stick with them for the subsequent bloodbath at the bank. Anglade's over-the-top performance is memorable Grand Guignol, OK if you can stomach it. Everything else about *Killing Zoe* merely strains at the limits of wretched excess. ¥½

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The Spanish-language ***I Don't Want to Talk About It*** (Sony Pictures Classics) stars Italy's Marcello Mastroianni in a role that few superstars would have the nerve to tackle. Argentine director Maria Luisa Bemberg casts Mastroianni as Ludovico, a mysterious, aging charmer who arrives in a South American town in the Thirties and divides his time between high society and the local brothel. He also falls hopelessly in love with a dwarf named Charlotte (Alejandra Podesta), whose wealthy widowed mother (Luisina Brando) has protected her only child by burning books about Tom Thumb or Snow White and her Seven Dwarfs, and by destroying elflike statuary. In a poetic, seriocomic film dedicated to people unafraid of seeming different, Mastroianni ultimately marries the petite Charlotte, and makes us buy his passionate conviction that love is blind. The movie ends with a twist and a nod to personal freedom entirely in keeping with the cheeky, sharply etched eccentricity that has gone before. ¥¥¥

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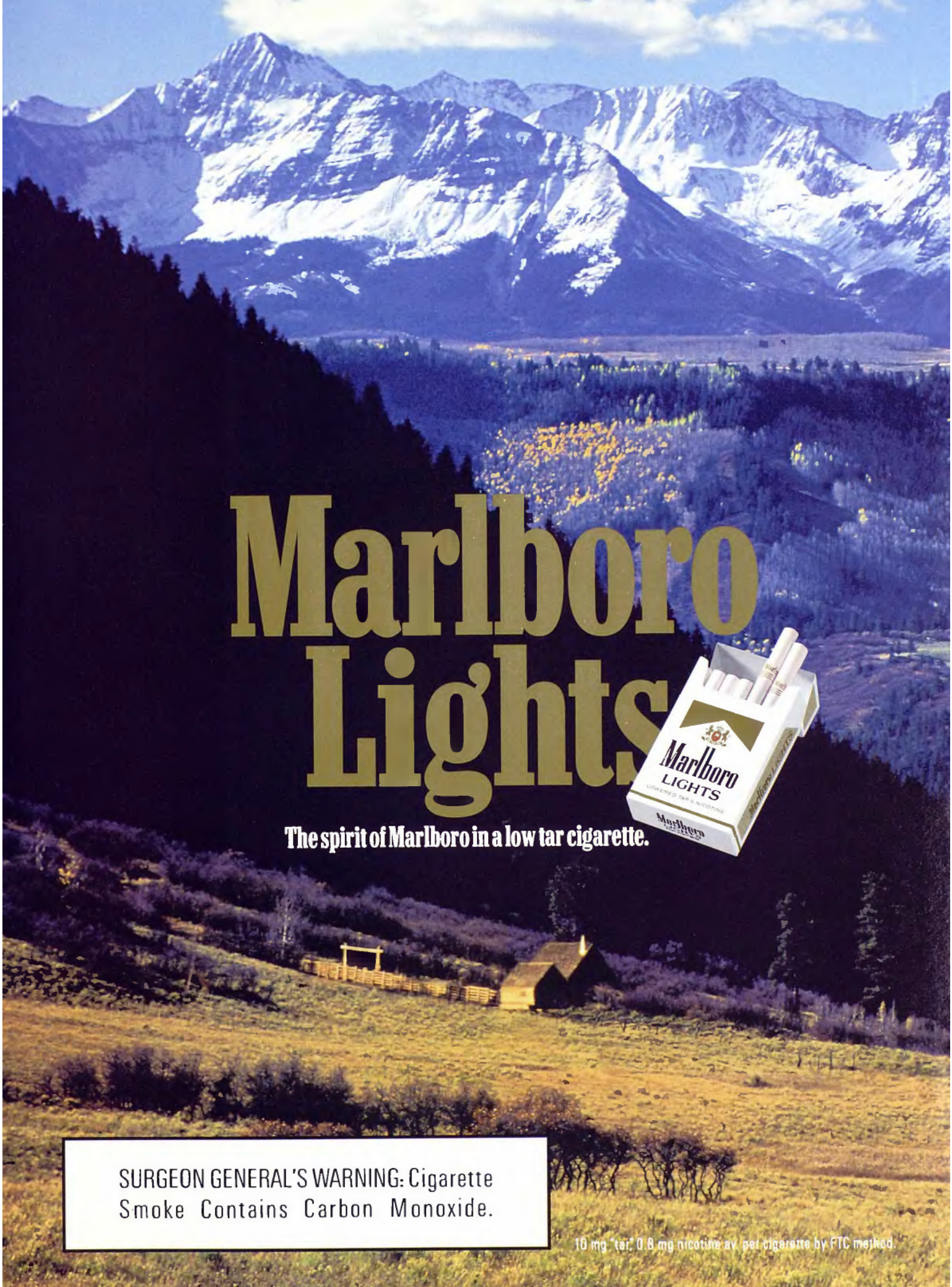
Fetchingly underplayed by Phoebe Cates, ***Princess Caraboo*** (TriStar) speaks few words—and those in an incomprehensible alien tongue. Is she royalty kidnapped from a faraway land or just "an ordinary girl with an extraordinary imagination"? The answer is sought by a sympathetic 19th century journalist (Ireland's Stephen Rea). While he probes, the princess is sheltered by an ambitious, well-to-do English couple (Wendy Hughes and Jim Broadbent) who see her as their passport to new wealth and social status. Initially, only their Greek butler (hammed with brio by Kevin Kline, Phoebe Cates' husband) and an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Grier: From *Blankman* to the Bard.

OFF CAMERA

After portraying Antoine Merriwether, the gay movie critic on TV's *In Living Color*, **David Alan Grier,** 38, has been facing the critics himself in two new movies: *Blankman*, as Damon Wayans' brother, and *In the Army Now* with Pauly Shore ("I'm a neurotic dentist who joins the Army Reserves and is sent off to a fictional war in Chad"). He also joined New York's Shakespeare in the Park series, performing in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* as Master Ford. "I call him the Shakespearean Ike Turner.

Detroit-born and trained for the classics at the University of Michigan, Grier earned his master's from the Yale Drama School, studying with such stars-to-be as John Turturro and Angela Bassett. "My greatest aspiration was to be in the chorus of a bus-and-truck musical, traveling around." Instead, his first professional job was on Broadway as the lead in *The First*, a musical about Jackie Robinson. The show flopped but nonetheless won him a Tony nomination. Next he did the hit musical *Dreamgirls*, followed by stage and screen work with stars such as Denzel Washington and Eddie Murphy. Now he has a long-term contract with Fox. "It's that kind of setup—with my own office, where you order pizza and sit around gossiping about other people in the business."

Will success spoil Grier? "People don't change. If you are an asshole now, you were probably an asshole then." His dream project is to have Werner Herzog direct him as Aaron the Moor in a movie based on Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus*. "Just once, though, I'd like to be in a movie where I get the girl." Meanwhile: "One of my best friends at school became an anesthesiologist—so now I tell dick jokes and make more money than he does."

eccentric linguist (John Lithgow) consider Caraboo a fraud. A curious little comedy, but the spirited cast waltzes through a vintage romantic fable that gets better as it goes along. ¥¥½

•

Jamal (Hubert Kounde), a rich black law student, shouts at Felix (Mathieu Kassovitz), a feisty Jewish bike messenger in Paris: "You're not Spike Lee, you're a maggot in Adidas trainers acting the New York homeboy." Trading anti-Semitic and racist insults is de rigueur in the French ***Café au Lait*** (New Yorker Films), also written and directed by Kassovitz, who has given himself a pivotal role in this appealing comedy about a ménage à trois. Jamal and the streetwise Felix, a devotee of American hip-hop music, discover they have been sharing the bed of a vibrant West Indian beauty named Lola (Julie Mauduech). Lola is pregnant, and ultimately invites her two lovers to become a threesome until she gives birth, though she knows which one is the father-to-be. How does it all end? With a worldly-wise, indulgent smile toward morality, with ethnic pride and with pointless racial tension. ¥¥½

•

It is apt, intentional irony that Bobby Darin's singing of *Mack the Knife* runs under the opening and closing credits of ***Quiz Show*** (Buena Vista). The cutthroat world of TV entertainment is merely the top layer of producer-director Robert Redford's incisive and brilliant movie about the late Fifties scandals involving NBC, the rigged TV quiz show called *Twenty-One* and famous contestant Charles Van Doren. "Cheating on a quiz show is like plagiarizing a comic strip," scoffs Paul Scofield, playing Mark Van Doren, the poet whose son's ultimate disgrace brings a proud literary heritage to ruin. The central characters in this sad, true tale are England's Ralph Fiennes as the penitent, spoiled and self-destructive Charles, John Turturro in a smashing stint as Herb Stempel—the Queens quiz whiz first vanquished by Van Doren—and Rob Morrow (of TV's *Northern Exposure*) as Richard Goodwin, the congressional investigator who ferrets out the truth. Goodwin's own book, *Remembering America*, was the source of Paul Attanasio's compelling screenplay, which presents a small fiasco as a large sellout of the American dream. With Christopher McDonald smoothly fronting for *Twenty-One* as host Jack Barry, directors Barry Levinson (as TV star Dave Garroway) and Martin Scorsese (as a sponsor from Geritol) flesh out a generally formidable cast. The real victims are dupes like Stempel and Van Doren, while the big boys from television, the courts and Congress carry on business as usual. ¥¥¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert (Reviewed 9/94) Aussie drag transit. ¥¥¥

Barcelona (9/94) U.S. guys in Spain go mainly after dames. ¥¥½

Blown Away (9/94) Explosive hunt for a bad Boston bomber. ¥¥½

Blue Sky (See review) Jessica Lange brightens up an Army nuclear coverup. ¥¥½

Café au Lait (See review) Two *garçons* with a girl who's having a baby. ¥¥½

The Client (8/94) Good Grisham thriller, well served by Sarandon and Jones. ¥¥¥

Corrina, Corrina (9/94) Whoopi wins over widower Ray Liotta. ¥¥

Eat Drink Man Woman (9/94) A Chinese chef with three nubile daughters. ¥¥¥

The Flintstones (8/94) From rock-bottom humor, huge grosses. ¥

Forrest Gump (9/94) Hanks exudes charm as a dim-witted American Everyman. ¥¥¥¥

Fresh (9/94) Dealers undone by a streetwise kid who likes chess. ¥¥¥

A Good Man in Africa (See review) British colonials deep in sexual politics, as usual. ¥¥¥

I Don't Want to Talk About It (See review) Marcello thinks small. ¥¥¥

It Could Happen to You (9/94) Fonda and Cage meet for love and the lottery. ¥

Just Like a Woman (8/94) He's a regular guy with girlish taste. ¥¥

Killing Zoe (See review) Well done, for a gratuitous bloodbath. ¥½

The Lion King (8/94) It's a very family-style jungle out there. ¥¥¥

Mi Vida Loca (8/94) While their men die, homegirls learn survival. ¥¥¥½

Princess Caraboo (See review) Is she is or is she ain't a blue blood? ¥¥½

Pulp Fiction (9/94) Tarantino's eviscer-al gangland fable is an all-star spectacular. ¥¥¥¥

Quiz Show (See review) Redford's vivid re-creation of the TV scandal. ¥¥¥¥

Spanking the Monkey (8/94) An unhappy mama's boy makes it with his mom. ¥¥¥

Speed (Listed only) A bus with bombs, likely to leave you breathless. ¥¥¥½

That's Entertainment! III (6/94) The golden age of musicals re-revisited. ¥¥¥½

The Wedding Gift (8/94) Julie Walters as a wise wife doomed to die. ¥¥½

What Happened Was (See review) Bad vibes on a horrendous first date. ¥¥¥

Wolf (Listed only) Hit-and-miss, but the beast within Nicholson bears watching. ¥¥½

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

Luciano Pavarotti doesn't like to face more music after singing for his supper, so don't expect to find movie musicals among his personal video picks. The world's top tenor would rather relax to the comic shtick of Mel Brooks' *Young Frankenstein* or the remake of *To Be or Not to Be*. "The movies I consider good must not be depressing," insists Pavarotti. Instead, he opts for "optimistic and uplifting" films such as Spielberg's *E.T.* European favorites include the Oscar-winning *Amarcord* and *Cinema Paradiso*, the Italian epic *Rocco and His Brothers* and France's cult animal pic, *The Bear*. Which of Pavarotti's videotaped concerts would PLAYBOY readers enjoy? "Maybe the Hyde Park concert," he says with a laugh, explaining that some Brit fans stripped naked in the grass for the songfest. Our kind of opera buff. —DAVID STINE

VIDBITS

Long before drug abuse films were cinema chic, Frank Sinatra scored an Oscar nomination as a needle-packing addict in Otto Preminger's ***The Man With the Golden Arm.*** Warner has finally released the 1955 drama on tape, along with ***Anatomy of a Filmmaker,*** a two-hour documentary tracking Otto's oeuvre. . . . The toons they are a-changin'. As digital technology elbows its way into animators' studios, cartoons just get better. Miramar's ***Computer Animation Festival Volume 2.0*** features 22 award-winning shorts, as well as original computer-generated music videos by Peter Gabriel and Todd Rundgren. . . . Old jams with new as Antonio Carlos Jobim, Pat Metheny and others join forces for ***Carnegie Hall Salutes the Jazz Masters*** (Polygram), an homage to Verve Records' legendary artists. Previously aired on PBS, the program features tributes to Billie Holiday, Stan Getz and Charlie Parker, as well as Betty Carter doing Ella Fitzgerald doing *How High the Moon*. Herbie Hancock and Vanessa Williams host.

VINTAGE DIAMONDS

As Ken Burns' epic *Baseball* steps to the plate this month on PBS, you can rewind some of Hollywood's favorite old-timers. Our lineup:

The Babe Ruth Story (1948): Long before John Goodman's swing at it, William Bendix was the Sultan of Swat in this solid, though formulaic, bio. Vintage cameo: Yankee sportscaster Mel Allen.

Fear Strikes Out (1957): True story of Bosox Jimmy Piersall's battle for sanity in the face of his dad's brutal expectations. Scorching performances by Tony Perkins and Karl Malden.

It Happens Every Spring (1949): College chemistry prof Ray Milland turns pitching ace when his wood-repellent concoction bedazzles batters. Flubber meets baseball. Clever.

The Pride of St. Louis (1952): Ozark hillbilly Dizzy Dean (Dan Dailey) rises to greatness and leads Cards to the World Series. Chet Huntley plays a sportscaster.

Safe at Home (1962): Kid brags that his widowed dad is tight with Mantle and Maris—you know the rest. Still a must-see, if only for the oh-for-two acting by the real-life Yankee sluggers.

The Stratton Story (1949): True tale of White Sox Monty Stratton (Jimmy Stewart), who refused to say die after he lost his leg in a hunting accident. The screenplay snagged an Oscar.

Take Me Out to the Ball Game (1949): Sinatra and Kelly, via Busby Berkeley, sing and dance their way around the bases at behest of team owner Esther Williams. Best number: *O'Brien to Ryan to Goldberg*.

The Winning Team (1952): Iran-contra amnesiac Ronald Reagan is Hall of Famer Grover Cleveland Alexander, who not only threw mean heat but also fought epilepsy and booze. A solid two-bagger.

Ball Talk: Baseball's Voices of Summer (1989): Larry King and other broadcast veterans do the retro bit, including what it was like living in the shadow of Ebbets. For true fans. —STUART WARMFLASH

LASER FARE

This month, a serious trio for disc collectors: Steven Spielberg's ***Schindler's List*** and ***Jurassic Park*** (MCA Universal)—the former 1994's Best Picture Oscar winner, the latter movieland's all-time box-office champ—and ***Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs,*** Disney's first full-length animated feature (and one they said would never be available for home viewing). *Schindler's* Limited Edition Collector's set ($139.98) is letterboxed, in CLV, and includes a picture-disc soundtrack CD, a photo booklet and a copy of the novel that inspired the film. *Jurassic* is letterboxed and available in both CLV ($44.98) and CAV ($74.98), and its THX sound recording and Spielberg-approved transfer make it the show-off-your-system disc of the year. And *Snow White*'s pull-out-the-stops package features extras galore, including a making-of documentary, a commemorative book and stills. The deluxe set will set you back 100 bucks. . . . Thirty years after its cinema bow, ***Becket*** has made it to disc (MPI). Starring Richard Burton as the Archbishop of Canterbury and Peter O'Toole as his pal, Henry II, the 1964 Oscar-winning screenplay follows the face-off between the church and throne in 12th century England. The program is letterboxed and available in CLV format for $39.98. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
DRAMA	***Blink*** (Madeleine Stowe regoins sight just in time to ID serial killer; Aidan Quinn's the cop on her case), ***The Paper*** (editors Michael Keaton ond Glenn Close clash over trashy tabloid tricks in Ron Howard's manic ode to ink, inc.)
COMEDY	***Guarding Tess*** (Secret Service ogent Cage bobysits ex–first lody MacLaine; coll it *In the Line of Driving Miss Daisy*), ***Naked Gun 33⅓: The Final Insult*** (cop squad losing steom—but enough decent gogs to deserve a shot).
TIMEPIECE	***Heaven and Earth*** (Stone's eloquent take on Le Ly Hayslip's Vietnom memoir; worthier than the critics said), ***Bad Girls*** (Mosterson, MacDowell, Stowe and Borrymore are posse-whipped hookers on the run; an ooter with curves).
CULT HIT	***The Nightmare Before Christmas*** (Halloween meets Xmas in Tim Burton's spooky, stop-motion animation fest), ***The Hudsucker Proxy*** (Tim Robbins is dumb-as-dirt Hulo Hoop mogul in Coen brothers' Coproesque sotire of big biz).
FOREIGN	***Jamón Jamón*** (conniving mom hires town stud to seduce dopey son's intended; sexy-funny Sponish farce), ***Dersu Uzala*** (Kurosawa's 1975 Oscor winner puts Soviet mop crew ond Mongolion guide in wilderness; wide-screen edition).

HIKE THIS WAY

The coolest way to make tracks this fall in the urban jungle is in a pair of hiking boots. For the best support, go with an ankle-high pair made of oiled leather, and look for features such as D-ring lace hooks, insulation and track soles. Nautica makes a reliable Alpine boot in pine green oiled nubuck with black trim ($140, shown here). If you plan to do some serious hiking in or out of the city, try Nike's waterproof Air Krakatoa WS ($140), a tough-looking boot made of durable, weather-resistant fabrics. Equally rugged are Timberland's Performance World Hikers. We like the dark brown Front Country Hiker made with waterproof Gore-Tex and featuring a Vibram rubber-lug outsole ($145). Telos by Reebok ($80) combines good looks with performance—and it's environmentally correct (70 percent of this day-hiker leather boot is made of recyclable materials). And for pure style, To Boot by Adam Derrick makes a slick black hiking boot called the Alpine Buckle ($255) that won't protect you from the harsh elements but will give you an excellent fashion edge.

HOT SHOPPING: SCOTTSDALE, ARIZONA

Now that Arizona temperatures are tolerable, it's a good time to take a stroll through Old Towne Scottsdale, where you will find these great shopping spots. Porters (3944 N. Brown Ave.): Westernwear galore, including thousands of pairs of cowboy boots. • Guatemala Gypsy (7215 E. Main Street): A Deadhead's fashion paradise with shirts, shorts, backpacks and more, all made from groovy Guatemalan fabrics. • The Red Rooster (7227 E. First Avenue): Its stock is a unique mix of Southwestern foods, furnishings and folk art. • Easyriders (3748 N. Scottsdale Road): The place to go for custom motorcycles and biker threads. • Shades of the West (7247 Main Street): A not-so-general store with everything from handmade Indian deerskin war shirts to jalapeño jellies. • Jamaican Blue (4017 N. Scottsdale Road): New York–style coffeehouse with a cool atmosphere, excellent java and exotic milk shakes with names such as Kiwi Sea Foam.

CLOTHES LINE

Grammy winner **Jon Secada**, who accepted his award in 1993 while wearing a Versace tux, tunes in to fashion trends by shopping at A/X Armani Exchange and Versace boutiques near his home in Miami Beach's South Beach. This month the 32-year-old Havana-born singer begins touring for his new album, *Heart, Soul & a Voice*. Onstage he plans to wear Silver Tab Levi's, Calvin Klein T-shirts and black Ralph Lauren/Polo boots. Secada also likes Traffic shirts accessorized with designer John Richmond's embroidered vests and Cartier watches.

STRIKE THE CORDS

Corduroy is a fabric that doesn't have to be broken in to feel comfortable, and we're glad to know it's back in many forms for fall. There are Western jeans from m'dr, for example, that are garment-washed with a silicone finish for a supersoft feel ($45). For weekend dressing you can try Free Country's washed corduroy barn jacket with a nubuck collar and Aztec-print lining ($150), or Guess Men's Classic brushed-dot-patterned corduroy shirt ($74), which goes great with a pair of jeans. Designer Jhane Barnes puts her own twist on this trend with a corduroy shirt jacket ($375). A relaxed fit makes it the perfect topper for bulky sweaters. Want to layer corduroy under a sports jacket? Then try Victor Victoria's wool-trimmed corduroy vest with a tweed knit back ($135). And if you'd like to take that comfortable feel with you to the office, designer Sal Cesarani makes a corduroy single-breasted suit with notched lapels and pleated trousers ($300). It's the only way you should wear two pieces of corduroy clothing together.

STATUS SKIVVIES

Guys who used to wear designer-label jeans are now sporting some of the same names on their underwear. Tommy Hilfiger, for example, offers woven boxer shorts with a funky stars-and-stripes pattern ($15). There are also basic, low-rise and boxer briefs in dark teal, burgundy and chambray from Colours by Alexander Julian ($6 to $10). Ron Chereskin's flannel boxers come in muted ombré plaids and railroad stripes ($10). For the young and fit, Guess offers barely-there string-bikini briefs in athletic gray and black cotton jersey knit ($7). And Calvin Klein, the guy who started it all, has come out with briefs, boxer briefs and muscle T-shirts, all made of ribbed cotton ($10 to $18).

STYLE METER

FALL SUITS	IN	OUT
STYLES	Three-button single-breasteds and six-button double-breasteds; high button stances	Low button stances; boxy, shopeless, two-button jackets; oversize flap pockets
COLORS AND FABRICS	Dork tones, such as chorcoal, brown and navy; textured, lightweight wools and blends	Bright greens and blues; large potterns; thick, heavy tweeds; anything thot shines
DETAILS	Slim, relaxed silhouettes; fingertip-length jockets with full, creaseless pants; natural shoulders	Short or tight fits; contrasting buttons; fitted or overly baggy trousers; football shoulders

Where & How to Buy on page 149.

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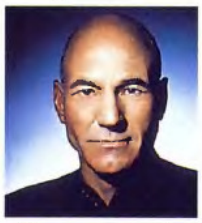

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MUSIC

VIC GARBARINI

IN THE PAST, the record industry often took too long to sign bands. Today, it often signs them right out of the garage, leaving little time for musicians to mature musically or emotionally. Such is the case with San Diego's Stone Temple Pilots. The band's debut, *Core*, was a hook-filled melodic grungefest that quickly got it tagged as a Pearl Jam clone. Its first single, *Sex Type Thing*, like Nirvana's *Polly*, was taken by some as a rapist's fantasy. The band members insist, and I believe them, that it is an antirape exposé. The problem was singer Weiland's delivery and lack of irony or passion. Being cold and aloof and lacking a clear vision didn't help even intriguing hits like *Plush*. *Meatplow*, the opening cut on the band's second effort, ***Purple*** (Atlantic), will reinforce the Pilots' image as musical kleptomaniacs. The tight harmonies and crunching chords sound like an attempt to borrow from Alice in Chains. And don't they know there's a band out there named Ethyl Meatplow? Consider it a false start, because the rest of *Purple* shows a band beginning to find itself. Ironically, all the criticism may have forced Weiland to dig deeper while the band cuts loose. *Kitchenware & Candy Bars* and the spacey *Big Empty* are much better.

FAST CUTS: Drive Like Jehu, ***Yank Crime*** (Interscope): Want a real taste of the burgeoning San Diego scene? Like their Seattle cousins, these guys blend roaring punk guitars, zig-zag rhythms and good riffs into an exhilarating package of abrasive beauty. This is the kind of band you would hope Eddie Vedder would have joined if he'd stayed in town.

The Who, ***Thirty Years of Maximum R&B*** (MCA): They were the first alternative superstars. They invented classic rock. They were brilliant and neurotic. They were geniuses, and sometimes they were Spinal Tap. They were rock and roll in all its struggling glory. These four essential CDs or cassettes reveal all.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Hip-hop's fake toughness can be doubly appalling when it turns real. Tupac Shakur's and Snoop Doggy Dogg's troubles come to mind. *Back in the Day*, the debut single chosen for 18-year-old rapper Ahmad, describes South Central when he was "young," which means ten or 12. The difference is that Ahmad claims he had a reasonably good time as a kid, and before the song is over, he has escaped the hood.

Ahmad's partner in success is the slightly older Kendal "Son of Berry" Gordy, who hooked up with the teenager when Ahmad got bused to high school in Pacific Palisades. How far Ahmad will go remains to be seen, but his self-titled album (Giant) should surprise anyone who enjoys hip-hop as music. His singsong voice evokes a sincere Slick Rick, or a kind Snoop. The polyrhythmic vocal layers, most spectacularly on *Freak*, add new twists to rap's language.

For those who crave authenticity without crude posturing, the best option is Nas' ***Illmatic*** (Columbia), New York's typically loquacious entry in the postgangsta sweepstakes. Catchy tracks such as *It Ain't Hard to Tell* and *Represent* may win Nas homeboys in South Central.

FAST CUTS: Meanwhile, South Central will stick to local product such as Warren G.'s ***Regulate . . . G-Funk Era*** (Violator/RAL), which delivers the phat phunk. Those who do enjoy hip-hop as music will pick up the Beastie Boys' ***Ill Communication*** (Grand Royal) no matter what hood they're from.

Stone Temple Pilots cut loose on *Purple*.

Weiland digs deeper the second time around; McKennitt blends cultures and chants in old ballads.

DAVE MARSH

On ***The Mask and Mirror*** (Warner Bros.), Loreena McKennitt's singing owes a great deal to the Celtic rhapsodies of Enya (and in a more oblique way, Sandy Denny), but her music blends cultures like no other Canadian singer's has. It contains aspects of Gregorian chant, old Anglo-Saxon ballads, Islamic call-and-response, Middle Eastern folk pop and art rock from the Fripp-Gabriel axis. This could sound like nothing but a stew, and worse, without a base in Afro–Latin American rhythms, a funkless one.

But it's more than that because McKennitt, who trained as an actress, can sell a song—and, indeed, can write one. True, she would exhibit more appropriate self-love if she burned her liner notes and limited her mysticism to the musical rather than the verbal. Yet *The Bonny Swans* and even the hoarily titled *The Dark Night of the Soul* suggest that she can pull off a modern synthesis of old ballads like no one else today. I'd like to explain how she does this, but part of her magic is that I can't.

FAST CUTS: Danielle Brisebois, ***Arrive All Over You*** (Epic): At her best on *Ain't Gonna Cry No More*, *Promise Tomorrow Tonight* and *What If God Fell From the Sky*, Brisebois uses her voice to resemble a blend of Prince and Cyndi Lauper, with a bit of Steven Tyler rasp. The result is more charming than deep.

The Specialty Story (Specialty): Most box sets based around a single label reveal only the shallowness of their subject. But, more than any other record company, Art Rupe's Specialty Records encompassed the spectrum of black vocal music of the Fifties. It produced not only great rock and roll (the best of Little Richard, Lloyd Price and Larry Williams is here) but also some of the finest gospel (including the Soul Stirrers and Swan Silvertones), zydeco (Clifton Chenier recorded his most famous songs for Rupe), doo-wop and jump blues, which means Arthur Lee Maye and the Crowns, Roy Milton, Percy Mayfield, Don & Dewey and a host of other formidable talents turn up. Absolutely essential for anyone interested in roots music.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

Mississippi John Hurt was born in 1893 and spent most of his life playing parties on Saturday nights within a few miles of his home in Avalon, Mississippi. He recorded several songs in 1928 (now available on Yazoo) and then drifted into legend among folk collectors, who assumed he was dead like so many other blues legends. After 35 years, he was rediscovered alive and playing well until his actual death in 1966. On ***Memorial Anthology*** (Adelphi/Genes), it is easy to hear why he was such a sensation. Recorded in 1964 at the Ontario Place nightclub in Washington, D.C., this two-CD set displays Hurt at his best in an intimate, comfortable setting. Hurt had one of the

INTRODUCING

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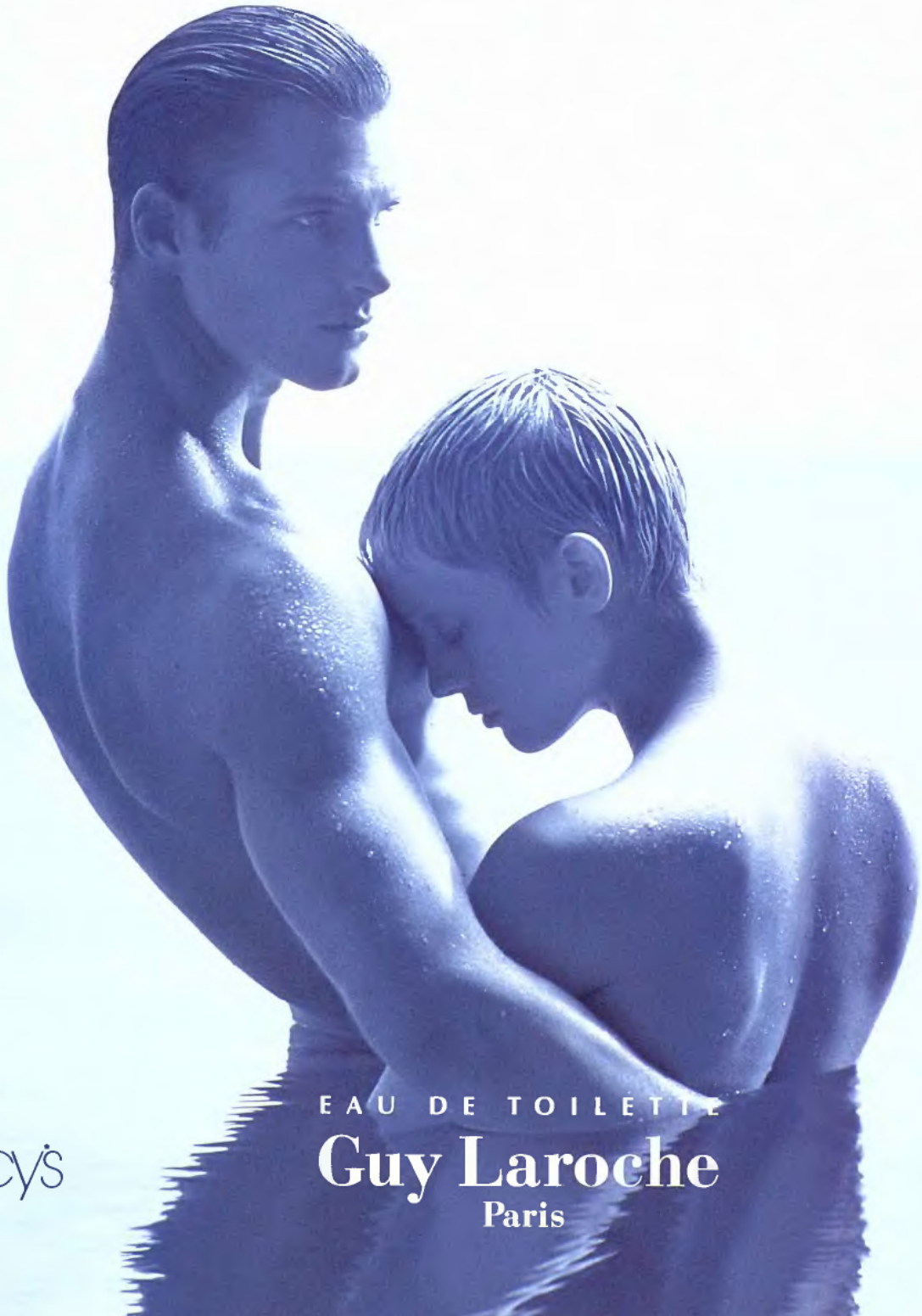

EAU DE TOILETTE

Guy Laroche

Paris

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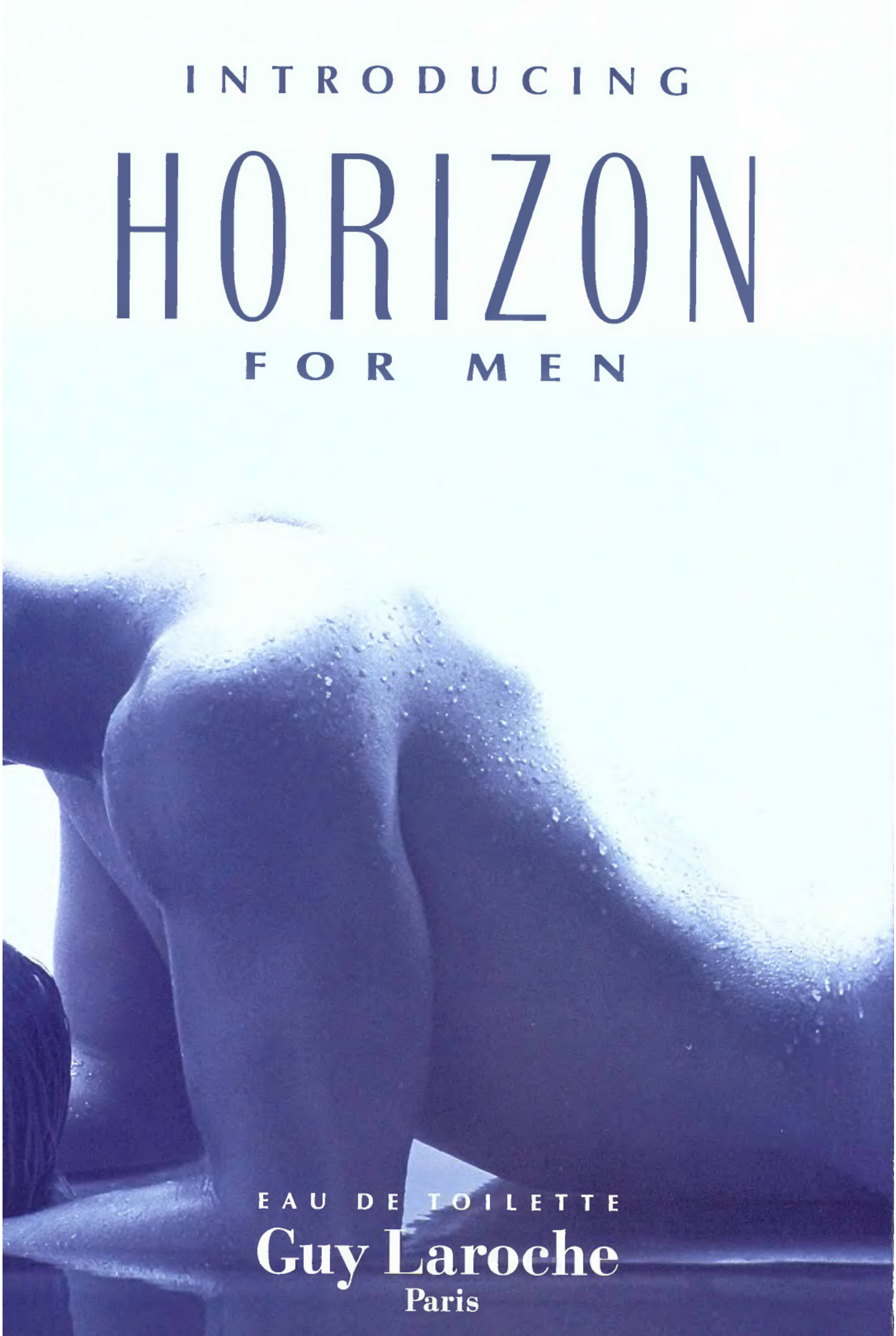

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great thumbs in country blues, able to sustain hypnotic bass lines under his deceptively simple melodies. That in itself is thrilling, but what really comes through here is Hurt's often hilarious personality. It shines both in the songs and in a 31-minute interview with Pete Seeger, during which Hurt recommends that aspiring young players sleep with their guitars if they want to get good.

FAST CUTS: I recommend three VHS tapes: ***Legends of Country Blues*** (Vestapol) is an anthology from obscure TV shows of the early Sixties. It's astonishing to hear the wide variety of styles and sounds that Hurt and his contemporaries (Son House, Mance Lipscomb and Robert Pete Williams, among others) could wring out of a guitar. Also recommended: ***Legends of Bottleneck Blues Guitar.*** Or if you're more of a country head, try Merle Travis' ***Rare Performances/1946–1981.*** Travis invented a large portion of everything that's cool in country guitar today, and he wrote more great songs than God should have dealt out to one artist.

NELSON GEORGE

New jack swingers Keith Sweat, Guy, Bobby Brown and Al B. Sure! injected youthful energy back into R&B, and they made love songs appeal to the hip-hop generation. Sweat has been the most consistent of that group, with several solid albums under his belt and memorable hits sprinkled across each. But now, seven years since his debut, Sweat has fallen into formula. Listening to his latest, ***Get Up on It*** (Elektra), you feel that what was once refreshing about his music now sounds pat, and what was once passionate now sounds predictable. Sweat specialized in direct songs backed by sparse production. The best work here (*Get Up on It*, featuring the female vocal group Kut Klose, and *Put Your Lovin' Through the Test*, a duet with Roger Troutman) retains those virtues. But overall, the album lacks the innovation or growth you would expect from a mature artist.

FAST CUTS: Singer Al Bowlly died during a London air raid in 1941. Remarkably, this U.K. big-band crooner and guitarist, whose heyday was in the Thirties, has attracted a cult following. Not as mellow as, say, Bing Crosby, Bowlly had a tart quality that suited the swing dance songs with which he's associated. Bowlly's original collaboration was with Ray Noble. His revival has largely been inspired by the use of his music in Dennis Potter's classic television series *Pennies From Heaven*. Try ***The Golden Years in Digital Stereo: Al Bowlly with Ray Noble 1931–1934*** (ABC Records) or ***Proud of You: Al Bowlly*** (Living Era/Academy Sound & Vision Ltd.). He's still hip.

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Ahmad	7	6	9	9	7
Loreena McKennitt *The Mask and Mirror*	3	6	9	8	8
Mississippi John Hurt *Memorial Anthology*	8	9	8	9	9
Stone Temple Pilots *Purple*	3	7	6	3	6
Keith Sweat *Get Up on It*	5	6	6	6	5

JUST A QUACK AWAY DEPARTMENT: Disney nixed **Donald Duck's** rap record. The man who does Donald's voice, **Tony Anselmo,** was the one who took exception to the notion and appealed all the way to Disney chief **Michael Eisner,** who said, "Are they nuts? This is Donald Duck we're talking about." The duck has an attitude, but apparently it's not quite bad enough.

REELING AND ROCKING: A British company has acquired the rights to the **Led Zeppelin** story. Former **Sex Pistols** manager **Malcolm McLaren** is set to coproduce, with **Mike Figgis** directing. . . . **Elton John** and **Tim Rice** are planning to team up again for Disney next year for a nonoperatic version of **Verdi's** *Aïda*. . . . The movie rights to a book about **Kurt Cobain** have been sold, but even the writer wonders if a film will ever be made. **Dave Thompson,** author of *Never Fade Away*, said, "This is a tough story to sell." . . . Rhino Films plans to co-produce a feature film bio of blues legend **Robert Johnson** called *King of the Delta Blues*.

NEWSBREAKS: If you didn't buy the **Stones** CDs with the original artwork (on sale for a limited time), you can still get the eight remastered discs. But you cannot get the perfect replica of the *Sticky Fingers* cover, zipper and all, jewel-box size. . . . **Bon Jovi** is in the studio recording the follow-up to the eight-million selling *Keep the Faith*. . . . Look for **Jon Bon Jovi** and Elton John, **Sting, Peter Gabriel, Cher, Sinéad O'Connor, Elvis Costello** and **Meat Loaf,** among others, on a tribute disc called *The Glory of Gershwin*, produced by **Beatles** maestro **George Martin.** . . . Another tribute album, this one for **Sam Cooke,** will be produced by **Richard Perry.** . . . There could be a **Chili Peppers** album any day, to coincide with the band's Stones tour dates. . . . **The Temptations'** 30th anniversary year will include an NBC special and a five-CD box set. After that, the Temps will record their first studio album since 1991. . . . In other Motown news, the Temps, the **Four Tops, Diana Ross, Stevie Wonder, Johnny Gill, Queen Latifah** and **Boyz II Men** are recording songs for a CD to be released with **Berry Gordy Jr.'s** autobiography. . . . **Cream's** *Sunshine of Your Love* has been recorded by **Living Colour** for the soundtrack of **Arnold Schwarzenegger's** latest movie *True Lies*. . . . After an eight-year absence from recording, three-time Grammy winner **Isaac Hayes** is back in the studio with many of his original sidemen. Hayes is also currently in *It Could Happen to You*, starring **Bridget Fonda** and **Nicolas Cage.** . . . **Henry Rollins** and American Recordings honcho **Rick Rubin** have formed a new label, Infinite Zero, to rerelease rap and punk artists, including **Devo, Tom Verlaine** and **Gang of Four.** . . . For more Devo, get **Robert Palmer's** new CD, which includes the band's *Girl U Want*. . . . **Neil Young** is working on a new album with two **Crazy Horse** members, **Ralph Molina** and **Billy Talbot.** . . . The FCC recently unveiled a $100,000 supercar filled with computerized equipment that can supposedly track down pirate radio stations simply by driving around town. Don't pump up the volume too much. . . . A new **PJ Harvey** album is scheduled for early 1995. . . . We began with rap so it's fitting to end on the same note. Have you heard **Neal McCoy**? The country singer has a rap version of the *Beverly Hillbillies* theme intertwined with *Wild Thing* and *Rapper's Delight*. Hey, cowboy outlaws were the original gangstas.

—BARBARA NELLIS

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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

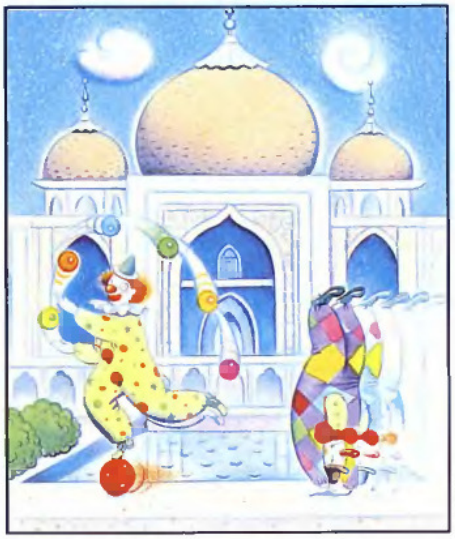
PROWLING THE American Booksellers Association convention for fall's hot books turned up some likely candidates. The aisles were abuzz with enthusiasm for Pat Conroy's ***Beach Music*** (Nan A. Talese/Doubleday) after he captivated a breakfast audience with samples from this family epic that reaches from Nazi Germany to South Carolina. Many readers can't wait for the memoirs of Motown Records founder Berry Gordy Jr., ***To Be Loved*** (Warner), or the book that will accompany Ken Burns' nine-part documentary PBS series, ***Baseball*** (Knopf), with Geoffrey Ward.

Anne Rice returns with volume three of her Mayfair witches series, titled ***Taltos*** (Knopf), and no fall season would be complete without Stephen King. His latest, ***Insomnia*** (Viking), is apparently so scary his publisher is afraid to tell us what it is about. On the other hand, Marlon Brando, at the age of 70, isn't afraid to tell anybody anything, as he reportedly does in his memoirs, ***Brando: Songs My Mother Taught Me*** (Random House), with Robert Lindsey. Peter Manso adds to the legend in his unauthorized ***Brando: The Biography*** (Hyperion). Dean Koontz has penned a big spy thriller, ***Dark Rivers of the Heart*** (Knopf), and Archbishop Desmond Tutu relives the history of the anti-apartheid movement in ***The Rainbow People of God*** (Doubleday).

But all that comes later in the fall. Right now, the new John Irving novel, ***A Son of the Circus*** (Random House), has arrived, and it has been worth the wait. If you liked *The World According to Garp*, *Hotel New Hampshire* or *A Prayer for Owen Meany*, you're going to be happy. Irving's novels burst with stories, characters, arguments, oddities and images that help us to define the world we live in.

A Son of the Circus is a typically oddball tale that focuses on Dr. Farrokh Daruwalla, a Toronto resident and orthopedic surgeon who serves as honorary consultant surgeon to the Hospital for Crippled Children in Bombay. Unbeknownst to his patients, he is also the secret screenwriter for a series of vulgar, violent murder-mystery movies that feature the insufferably arrogant Inspector Dhar. Dr. Daruwalla began writing the movies to provide an acting career for his adopted son, who has become so inseparable from the character that he is known as Inspector Dhar.

Daruwalla has another avocational mission to keep him busy: He haunts Indian circuses in search of dwarfs, from whom he draws blood. He studies the samples, hoping to locate the genetic marker that determines achondroplasia. As a result, he has become an unofficial circus doctor. As a lapsed Catholic, a lapsed Indian and a screenwriting orthopedist, Daruwalla spends a lot of time meditating on his identity.



Irving's *A Son of the Circus*.

Fall previews, new fiction and a shocking first novel.

Irving not only makes this grade-B mishmash funny and fascinating, he also makes it believable. If you're like us, as you near the end of these rollicking 630 pages, you'll begin to read more and more slowly—because you won't want to say goodbye. Irving is at the height of his considerable literary powers in this comic tour de force.

In its own way, ***Green River Rising*** (Morrow), by Tim Willocks, is an equally impressive performance. This intense first novel, filled with the terror and torment of prison life, is surprisingly literary. The juxtaposition of artistic sensibility and institutionalized misery gives this book an energy that is hard to explain. In these pages you experience the shocking horror and inhumanity of a prison riot. It's powerful stuff.

With its cylindrical tiers of cellblocks under a central glass dome, the Green River State Penitentiary in Texas resembles the concentric circles of hell, presided over by warden John Campbell Hobbes. Like his 17th century English namesake, Hobbes believes that it is only the ongoing threat of brute force that keeps a lid on man's baser instincts. When the joint erupts in a riot, there are plenty of inmates who validate Hobbes' theory. But there are a handful who demonstrate the more compelling strength of love and decency. This is a raw, extreme story of good and evil told by a formidable new talent.

In his previous six Burke books, Andrew Vachss has written with unremitting bleakness about crimes against children, and ***Down in the Zero*** (Knopf) is no waltz through the posies, either. But there is the sense that this time his ex-con private eye, Burke, has softened his hard-boiled outlook on life. Burke goes to a wealthy Connecticut suburb to help 19-year-old Randy Cambridge, who has had a frightening number of his friends commit suicide shortly after they leave an expensive psychiatric hospital. Burke strikes up a friendship with an attractive dominatrix and discovers some clues to the case in a local S&M club.

Journalist Nick Tosches takes us behind the newspaper headlines in a novel about the clashes between Sicilian Mafiosi and Asian drug lords for control of the international heroin trade. In ***Trinities*** (Doubleday), low-level wiseguy Johnny di Pietro is assigned the job of keeping Asian gangs out of Mafia territory. Tosches spreads his story out over a big canvas, from the poppy fields to the streets, but he is at his best when portraying the intimate, earthy dialogue among the mobsters. He gives you that fly-on-the-wall feeling, as if you were eavesdropping on a group of old dons playing cards and drinking wine in the back room of a Brooklyn restaurant.

University of Washington sociologist Pepper Schwartz gives you the same intimate feeling when she reports on the real-life stories of couples who have successful peer marriages. In her new book, ***Peer Marriage: How Love Between Equals Really Works*** (Free Press), Schwartz looks at relationships by shining a light on money, sex, children and household management. These insights work just as well for unmarried couples, since friendship is at the heart of this process.

BOOK BAG

Baby, Would I Lie? (The Mysterious Press), by Donald E. Westlake: The dean of comic crime fiction brings a load of trouble to Branson, Missouri, where country music stars and sleazy journalists two-step together in a funny honky-tonk caper.

Voices of the Xiled: A Generation Speaks for Itself (Doubleday), edited by Michael Wexler and John Hulme: This collection of 20 stories captures the variety of voices of a generation that has been mislabeled and misunderstood. In *Like A Normal Human Being*, by E.J. Graff, for instance, girl leaves boy for girl, and then reality bites.

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FITNESS

By JON KRAKAUER

Whenever you need a good night's sleep most, you are least likely to get it. Do you face a tough interview with a prospective employer tomorrow? The most important game in the playoffs? A special date with a woman who expects dusk-to-dawn gymnastics? A brutal exam to determine whether you go to medical school or pursue a career flipping burgers? If you're anything like me, you will spend the night before the crucial event writhing in a tangle of sheets, your mind revving out of control, sleeping nary a wink.

On the dawn of your Waterloo, just as you slide into unconsciousness, the alarm squawks, ripping you violently from your dreams. Forcing your body out of bed, you are buffeted by waves of self-pity and despair. How, whines the chorus inside your groggy head, are you supposed to accomplish anything when you feel blindsided by a truck?

Buck up, Bubba. If medical science is to be believed, you should, with sufficient motivation, be able to perform about as well (or as poorly) as you would if you had socked away your usual eight hours of sleep. According to the experts, the weariness is all in your head.

Despite countless hours and research dollars devoted to the study of sleep, scientists still can't explain its function. "The biological imperative for sleep remains a great mystery," admits Dr. William Dement, a sleep disorders specialist at Stanford University. Nobody really knows why we are genetically programmed to spend a third of our lives dead to the world, or why we're so miserable when we're denied our full complement of snoozing. Researchers do know that our sleep habits are shifting, however. In past centuries people slept an average of nine and a half hours a night. Nowadays, thanks to such modern intrusions as light bulbs, David Letterman and the howl of police sirens, we average only seven and a half hours of sleep—and feel crummy as a result.

There is a price to be paid for this shortfall, but aside from crabby moods and chronic drowsiness, the ill effects of common sleep deprivation are less pernicious than one might suspect. (Clinical sleep disorders, on the other hand, are a serious problem. For instance, some 12 million Americans are afflicted with an ailment called sleep apnea, a disruption of nocturnal breathing characterized by loud snoring and extreme daytime fatigue. If untreated, apnea can lead to strokes, heart attacks and death.)

BUD PETH

PERCHANCE TO SLEEP

The impact of a lousy night's sleep is especially slight when it comes to athletic performance. The authors of a recent Canadian study explain:

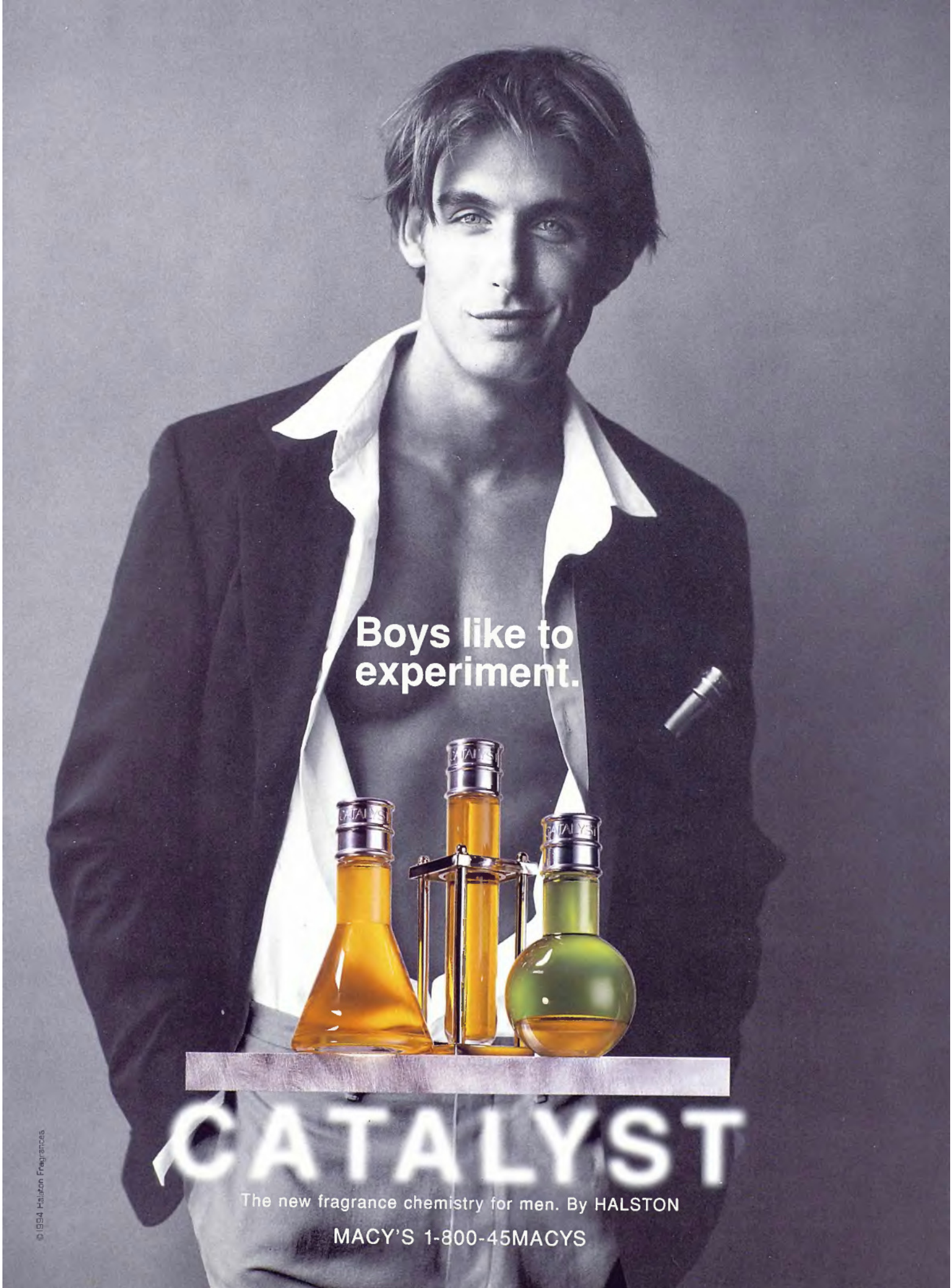
> Although sleep deprivation has long been considered to be a stressful condition, the actual findings from studies do not seem to bear this conclusion out. Sleep deprivation of 30 to 72 hours does not affect cardiovascular and respiratory responses to exercise of varying intensity, or the aerobic and anaerobic performance capability of individuals. Muscle strength and electromechanical responses are also not affected. It appears that athletes do not have to be concerned about their physical performance following a sleep loss of one or even two nights if they are sufficiently mentally motivated.

The researchers acknowledge that athletes deprived of sleep perceive that they aren't as fast or as strong, "but this is not a reliable assessment of a subject's ability to perform physical work." The handicap, in other words, is a function of the athlete's sleep-robbed imagination. Mental efficiency is a slightly different matter. A lack of sleep inevitably interferes with concentration, memory and judgment. But once again, the negative impact isn't that great.

In a case studied in 1965, a 17-year-old student named Randy Gardner remained awake for 11 days and nights, setting a record for uninterrupted sleeplessness. "He had difficulty focusing his eyes by the second day," reported Laverne Johnson, chief scientist at the Navy Medical Neuropsychiatric Research Unit in San Diego, "noted marked nausea on the third and memory lapses on the fourth day. That night he imagined he was a great football player. Intermittent slurred speech was evident on the seventh day, and by the ninth day the subject occasionally thought in fragments and did not finish sentences." Yet even in the final hours of his ordeal, Gardner was able to play more than 100 games of pinball against fully rested observers and hold his own.

When deprived of sleep, the mind balks and falters, which makes monotonous, drawn-out tasks such as driving or working on an assembly line problematic and sometimes dangerous. Every year, according to estimates by the Department of Transportation, 200,000 traffic accidents are caused by people who fall asleep at the wheel. But as Gardner's pinball wizardry demonstrated, normal mental function can be summoned virtually at will, at least for limited periods, simply by mustering a special effort to concentrate. And caffeine, loud music and the heat of competition have all been shown to be effective aids for reviving a sleep-starved brain.

A good nap is even better. According to Dr. Dement, "Nature intended that adults should nap in the middle of the day." The human brain, it seems, is programmed to fall asleep not only at night but also for a brief period in midafternoon. A post-lunch siesta for as little as 15 to 30 minutes can do wonders to turn around an ugly mood and restore flagging concentration. So the next time the boss catches you out cold with your forehead welded to your desktop, explain that you're simply taking steps to increase your productivity. How could he or she possibly object?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MEN

By ASA BABER

My birthday fell on Father's Day this year. I spent part of it with my two sons and a few good friends, and I was a happy camper. But not entirely.

About a week earlier we had learned of the slayings of Nicole Simpson and Ronald Goldman. So as I was enjoying my birthday, I wondered if O.J. Simpson was guilty of the brutal murders of June 12. I had not convicted Simpson in my own mind, but I knew that things were not looking good for Los Angeles County prisoner BK4013970.

I also considered something else: As a grizzled veteran of the gender wars, I knew that the genetic makeup of the average male would be blamed for these two murders in particular and for domestic violence in general.

The song *I Am Woman* has turned into the chant *You Are Killer*, but with a surprising twist. In addition to the current feminist attacks, many of the most visible men in America are participating in a campaign of shame directed at the American male. People of both sexes have told us that we are murderous creatures, while at the same time claiming their own self-righteous integrity.

Male talk-show hosts, newspaper columnists, cultural reporters and politicians are leaving the distinct impression that those of us who claim to be regular guys are in favor of killing and maiming the people we live with, and that millions of men, *millions* of us, batter, bruise and annihilate millions of women every year.

A lot of women publicly blast masculinity and its supposed effects, describing men in print and on television as inhuman beings. We are seldom surprised at the vitriol poured over us from those sources. But what we sometimes forget is that many of our fellow men in public positions like to join their sexist sisters as often as they can in disparaging our supposedly villainous nature.

Try this from a column in *The New York Times* titled "Wives and Batterers," by Bob Herbert:

> Beating up women in the friendly arena called home is a favorite sport of many men. . . . Old habits die hard. It has long been customary to give the king of the castle wide latitude to act like a lunatic as long as he is careful to confine his kicks and his karate chops to his wife or his girlfriend.

JERRY MC DONALD

A CAMPAIGN OF SHAME

In his conclusion, Herbert sets himself on the side of rectitude, suggesting that the culture will not change until "it is second nature for *men* [italics his] to view the beating of women as despicable and cowardly conduct."

I want to tell Bob Herbert to take his blanket condemnation of masculinity (and his subtle implication that, while he is a man, he is not an average man) and shove it. For the past quarter century, men and women of high profile and great influence have been damning men for our elemental makeup. Our genetic structure, as these people see it, is bestial and evil.

In a saner time, this kind of thinking would be called bigoted, intolerant, prejudicial and discriminatory. Today it is called sensitive and enlightened.

The Simpson–Goldman murders have highlighted more than one epidemic. Male-bashing is a national disease, and the folks who perpetrate it have it down to a well-funded, well-practiced science.

The most fundamental questions that American men face during the current campaign of shame are these: What can we do to protect our sense of self-worth as we hear daily that we are, by nature, rapists, murderers and scum? How do we avoid being poisoned by such caustic rhetoric? How do we stay healthy and proud and functional?

A few suggestions:

(1) Whenever you hear masculinity defined as innately deadly and brutal, remind yourself that most of us are truly good men. We love our families, work hard to protect them, cherish our children and live honorably. We are not congenitally depraved people and, believe it or not, we are totally opposed to murder and abuse.

(2) Whenever you hear domestic violence described as solely a male problem, remember that women are not immune to violence. Statistics show that women and men are equally capable of brutality in the home. It may not get national attention, but many men (this writer included) have been assaulted with deadly force by women.

(3) Although the female of the species is labeled as more peaceful and nurturing than the male, remember that mothers abuse their children at a rate almost double that of fathers.

(4) Whoever killed Nicole Simpson and Ronald Goldman was crazed, amoral, brutal and out of control. Most men don't advocate such behavior.

(5) As long as we believe that men alone need counseling in domestic violence cases, we will be dealing with only half the problem. The stereotype of the abusive husband and the abused wife often falls apart under examination. It should be required by law that both the husband and the wife get counseling after domestic violence complaints.

(6) To maintain your self-esteem as a man, do your own research. A good book on the subject of feminism and the shaming of men is called *Who Stole Feminism?: How Women Have Betrayed Women*, by Christina Hoff Sommers. The book examines how the feminist movement has been taken over by propagandists and antimale activists, and it will warm your battered male heart.

May Nicole Simpson and Ronald Goldman rest in peace. May their murderer be brought to justice. And may we all join in more temperate and reasonable debate as we ponder the darker mysteries of the human psyche.

WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

STEVE TURK

OLD GUYS AMOK IN HOLLYWOOD

I'm not bitter. I'm not angry. I think it's perfectly OK that I live in a town where it's normal for old guys of 70 to have teenage wives, a town where women are considered over the hill when they're 28, not to mention politically incorrect if they're not blonde. I suppose I could be upset that in this town guys my own age, with a frame of reference and political outlook similar to mine, wouldn't for a second consider dating me, that the oldest woman they deem appropriate is, say, 33. It's true that this sucks in a big way, but I can always move to Oregon, and I just might.

But what does bother me just a teensy bit is that these old guys have conspired to subvert and corrupt the entire world with their sicko predilections.

In 1988 Sally Field played Tom Hanks' love interest in *Punchline*. In 1994, in *Forrest Gump*, she plays his mother. We'll have a moment of silence while I let that sink in. On my TV right now is an ad for *I Love Trouble*, a love story starring Julia Roberts and Nick Nolte, a man who could be Julia's father.

How crazy is this? How egomaniacal and how hostile to the women and men of America (no, wait, the whole world!) who plunk down their six or seven dollars plus another 50 bucks for popcorn, etc., to sit in a darkened theater in order to get swept into a story that will distract them from their miserable lives or maybe even give them new hope and insight? Why should they be subjected to unattractive and pointless fantasies? And what if they try to model their lives after such drivel? That shit doesn't play in either Peoria or Paris. Everybody loses, nobody gets laid.

The media, some say, rule our consciousness. Television and movies tell us what to think. Luckily, this is not totally true. Luckily, most of us have a few functioning brain cells, or we would simply accept as normal that, though Jack Nicholson was once Shirley MacLaine's romantic lead in *Terms of Endearment*, he is now in *Wolf* with decades-younger Michelle Pfeiffer, who also gritted her teeth and tried to play the love interest to grandfatherly Sean Connery in *The Russia House*. And meanwhile Ann-Margret, whom Jack treated abysmally in *Carnal Knowledge*, is way too old to be considered sexy unless she's with Walter Matthau and Jack Lemmon. Jack had a big romance with Shirley MacLaine in *The Apartment*. But Shirley couldn't be in *Grumpy Old Men* with Walter and Jack because she was busy being a dying 80-year-old in *Guarding Tess*.

Wasn't Faye Dunaway fabulous with Jack Nicholson in *Chinatown*? Now she would be deemed way too old. Now we have to watch Jack with babies two generations younger.

Just like his pal Warren Beatty, another man whom Faye Dunaway helped make famous. Warren, in his time, has also starred with Natalie Wood, Vivien Leigh, Eva Marie Saint, Jean Seberg, Leslie Caron, Susannah York and Paula Prentiss (some dead, all gone) and Goldie Hawn (trying hard not to be gone). You will no longer see him anywhere near his erstwhile leading ladies Diane Keaton and Julie Christie. He is over Madonna. Annette Bening is what, 27?

I miss Julie Christie mightily. Diane Keaton got to play the lead with Woody Allen, who in real life is with Soon-Yi Previn. But will Diane ever again be cast with Al Pacino, with whom she had a long on- and offscreen romance? These days it is allegedly appropriate that Al star with Penelope Ann Miller, who is, I think, 12.

"I call her Cantaloupe Ann Miller," said Teri Garr, giggling. "No reason. I just like to."

I am delighted that Teri Garr is my friend, since I worshiped her in *Tootsie*, etc. There is a downside, however, to our friendship. "I wouldn't kick her out of bed," says Don, whom I crave in bed. "I've had a crush on her my whole life," says Mark. "I want her so bad. I have to sleep with her," says my son's roommate.

But do the Hollywood old boys make us all happy and cast her as a leading lady? "If I got a bunch of plastic surgery so that I looked 32, I still wouldn't be 32," said Teri. "The best I can hope for is to play a mature woman who's still feisty and interesting and maybe sexy. Lauren Bacall told me that Jennifer Jones said that after a certain age an actress should never leave the house. Is that supposed to be my fate? Gena Rowlands said to me, 'Wait until you get a review that says you've been ravaged by time.' I guess that's like being ravaged by a tiger."

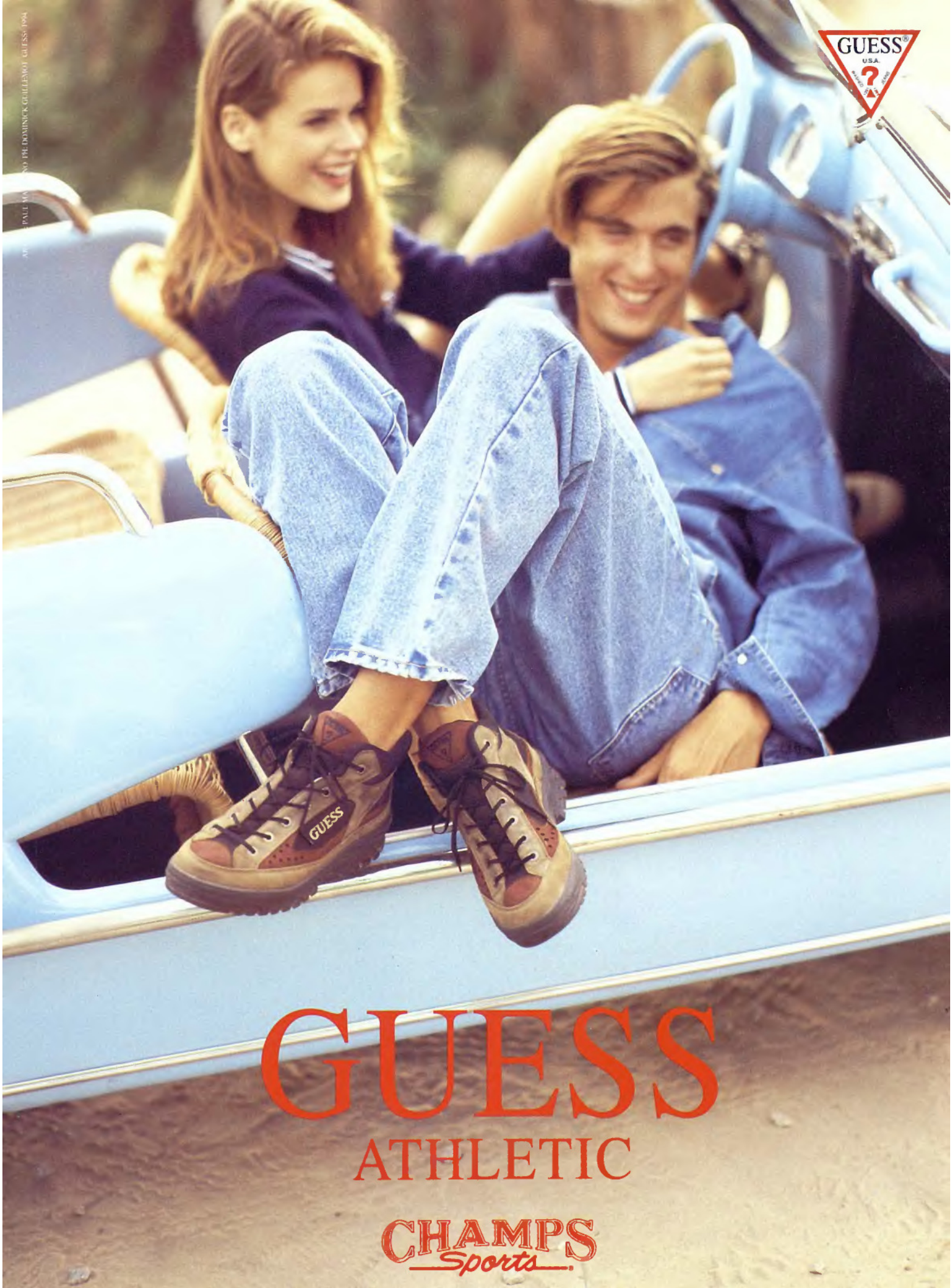
A couple of Los Angeles disc jockeys, on the day following this year's Academy Awards, declared they had been so nauseated by the sight of ex-babe Deborah Kerr that they had decided never to marry.

"Men in this town carp about women getting older as if we were doing it just to piss them off," said my friend Carlene. "At the magazine stand last week some guys were looking at a photo of Mary Tyler Moore and saying with horror, 'God, she's getting old!' It's OK for a guy like Johnny Carson to be old, but they act like women are playing this hideous trick on the world."

It's not as though these old guy–young broad movies are commercial blockbusters. No woman in the real world wants to see them. We'd much rather watch soaps, thank you, where Erica Kane still gets the pick of the litter. But Hollywood is powered by immensely neurotic guys who need to own seven Jaguars and live in an ornate fantasy world. I have seen, firsthand, way too many instances of their fear and loathing of women their own age.

"Guys out here have all run away from home, they get as far away from their parents as possible," said Stuart, a movie producer. "They're all lousy with unresolved Oedipal problems."

Fine, but could they please stop taking it out on the rest of us? I miss Meryl Streep and Jessica Lange.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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

What's the earliest description of sex that clearly depicts a woman reaching orgasm as we know it today? We have Onan spilling his seed on the ground, but when did women first confess to sexual pleasure?—R. E., Chicago, Illinois.

In "History Laid Bare," a collection of ancient sex accounts, Richard Zacks provides an observation on orgasm from the father of medicine, Hippocrates, circa 400 B.C.: "During intercourse, once a woman's genitals are vigorously rubbed and her womb titillated, a lustfulness overwhelms her down there, and the feeling of pleasure and warmth pools through the rest of her body. A woman also has an ejaculation, furnished by her body, occurring at the same time inside the womb, which has become wet, as well as on the outside because the womb is now gaping wide open. A woman feels pleasure right from the start of intercourse until the moment when the man pulls out. If she feels an orgasm coming on, she ejaculates with him, and then she no longer feels pleasure. But if she feels no oncoming orgasm, her pleasure stops when his does. It's like when one throws cold water into boiling water. The boiling ceases immediately. The same with the man's sperm falling into the womb; it extinguishes the warmth and pleasure of the woman. Her pleasure and warmth, though, surge: The moment the sperm descends in the womb, then it fades. Just as when wine is poured on a flame, it gives a spurt before it goes out for good." The "Kama Sutra," based on texts dating from 400 B.C., also contains a debate on whether women reach orgasm. The author believed that the pleasure was the same for both men and women—but that the expression was different. "Men experience pleasure up to ejaculation, while the woman's pleasure is continuous. When he has ejected his semen, he seeks rest, whereas she wishes to continue." The author also offered this description: "When the potter starts his wheel moving, the speed, initially slow, increases little by little, then slows down and stops. It appears that it is the same in exciting a woman from the beginning to the end." If anyone knows of an earlier account, drop us a line.

Recently I had a one-night stand with a married woman. The next morning I proceeded to clean myself up to the best of my ability before going home to my fiancée. During my welcome-home blow job, my fiancée asked if I was cheating on her, to which I replied no. When I asked why she'd said that, she replied that my semen tasted different and that I must have been fucking someone else. Should I worry about this in the future?—M. K., Springfield, Massachusetts.

Sure—if you keep fooling around. The flavor of semen may change with diet but not from infidelity. She may have noticed the fragrance of another woman and translated it into taste. Consider stopping off at the gym for a complete workout, steam and shower. Then knock yourself out showing your fiancée that she is the focus of your desire.

I have two cassette decks, which I use for real-time dubbing. One seems to run faster—by about two minutes per 50-minute tape. This causes one tape to run out while the other is still going, or leaves me with an unwanted blank space. Is there any way to calibrate the speed of the decks?—J. T., Austin, Texas.

The average recording speed for any tape deck is 1⅞ inches per second. This may vary by a fraction from machine to machine. You didn't mention the age or brand of your machines, but many have speed-calibration screws. Time to head for the service shop to get a bench test.

Exactly what does it mean to ask someone back to your room? I hold that to do so expresses sexual interest, and that to accept implies, if not agreement to have sex, then at least a willingness to explore the possibility. But some of my friends say that going back to a room is a neutral act, and if I try to initiate sex, I may be up for a date-rape charge. Can you shed any light on this debate?—L. S., Madison, Wisconsin.

It used to be that asking someone back to your apartment to savor a favorite wine or sample a soundtrack was an accepted and sophisticated signal. No longer. The May issue of "American Scientist" describes an experiment by two social scientists that shows how differently the sexes react to such an invitation. "Russell Clark and Elaine Hatfield designed a study in which college students were approached by an attractive member of the opposite sex who posed one of three questions after a brief introduction: 'Would you go out on a date with me tonight?' 'Would you go back to my apartment with me tonight?' or 'Would you have sex with me tonight?' Of the women who were approached, 50 percent agreed to the date, six percent agreed to go to the apartment, and none agreed to have sex. Many women found the sexual request from a virtual stranger to be odd or insulting. Of the men approached, 50 percent agreed to the date, 69 percent agreed to go back to the woman's apartment and 75 percent agreed to have sex. In contrast to women, many men found the sexual request flattering. Those few men who declined were apologetic about it, citing a fiancée or an unavoidable obligation that particular evening." What the six percent of women willing to go back to the apartment had in mind is beyond prediction. If you get someone to accept, remember you still have to ask that third question. And take their answer at face value.

While on a recent domestic flight, I witnessed a disturbing incident. A fellow passenger took out a notebook computer and put it on the tray on the seat back in front of him. Just as he started to work, the passenger in the row ahead decided to recline the seat back. Crunch. The screen got compressed into the keyboard. Talk about a bummer. Please share this with your readers.—L. P., Eagle, Pennsylvania.

Thanks for the report. Our advice: Ask for a bulkhead if you plan to compute. If you can't get one, be sure to ask the passenger in front for warning before he or she reclines.

My lover has confessed a wish to have her clothes ripped from her body, to be ravished. It occurs to me that even Hulk Hogan might have a tough time tearing a cotton T-shirt with a reinforced neck. Obviously, if the rip were started with scissors, it would be much easier. But that would destroy the moment. Any suggestions?—K. K., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Rent "A Clockwork Orange." Scissors can be made to work. But the real trick is to find the right clothes. Visit a thrift shop with your lover. Stock up on older clothes that are inexpensive and worn—they'll tear more easily (especially if you run a razor down the seams beforehand). And never mind if it's not a clean rip—you can use the tatters for reins.

The other night I was making out with my girlfriend on the couch. Things got out of hand and we found ourselves on the floor, completely starkers, in a face-up position. She was beneath me, where

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

I could rub my spine against her clitoris. Suddenly, she brought her feet around in front of me and used them to play with my penis. I grabbed her ankles, bringing the bottoms of her feet together. My erection was cupped in the opening made by her arches. I proceeded to masturbate and reached an astonishing orgasm. Have you ever heard of using other parts of the body to simulate intercourse?—F. F., London, England.

You bet. Try placing your penis between your partner's breasts, or between her thighs, or between her arm and breast. Better yet, on an inflatable air mattress, cover each other in bath gel, lie side by side, then slip and slide every which way. You won't even notice whether you're in or out.

I know quite a bit about which wines go with certain foods. But I know people who serve different beers with different foods. Can you offer any suggestions?—S. P., Wolfeboro, New Hampshire.

We've had a newspaper clip on beers under a magnet on our fridge door for some time now. According to Carl Jerome of the "Chicago Tribune," pilsners—everyday, golden, thirst-quenching beers—go well with smoked fish and fowl, like salmon or turkey. A medium-bodied pale lager goes nicely with roast poultry and game. A mild pale lager tastes great with most food, including pizza, grilled meat and chicken and spicy Chinese, Mexican and Indian dishes.

Amber lagers are more malty and similar to food itself. Try them with a hearty hot or cold deli sandwich. Dark lagers tend to be sweet and nutty and enhance the flavor of spicy chili or a Swiss cheese sandwich. Pale ales complement roasts of beef or lamb. Darker ales such as stouts and porters are heavier and creamier and are best drunk alone. However, a bitter stout could be served with venison or baked ham. Sweet stouts and porters could be served with espresso or chocolate desserts. All in all, let your palate be your guide.

My wife and I have a good sexual relationship. Usually, she uses a vibrator before I enter her. While she plays with the vibrator, I touch her lovingly on her breasts and around her vagina. She always has strong and fulfilling orgasms. Then we move to intercourse. I've told her that I would love to be inside her while she uses the vibrator, but she says it would be too distracting. Do you have any suggestions? Is there a position that would be comfortable for her and at the same time not be too distracting?—J. A., Los Angeles, California.

Enter her from behind—either in spoon fashion or with her lying flat on her back on top of you. Or she could straddle you and still have room for the vibrator. Most women report that having an erect penis inside adds a fullness to the orgasm. It gives those contractions something to work with. If she can handle a little divided attention, ask her to perform oral sex on you while she uses the vibrator on herself. You won't feel it directly, but her orgasm will add something to your own.

Several months ago, my husband introduced me to the pleasures of professional massage. I'm not naive—I know that for him the experience ends in orgasm. I am also aware that only masseuses are employed at our spa—no men. I anticipated a nonsexual massage. However, once I relaxed, I allowed the masseuse to move from my inner thighs to my genitals. I had the most sensational orgasm. I was so pleased that I've since returned several times with my husband. I told my sister-in-law about the experience, and the two of us went to the masseuse together. She had the same response. Over coffee the next week, we decided we could save money if we gave massages to each other, culminating in orgasm. We have found this to be a fantastic stress reducer. However, after our last massage, my sister-in-law kissed me, which we had never done before, at least not in that fashion. I have to admit I enjoyed it. Neither of us finds other women sexually attractive, and this is all new to us. I would like to take this experience further and I believe she would also. I'm concerned that we may take things too far, though. Neither of us wants to hurt our husbands. We're not gay, nor do we consider ourselves bisexual. I need some advice.—E. E., San Jose, California.

Your husband introduces you to sexual massage and you're worried about hurting him? We don't think so.

Lately I have been to some nice restaurants that include a service charge on the bill. What is this all about? What is the proper etiquette concerning the gratuity? Do I tip based on the amount of the bill prior to the service charge, inclusive of the service charge or in addition to the service charge?—M. A., Orlando, Florida.

The service charge is a way to include the tip automatically on your bill. Next time you see one, make sure it adds up to 15 percent of the total. (If it is much more or much less, ask for an explanation.) We used to encounter it for large parties, but now more restaurants are including this fee on every check. You may add to the amount if the service and meal were exceptional.

My girlfriend and I would like to videotape ourselves having sex. Where's the best place to position the camera?—P. J., Chicago, Illinois.

Put your camera on a tripod and run a cable to a video monitor or television set. You can view yourself during sex, which may prove hot or hilarious, and change positions accordingly. A longer cable will allow you to separate the camera and monitor so that the finished product doesn't look as though you filmed in a TV repair shop. For more tips pick up Kevin Campbell's "Video Sex" ($19.95 plus $4.50 shipping from Amherst Media, Inc., P.O. Box 586, Amherst, NY 14226).

I am a heterosexual male in my late 20s. Sometimes when I masturbate while fantasizing of having sex with a woman, I imitate the sounds and facial expressions that I imagine my fantasy woman would be making in a real encounter. It's not a problem, but I am curious—is this something that other guys do?—G. D., Los Angeles, California.

We've heard of guys who stroke their necks, pinch their nipples and whisper sweet nothings. As for facial expressions, there was a pop song about masturbation a few years back, with the refrain: "I think I'm turning Japanese." Knock yourself out.

True or false: Airlines are dumping their frequent flier programs because they are losing money. If true, how soon do I need to cash in on my hard-earned mileage?—B. W., Detroit, Michigan.

Domestic airlines aren't getting rid of their frequent flier programs, but they are devaluing the miles, effective next year. The biggest change that people are huffing about is an increase in the "price" of a domestic coach ticket to 25,000 miles from 20,000. But don't panic. If you currently have enough miles for a free ticket or an upgrade, you can claim your miles and get a certificate this year. You then have a year to exchange it for a ticket and another year to take a trip. The change will take effect on January 1, 1995 for USAir and on February 1, 1995 for United, American and Continental. Editors of frequent flier newsletters recommend that travelers write for their certificates as soon as possible.

Alas. My girlfriend has beautiful breasts except for one thing: Her nipples are inverted. Is there any way to correct this?—P. G., Whitehall, Pennsylvania.

Inverted nipples occur when the milk ducts inside the breast are shorter than the breast is thick. Although pregnancy occasionally makes the nipples stand out—sometimes permanently—this may be a more radical solution than you had in mind. If you are hung up on erectile tissue, there's always the clitoris.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented in these pages each month.*

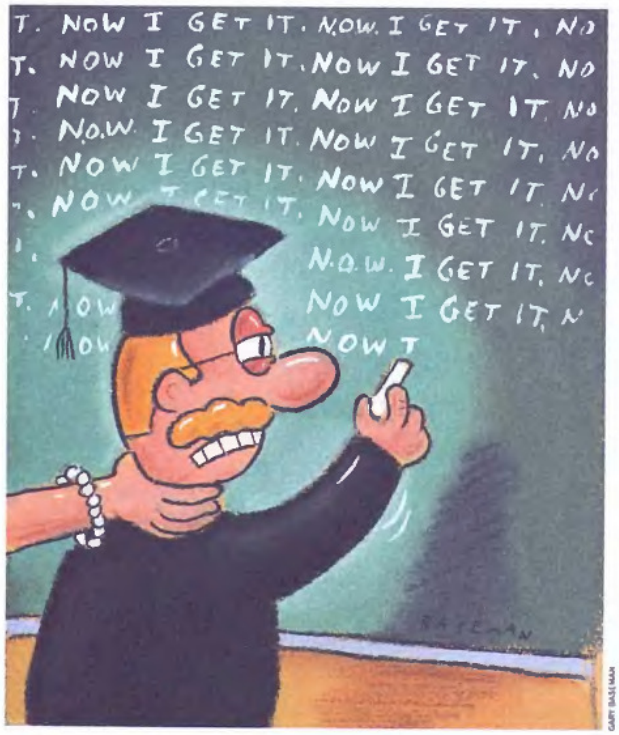
KANGAROO CAMPUS

the closing of the american mind

By TED C. FISHMAN

There's a story in the Talmud about a man who fell from a roof and accidentally penetrated a woman he landed on. "There is liability for four items," explains the teacher. "The four items are depreciation, pain, medical expenses and loss of time, but not degradation, for we have learnt: There is no liability for degradation unless there is intention [to degrade]."

For 34 years, Graydon Snyder has told this story to his Bible students at Chicago Theological Seminary. Snyder, 63, used the parable to contrast older Jewish thinking with Christian teachings that equate lust with adultery. "The New Testament says if you think about doing the act, you've done it," Snyder told his class. "The Talmud says if you do the act, but didn't think about it, you didn't do it." A woman in Snyder's class took offense at the tale and its message: You cannot be held liable for accidentally shaming others. But modern sexual harassment codes are not based on Talmudic law. When the woman complained to the administration, a student-faculty sexual harassment task force investigated. The task force asked Snyder to write an apology. Snyder complied, saying he was sorry the woman was hurt. The task force decided he wasn't sufficiently contrite and alerted everyone at the seminary that Snyder was on probation for making unwelcome remarks. The task force also ordered Snyder to get psychological help and enroll in sexual harassment workshops. It further forbade him from being alone with students or staff members. The next time he told the Talmud story, it warned, he could be fired. Snyder filed suit, charging the seminary with damaging his reputation.



Professor Theodore Hirschfield teaches creative writing at Southeast Missouri State University in Cape Girardeau. At the start of each semester, Hirschfield gives his writing students a pep talk on creativity. "Feel as free as possible," he tells them. "You can't have inhibitions on language or on moral points of view." But when ideas flow freely, not all are pleasant or even smart. In one of his classes, he claims, a male student told the class: "All a woman has to do is lie on her back, spread her legs and the government rewards her" for each child she has. Another student, a woman in her 30s, attributed the remark to Hirschfield and reported him to the dean, claiming sexual harassment. Upon learning of the charge, Hirschfield polled his class to see if they thought he was a sexual harasser. Out of 16 students, only one said yes. The university's affirmative-action officer ruled that Hirschfield had sexually harassed the student (and found the poll itself to be a form of retaliation) and recommended that the provost suspend him and dock his pay for one month. He also demanded that Hirschfield offer a written apology and enroll in mental-health treatment and sensitivity training. The provost ordered only the counseling. Hirschfield sued the university.

At the University of New Hampshire, J. Donald Silva offered his technical writing students a metaphor to clarify the concept of focus. "Focus is like sex," he told a class. "You seek a target. You zero in on your subject. You move from side to side. You close in on the subject. Focus connects experience and language. You and the subject become one." Six female students complained that Silva's comments were vulgar, degrading and offensive. The university's tribunal ordered Silva to apologize for "creating a hostile and offensive academic environment." It also asked him to foot the bill for setting up an alternative writing course, and it told him to get some professional help. He did—he hired an attorney. Silva filed suit against the university.

The Clarence Thomas hearings made sexual harassment household words. And that fiasco has empowered the fainthearted and the easily offended to form their own lynch mobs.

But not one of the incidents noted here created a hostile work environment. The remarks were not hostile, abusive, severe or pervasive. Nor were they physically threatening. Not one involved a request for sexual favors. None diminished the equality or opportunity of women. Nor did they unreasonably interfere with a student's work performance.

Welcome to the closing of the American mind.

THE PRINCE OF PORN

watching blue movies with andrew blake, the man who reinvented sex

By SUSIE BRIGHT

I'm in a beachside luxury hotel room with a 45-year-old man I've just met but have fantasized about for years. There are several adult videos on the king-size bed, ones I have seen dozens of times.

I shyly ask him to pick out his favorite while I close the drapes, leaving the room as cool and dark as a projection booth. Usually when I'm with a man and we have "porn shopping" to do, the fellow defers to me. It's the new chivalry of adult video: ladies' choice. Men are so thrilled that at least some women want to watch dirty movies that they're willing to adapt to any subject matter in order to ensure an enjoyable evening.

But not my guest of honor. My date is none other than Andrew Blake, the erotic-film director who has singlehandedly defined yuppie porn. Remember what *Miami Vice* did for cop shows? That's what Blake's brand of L.A. vice has done for modern porn. Blake is the creator of such modern classics as *Night Trips I* and *II*, *House of Dreams* and *Hidden Obsessions*. His megabuck movies have virtually no script or dialogue, relying instead on innovative editing and lavish art direction.

Art direction for Blake, who was a fine-art painter before becoming a pornographer, means using locations that look like dream vacations, bodies that look as if they have risen out of the foam, and styling and design suitable for *Architectural Digest*, not a porn set. His movies have been enormously successful with male and female viewers who are aroused by a touch of class, and they have been just as annoying to people who prefer sex mouthy and dirty.

I'd have to say I have been one of the latter. My first reaction to one of Blake's films was that it was like a hardcore *Victoria's Secret* catalog.

"I suppose this is what some 90210 prick thinks women want," I'd sneered. I'd rather see a woman begging for her orgasm in a ditch than watch her nonchalantly finger herself in an art deco foyer.

But not everyone shares my opinion. My sister-in-law called me one night after celebrating her wedding anniversary. She had watched *Hidden Obsessions*. "I want to see every film this guy Blake has made," she told me. Not long after her confession, I came home to find my babysitter watching one of the girl-girl scenes from *House of Dreams* in slow motion. She was drooling!

In addition to seeing these personal testimonies, I noticed that Blake's videos were flying out the door of the local women's sex boutique. Clearly I was being a reverse snob. Something about his movies was clicking with real couples and real women—as well as with the men who form porn's traditional audience.

Blake selects *House of Dreams* to slip into the VCR, apparently concurring with my babysitter's preference. We watch as a Paulina Porizkova look-alike named Zara Whites stretches out in a pale bedroom with her lush body as its centerpiece. "Where do you come up with these luxury mansions with nothing in them?" I ask.

"In Los Angeles," he says, deadpan.

It's fun to watch him watching. He is more relaxed looking at the screen than he is facing me; his eyes are thinking, expressive. This is how he must appear when he looks through a lens, and seeing this professional voyeurism, if you will, makes me more excited than I've ever been from watching his movies.

"Do your movies show what you genuinely think is sexy?" I ask. "Or do you conduct careful research in the advertising world——"

"No, no. I hate research. I don't care what the market will tolerate. When I did these films, people were saying, 'If only he could be dirtier.' But I really wasn't doing the films for that group. You know, the *Hustler* set."

Class comparisons are Blake's point of entry, and that makes me squirm. I find it diabolical that standards of sexiness are so strictly delineated—the erotica elite versus those awful white-trash porn addicts across the tracks. Why is a straight-on shot of a vulva considered debauched? Why do the proper tan lines make all the difference? Does anybody really think that educated middle-class people's fantasies differ from those of high school dropouts with bad hair?

I decided to put it to him this way: "What's so erotic about wealth?"

"It's what I like to see," he says, not particularly defensively. "Very beautiful women in very sexy situations. Not an unbelievably garish house. But if I'm going to see a beautiful woman, why do I need to see her in a dump? It's like the fashion image: beautiful

clothes, beautiful women, beautiful furniture. It's not about wealth, it's about beauty."

The star on-screen rubs her cunt, and her mouth trembles slightly. Her pussy lips are small like mine. It's the first thing that begins to pass my wet test, which in turn makes me feel the tension of trying to conduct an interview when I'd just as soon start playing with myself. Zara wets her finger in her cunt, and I notice that her pussy is perfectly composed, with every hair in place—a fashion detail that allows me to recover my equilibrium.

"How are the fantasies you direct similar to your own sex life?" I ask.

"Certain situations are the same," he says. "I guess I've led a designed life. I live in a beautiful house, I drive a beautiful car—boy, I'm quoting some songwriter now, aren't I? I like to surround myself with nice things. So this is kind of an outgrowth of that."

MARVIN FRIEDMAN

Something not so nice is on the screen now. It's a couple, in blue, with fluorescent orange highlights on the woman's accessories. Like her fake nails, which Blake shakes his head at. "This didn't turn out the way I wanted. It's too crass."

Since most everyone agrees that fake nails, big hair and plastic tits are a turnoff, we spend a few moments wondering why every actress in the business seems destined for all three. It's like this awful curse that can't be broken without a virgin's touch—not likely in this crowd. I hand him the remote so we can fast-forward through this scary blue blow job.

Blake freezes the screen just as Zara appears in a leather collar that is locked in place by a severe leather femme top. "Here we have Jeanna Fine. She was really into this. I believe she was a professional dominatrix for a while. This scene is one of the best in the movie." Jeanna starts tracing her riding crop around Zara's ass cheeks and circling her cunt hairs.

"This is the part where I wanted Jeanna to stick the magic wand up inside Zara," I say. "This is very teasy."

"Yes," Andrew says, nodding.

Fine, I'll work up a lather by myself. I can almost feel what it's like for her pussy lips to be waiting, anticipating something to go inside.

This must be the scene my babysitter enjoyed so much. I pound the mattress impatiently. The New Age music in the background is driving me batty. It seems that the history of the porn soundtrack has gone from Mantovani rip-offs to aerobics disco to something that sounds like a cheap version of the soundtrack from *The Piano*. I hate them all, but I can't bring myself to press MUTE because I might miss any yummy groaning and gasping.

"I want to see her get fucked," I say. "Words would help a lot with this kind of scene. You have no dialogue. I'd appreciate a little blistering S&M discourse. Nothing corny, just good."

Blake's attention is squarely focused on Jeanna, who starts fucking Zara, who is standing up, with a dildo headpiece. "Did this deliver for you?" he asks. It's interesting that he uses the past tense, since I am feeling everything I have ever felt about this scene right now.

"No, not nasty enough. I like the push and pull here, but it's so formal."

"For me it was an exotic visual. I'd never seen a device like this before," says Blake.

"Yes, it is exotic. I like that Zara is so precarious on her high heels, but I want that precariousness enhanced by having her get fucked really hard. I want to see that she can hardly take it, see her trembling. I want to make her come. In this heterosexual idea of girl-girl sex, it's all foreplay."

Now Blake is interested. "So how do lesbians feel about het-produced lesbian scenes?"

"Well, the party line is that all lesbians hate them," I say. "But there are different opinions. I am attracted to butch women, so lipstick lesbian scenes in straight movies leave me cold. I'm always trying to find the actress who's secretly butch—the one who knows how to use her hands. A masculine or androgynous woman is what makes my clit jump."

"So does that androgynous quality excite you?"

"Yes, but do I look androgynous? I don't, but I am attracted to my opposite."

"OK, I get it. That's your personal taste," he says with a nod. "There should be no politically correct–looking women, or men, for that matter."

It's interesting he's saying that, since his actresses are the conventional model type. I want him to understand the nature of what is politically correct in the unstraight world.

"Lesbians find themselves in the middle of the 'classic beauty' argument," I tell him. "Some dykes find the PLAYBOY woman to be their ideal. Others find her to be an ideal, but they feel guilty about it. Some dykes don't find the centerfold type ideal, and it has nothing to do with their politics. They just desire a different kind of woman. That is the unique position to have, because it's hard to separate your feelings from what everybody says you should be feeling."

"OK," he says, "but in terms of the girl-girl scenes in the films that I do, my motivation is to see these two beautiful works of art together, these two women. I'm not consciously trying to create a fantasy in which the man busts in and services them."

I make a face as soon as he uses the phrase "works of art," but he's not deterred.

"I guess a lot of people think of my movies as being detached," he continues. "They don't get up close and intimate, people don't get sweaty, they're not as animalistic as some people would like. The actors remain too perfect. I guess that's my prejudice, but I don't particularly like showing bad body angles or cellulite."

"Yeah, but showing cellulite is different from showing somebody who is drenched and exhausted."

I check out the screen. The lesbian

business is over and now actor Rocco Siffredi is unsnapping a woman's garter in one swift move.

"I've always been impressed with the lover who can do that," I say. "In fact, I've never had one."

"Yes. Those are the ones I'm looking for, the actors who can do it in one take." Blake scans the picture. "Now we have the dual blow job."

Two women's heads, blonde and brunette, lick up and down the actor's pole in syncopation. To me, this is like an exercise tape.

"Do you like that?" I ask, since he pointed it out.

"I think it works. Nice composition, and they're both into it. Rocco looks in control."

I am aware of Rocco's reputation. "Yeah, women fans love his cock. They think he has a pretty dick."

We pause to watch Rocco come on one woman's high-heel shoe; she daintily lets the come drop like a pearl into the other woman's mouth, posed directly below the shoe.

"Mmmm," Blake hums. "This I like very much. The shoe, the face and the dick."

"Yes, it's your best shoe facial," I congratulate him. "Do you admire the male actors?"

"No. Actually, if I could pull out all the men, I would."

"Why?"

This is the tenth porn director who's told me this. I wonder if it's universal. No wonder most straight porn is so uninspired.

"I guess I like looking at women rather than men," he answers.

"But your films don't exclusively focus on women," I press him. "They focus on men with women. Isn't that as beautiful as women together or alone?"

"I look at the man as a prop. A piece of furniture. I just prefer looking at women."

The screen has suddenly turned golden. We've arrived at the beach scene, which I remember well. It's a perfect example of what we've been talking about. "Now, this is a situation where your prejudice against men is obvious," I say. "This blond surfer boy appears on the beach. I want to objectify his body, enjoy him—and you ignore him."

"On the other hand, there are two women in the scene," he says.

"Yeah, the mermaids." Big deal.

Mermaid A starts toying with mermaid B. I find this scene intensely irritating. "No lesbian would ever fuck somebody like that," I declare. "This is a wash for me."

"Do you mean the position of her hands, or the way she is doing it?"

"The way she's doing it, with one ring finger." I'm outraged. "The natural technique is to use either your index or middle finger, and most likely more than one. Or your thumb." I want to say something else, but it's complicated. "I can't tell who these actresses are, but some real-life dykes in this business put on incredibly phony performances. This performance makes me doubt this actress' lesbian credibility."

Blake explains his point of view. "My feeling was that if she penetrated her completely, then you wouldn't see——"

"If I were alone, I'd masturbate now. I can't watch sex for this long without wanting to pull some of it into my own body."

"The problem is that you can't see, you can't show the sex feelings on the inside. That's very difficult. Some of the hottest sex in real life looks like beached whales on camera."

"Exactly."

"So why don't you show women coming?" This is my gripe to end all gripes. "You seem like someone who loves women in front of the camera, but you never show them getting off."

I don't mean to single out Blake, because the entire X-rated business ignores female orgasm. Men who come to me for erotic advice want to know where they can find movies in which the woman comes on-screen. Despite all the attention paid to the guy's come shot, male fans apparently want to see the female come shot. I always thought the reason Traci Lords made such a splash in X-rated movies was that she made great responsive sex noises when she was getting fucked. It was irresistible.

Blake has a question for me now. "You don't think my stuff portrays the woman's arousal?"

"Well, very often you tease," I say, "but I don't see the climax. In *Night Trips* with Tori Welles, I had the feeling that she was coming——"

"Then I cut away?"

"Yes! I wanted to kill you. The guy was doing Tori from behind, and she was holding on to something, getting very aroused, and all of a sudden you pulled from a close-up to a medium shot. I was dying to see the flush on her chest, her sweat—I wanted to see her mouth when she came. I wanted to see her clit swollen and her pussy contracting."

"That's a good point," Blake concedes. "I guess I'm guilty of that."

For some reason I can't stop myself from putting the screws on. "Don't you like it when your partner comes? Isn't it part of what gets you off?"

"Oh, absolutely."

"Well, why doesn't that happen in your movies?"

"I try to do my best. What can I say? That's a valid criticism."

I never thought I'd have a famous porn director doing a mea culpa with me on the issue of female orgasm. It's like my own private *Hite Report*.

"So does this mean that in your next movie you're going to make sure the women come?" I ask.

"Yeah, that would be fine."

"Why don't you invite me, and I'll be the orgasm verifier?"

It's the end of the beach scene. Zara is listening to a seashell as if her fantasy were contained inside its spiral. Blake jumps up from his chair to switch off the tube, and I unplug my mike and open the curtains. If I were alone, I'd masturbate now. I can't watch sex—good, bad or otherwise—for this long without wanting to pull some of it into my own body.

If we were real bohemians I'd just do it, wouldn't I? But instead, I'm shaking Blake's hand and walking him to the door. Good luck, goodbye, may all your money shots be pussy-happy. I pull the curtains again and stick in another tape. Somebody has to finish those girls off.

Susie Bright is editor of the books "Herotica" and "Best American Erotica."

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

PAINT JOB

LAFAYETTE, LOUISIANA—*Seven nightclub dancers were acquitted of obscenity after a jury of five men and one woman agreed that painted nipples were as good*

as pasties under Louisiana law. A state district judge, who kept his back to the action, allowed two of the defendants to show the court that their nipples were in fact concealed by makeup and that a touch of red blush created the illusion of nakedness.

PRESENT ARMS

MILTON, FLORIDA—*Santa Rosa County has decided that the best way to protect its citizens' right to own firearms is to create—and make everybody a member of—an official "militia" whose right to bear arms is guaranteed under the Second Amendment. Antigun groups are calling the measure "imaginative" but of dubious legality, and law enforcement agencies have also expressed reservations over whether membership in even a "well-organized" militia sidesteps existing gun laws.*

Dispensing with the semantics, both Arizona and Alaska plan to issue concealed-weapons permits to residents who pay a fee, take a gun safety course and pass a criminal-record check.

CIVIL SERVICE

AREQUIPA, PERU—*Civic leaders are encountering some opposition to their creative efforts at revenue enhancement. Their plan calls for a city-run, 80-room bordello, complete with dance floor, kiosks, bar, medical station and private recreation area, which, they argue, will protect public health, educate young men in the carnal arts and prevent homosexuality. A group of doctors is concerned about sexually transmitted diseases and also states that the idea "that a house of prostitution could be an education center for teaching sexual identity to young men has no scientific support." The local archbishop objects on the loftier grounds that a brothel by any other name is still a brothel and "stains the dignity of women."*

CONDOMNATION

TORONTO—*A local court sentenced a man to 45 days in jail for sexual assault after he removed his rubber during what began as consensual intercourse. The consent, the judge said, was conditional on the condom.*

TEEN SEX

NEW YORK CITY—*A national Roper poll found that 54 percent of sexually active teenagers wish they had held on to their virginity a little longer—at least until they were 17. Those having sex had started an average of two years earlier, and girls, especially, felt less comfortable during sex. While 81 percent of the sexually active boys called it a "pleasurable experience," only 59 percent of their partners agreed.*

ADDICTED TO SEX?

AUBURN, MAINE—*Despite the testimony of two doctors, a tenured English professor fired for kissing a female student at Central Maine Technical College has failed to establish that he has a mental handicap. A state trial judge, an appellate panel and now the U.S. Supreme Court all have rejected a lawsuit claiming his loss of employment amounted to illegal discrimination against a victim of sexual addiction—a behavioral disorder that the Federal Rehabilitation Act specifically excludes as a protected disability.*

GAY RIGHTS REPEAL

After more than a decade of substantial legal victories, leaders of the gay liberation movement are encountering a backlash by conservative groups that have campaigned to repeal legislation expanding homosexuals' rights. At least ten states have already faced antigay ballot initiatives in 1994, and other states and cities are being asked to roll back gains that were approved in the past. Acts that would block antidiscrimination laws are being promoted in Oregon, Idaho, Nevada and Washington by the Oregon-based U.S. Citizens Alliance. Other antigay campaigns are underway in Arizona, Michigan and Missouri.

PERPS AND PEEPERS

HAMILTON, ONTARIO—*Even hookers have privacy rights. When two cops saw their suspect climb into a car with a male driver late one night, they followed the couple two miles to a bowling alley's empty parking lot, parked their own car behind an embankment, climbed down a bushy hill and peered into the vehicle, where they observed, sure enough, a crime in progress. But the Ontario Court of Appeals decided that the perpetrators, whether engaging in oral sex for love or for money, were covered by a lovers'-lane exemption: "Surely young couples conducting their courtships in automobiles in dark, secluded (though public)*

places are not committing criminal offenses simply because curious onlookers seek to approach and look into such vehicles to satisfy their curiosity." And that applies to nosy cops. Now, if the court would only extend this logic to motels and bedrooms.

FREE THE 16,316

Earlier this year, a damning report about the war on drugs was released by the Department of Justice and completely ignored. The 50-page report revealed that one fifth of federal prison beds are filled by low-level drug offenders. That means there are 16,316 nonviolent drug-law violators in federal prisons because of the drug-sentencing policies known as mandatory minimum sentences. The report found that these drug offenders had average sentences of just under seven years, without parole. That's longer than the average sentences for kidnapping, robbery, arson, extortion, sexual abuse, assault, illegal possession of firearms and manslaughter. It's not terribly reassuring to know that a sex abuser will be out on the street sooner than a guy who grows pot in his basement. If that doesn't make you squirm, consider what it costs to keep these nonviolent drug offenders behind bars. At an average of $20,000 per inmate per year, we spend $326 million to keep them off the street. If you add the cost of their seven-year incarceration, taxpayers will fork over $2.2 billion to be safe from these nonviolent offenders. This enormous expenditure of tax dollars is particularly stupid in light of the DOJ's conclusion that "for low-level defendants, a short prison sentence is just as likely to deter them from future offending as a long prison sentence." So why not lock them up for a year and save taxpayers $1.88 billion? Sadly, this report has been ignored by members of Congress and the Clinton administration in their effort to look tough on crime and drugs. Not surprising. Has the truth ever stood in the way of politics?

Julie Stewart
President
Families Against Mandatory Minimums
Washington, D.C.

SOUND BYTES

Two experts on cyberspace assess the government's Clipper Chip encryption program, in an article in *Wired*:

"If privacy isn't already the first roadkill along the information superhighway, then it's about to be." —BROCK N. MEEKS

"Of course, trusting the government with your privacy is like having a Peeping Tom install your window blinds." —JOHN PERRY BARLOW

PATERNITY, NO PAROLE

I am a staunch believer in every woman's right to choose if and when she bears a child. I also believe that men deserve that same freedom. The penalty for premeditated murder in this country is life imprisonment (the sentence is usually much less). The penalty for accidental, involuntary manslaughter ranges from a slap on the wrist to a few years in prison. Now, consider the penalty for making a life. The

SAVE *NYPD BLUE*

NYPD Blue begins its second season in a precarious position—it is without the support of mainstream advertisers who have succumbed to an extortion campaign by the Reverend Donald Wildmon's American Family Association. Viewers for Quality Television, a ten-year-old nonprofit organization funded solely by tax deductible donations from viewers, is educating and empowering viewers of *NYPD Blue* and other quality series to counter this fear campaign. VQT has been responsible for helping to rescue such shows as *Cagney and Lacey*. We encourage sponsors to stand up to the threat tactics of the religious right and freely advertise their products on *NYPD Blue*. We believe that *NYPD Blue* explores moral dilemmas and the consequences of difficult choices, and shows police officers wrestling with issues of conscience. It depicts human beings with flaws and frailties in an honest and realistic way. Our philosophy is: If the program offends, don't watch it; if the magazine offends, don't buy it. Individuals must be allowed to choose, and morally righteous groups must not be allowed to make these decisions for us. Viewers must stop being complacent. Complacency gives ultraconservative boycott groups their power.

Dorothy Swanson
President
Viewers for Quality Television
Fairfax Station, Virginia

The Reverend Mr. Wildmon began his campaign against "NYPD Blue" without having seen the show. He denounced the series, saying he hoped to strike a "terminal blow" to "soft-core pornography." The AFA spent $3 million on full-page newspaper ads and is planning radio and direct mail efforts. "NYPD Blue" executive producer Steven Bochco summed it up best:

"I assume [Wildmon] is not a lunatic, though that's just an assumption. I assume, if he's spending a staggering amount of money—as he is on these ads—he must be making an even greater amount of money on them. I must assume that his secret agenda is fund-raising. If I didn't exist, he would invent me. 'NYPD Blue' has given him an opportunity and he's basically proselytizing to the converted. I can only wonder how many people he could have clothed, and fed and housed, with the money he's spent opposing us."

To participate in VQT's campaign, write to Viewers for Quality Television, P.O. Box 195, Fairfax Station, Virginia 22039.

RESPONSE

sentence for a man "convicted" of accidental conception is 21 years of financial labor without possibility of parole. There are no excuses, mitigating circumstances or time off for good behavior. He is in debtor's prison. It is my contention that unless a duly sworn statement of financial responsibility is registered in federal court, an unmarried "defendant" should not be held liable for the choice of another person contemplating childbirth.

S. Grandstaff
Happy Camp, California

The man who donated sperm to an acquaintance and is now paying child support for the baby ("Heir Apparently," *Newsfront*, June) is not a typical anonymous sperm donor. The father and mother had a love affair that began before the woman decided to become pregnant and ended three years after the child's birth. The father's attorney tried to depict him as a donor. The judge didn't buy it. He noted that there were no sperm donor programs that continued to give insemination injections after the donee became pregnant. The father is considering appealing to the Indiana Supreme Court. The chances of this opinion being reversed are somewhere between slim and none.

Frank Capozza
Indianapolis, Indiana

PC OR NOT PC

According to *Rocky Mountain* magazine, actress Glenn Close bought a coffee shop in Bozeman, Montana and turned it into "a goatee-and-espresso enclave." She also purchased a nearby smoke shop and newsstand—and then banned 60 titles, including PLAYBOY. We hear that now the only things ranchers have to read are *Poets and Writers*, *The Advocate* and film reviews that praise Glenn Close. Is this a new form of censorship by rich elitists and arrogant yuppies with too much money to spend?

Steve Allen
Portland, Oregon

On April 11, 1994 more than 100 of America's brightest students, representing more than 30 universities, came together at Harvard to ratify the Cambridge Declaration. Together they formed the First Amendment Coalition and marked the beginning of a national student resistance to politicized curricula, the elevation of group rights over individual rights, speech codes, mandatory sensitivity training (a.k.a. brainwashing camps) and double standards in academic and disciplinary matters. The coalition is working against the half-educated radicals who have become the thought police of our campuses and who often use intimidation, coercion and slander against anyone who disagrees with them. We already have chapters in 20 states, with more than 1000 members. Students who want to become part of our network for intellectual freedom can contact us by calling 904-371-0471. We can also be reached via e-mail: first amendmend@delphi.com.

David Gentry
President
First Amendment Coalition
Gainesville, Florida

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, information, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com.*

FORUM FYI

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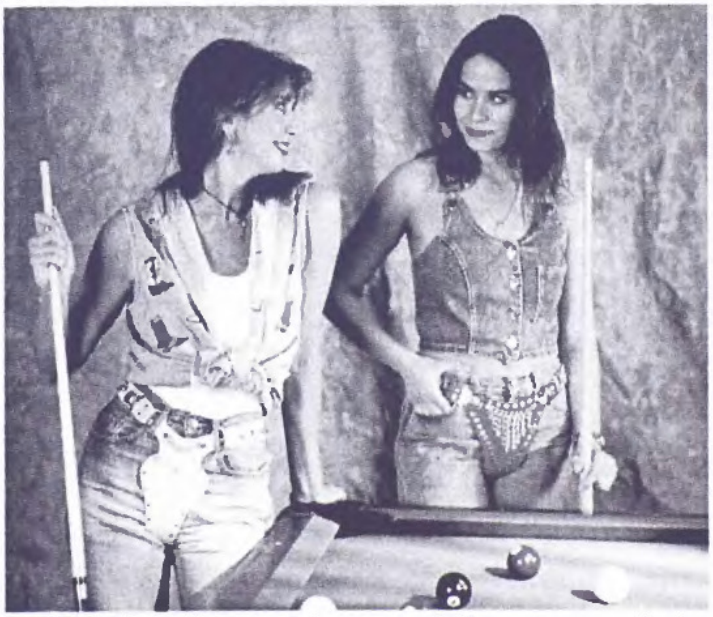

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FORUM

JURY DUTY

an editor finds that he has fewer rights than the defendant

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

Dianna Brandborg of Shady Shore, Texas was perfectly willing to serve on a jury, but she didn't think she should have to answer every query on the 100-item questionnaire she was given. She felt that the state and those sitting in court did not have the right to know her income, her religion, her politics, what books she reads or the TV shows she watches. She did not answer 12 items, crossing them out with the notation "not applicable."

The judge sentenced her to three days in jail for contempt of court.

She has my support. Last spring I tried to resist filling out a jury form. The bailiff told me that if I didn't fill it out, the judge would force me to—subjecting me to a contempt of court violation. An accused criminal might have the right not to answer a question, but I did not.

I found myself in a jury box with a dozen or more strangers, answering questions asked by other strangers who had the full power of the state behind them.

What do I do for a living? I give sex advice to the readers of PLAYBOY magazine.

What do I read? I rattled off the names of a number of periodicals—from sports magazines to *The Journal of Sex Research* and *Screw*.

Don't you read PLAYBOY? the judge asked. No sir, I answered. I just look at the pictures.

Have I—as an adult—ever been involved in a physical altercation? Yes. Just a few weeks earlier I had had to slap some sense into a young man who had attacked me while I was covering a conference on hate speech.

Have I ever been involved in a legal action? Well, there was the case involving a poster called Penises of the Animal Kingdom.

Have I ever broken a bone? Yes—an ankle, a knee, a collarbone twice, an arm, maybe a rib.

Have I ever sued someone because of one of these injuries? Well, since they were all the result of bad judgment (my own), and since, to my knowledge, no lawyer had figured out a way for people to sue themselves, no.

And are any of my close friends lawyers? Yes.

In spite of this, I was accepted.

I listened to the other potential jurors answer the same questions. More than half of us had been in fights as adults, more than half had been parties in lawsuits, more than half had broken bones in accidents of one kind or another. Welcome to America.

When we entered the jury room, I turned to my peers and said, "Geez, I wouldn't even get on a bus with you folks. Either we'd crash or we'd end up in a fight."

I was disturbed by the morning's events. By nature I am a private person. After that interrogation, now on public record, I had the absurd fear that the state would come for my children. After all, I was violent, litigious, a burden on health care, read things that bordered on weird and had lawyers for friends. My peers elected me jury foreman.

Lawyers are typically quick to defend the right to pry. Paula Sweeney, a member of the Texas Trial Lawyers Association, told *The New York Times*: "Lawyers need an awful lot of information to select a jury, and some of it is personal. Almost any privacy consideration is going to take a backseat to a life-and-liberty consideration." Our case was not a life-and-liberty decision. It was a civil suit—a sleazy little tale with enough sex and violence to make the next few days entertaining. (Husband comes home, finds wife's lover, throws him down back stairs. The lover sues for pain, suffering and assorted medical bills.)

Did this small drama justify the invasion of my privacy?

The Bill of Rights guarantees an impartial jury. Does the questioning of jurors to secure or eliminate a certain demographic imply that some of us are more impartial than others?

Once we were locked in the jury room to make our decision, I learned the important things about my fellow jurors—how they thought, how they argued, how they decided. The man who read only the sports page of the local paper and something called *Fishing Facts* displayed an unexpected gift for resolving disputes. The woman who had once thrown a tenant against a refrigerator during an eviction was warm and compassionate. Surprisingly, those of us who had suffered broken bones did not completely sympathize with the victim—we felt he had not done enough in rehabilitation. Those of us who had been in fistfights did not condone the behavior of the husband—when you step outside for a fight, you don't do it on rickety back stairs. Did the lawyers improve the quality of our deliberation with their prying?

As for Dianna Brandborg, she was arrested and fingerprinted—then she was permitted to go free while her case is on appeal. Funny, prior to being called to jury duty, she had already been free.

FIGHTING THE WRONG WAR

in the battle against drugs, blind bureaucrats have ignored a proven weapon: treatment

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

Imagine that you're a top official in the government's war on drugs and you've laid out a lot of money to study the most effective way to fight the problem. What if the result of the study is one you had been dreading? You deep-six it, of course.

A lifetime in investigative journalism has hardened me to government cynicism, but this one takes the cake. Have you ever heard of the Rand Corp.? Well, for 40 years your tax dollars have been going to fund its studies of everything from winnable nuclear war to homelessness. This is not a crowd I run with; they are jingoistic, hard-nosed conservatives. But they do solid work, which is why the people who pay them are ignoring the results of Rand's exhaustive drug-abuse research, released this past June.

The study I'm referring to focuses on the attempt to control cocaine use, the heart of the drug problem, and was paid for by the U.S. Army and the Office of National Drug Control Policy. It was conducted by a Rand subsidiary called the National Defense Research Institute, which reports to the Secretary of Defense, and another Rand subdivision called the Arroyo Center, described as "the U.S. Army's federally funded research and development center."

We're not talking bleeding-heart liberals here. These guys are on the front line of the war on drugs, burning fields in Colombia, Peru and Bolivia, stopping ships at sea and providing intelligence backup for the cops who bust street dealers. For years Rand has been evaluating these and other efforts, and its conclusion is that the military crackdown is a waste of money.

A lot of money. Currently, we spend $13 billion a year for the war on cocaine. Despite the heroic effort, which risks the lives of law enforcers and innocent civilians alike, and despite the spawning of a huge new bureaucracy granted enormous powers to suspend our civil liberties, the war on drugs has failed.

The war has resulted only in driving up the prices of drugs, which simply adds to the profitability of this almost $40-billion-a-year business. Meanwhile, it has deeply entrenched one of the most arrogant and powerful bureaucracies ever assembled. And the professional antidruggies are lousy at fighting drug importers but devilishly clever at fending off cuts in their own budgets.

Forget decriminalizing drugs. It's not going to happen. Not in a country hell-bent on banning cigarettes and alcohol and red meat.

So let's assume we will continue to spend $13 billion a year to fight cocaine. Need the effort be so ineffective in stopping usage and so devastating to our inner cities? The answer, based on the most thorough study ever conducted by the antidrug establishment, is a resounding no.

The Rand study says there is hope. We need to change the focus from cops and drug busts to cutting demand through clinics and treatment. A dollar spent on treatment is seven times more effective than one spent on law enforcement. We also have to look past the hysteria. In recent years there has been no increase in the number of drug users. Marijuana use, for example, has declined steadily over the past 30 years. What is less often cited is that the number of cocaine users has also declined, dropping from a high of 9 million in the early Eighties to around 7 million today. That means that for all the talk of an epidemic of drug use pushed in advertising and by the DARE program, the number of cocaine users has dropped by 2 million.

The bulk of the $40 billion drug market caters to the addict and not to the casual user. Those who are hooked use drugs regardless of the price; some of them commit crimes to support their habits. That is why interdiction of supply has done little more than turn the rest of us into potential or real victims of drug-related crime.

The solution presented by the Rand report focuses on treating addicts. Law enforcement officials claim they have tried that approach and it hasn't worked. Not so. We have spent a paltry sum on treatment—a minuscule seven percent of the entire drug budget—even though such efforts show far greater success than the "bust 'em" approach.

While there is nothing automatic or simple about treatment, the Rand study shows that it reduces drug consumption because people in treatment programs tend not to use, and there is even some success in getting them to go straight permanently.

Treatment also pays off in savings to the taxpayer. The Rand study estimates that "the costs of crime and lost productivity are reduced by $7.46 for every dollar spent on treatment."

Attempting to control supply by busting drug producers and sellers is not economical. The costs of crime and lost productivity are reduced by only 15 cents for every dollar spent controlling supplies in source countries, 32 cents for every dollar spent stopping drugs at the border and 52 cents for every dollar spent on domestic enforcement.

The folks at Rand are merely offering a better bang for our taxpayer buck: "Our findings suggest a way to make cocaine-control policy more cost-effective: Cut back on supply control and expand treatment of heavy users."

They do not propose eliminating law enforcement or even decreasing the funds spent on the war on drugs. What they recommend is changing the mix of where the money is going. Rand says if the government were to divert 25 percent of the money now going to source-country control, interdiction and domestic law enforcement and use it to treat 100 percent of the heavy users each year, cocaine consumption would be cut in half over the next 12 years, saving us more than $10 billion a year.

We can't afford to ignore such figures at a time when budget cuts require every government program except the drug-related ones to be gutted at both the state and federal levels. As matters stand, there are two groups that benefit from the drug trade—those who push the stuff and those who have built careers on going after the dealers. These groups control the action in a war in which the rest of us are victims. No wonder they want the war to continue.

But we have a different stake. The next time some politician claims to be a leader in the fight against drugs and crime, ask if he or she has read the Rand report, which we paid for. If the answer is no, that person should be kicked out of office and replaced by someone who is serious about ending this violent and costly scourge.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JERRY JONES

a candid conversation with football's most hands-on boss about resurrecting the cowboys, firing jimmy and dreaming of a super bowl hat trick

Jerry Jones had stepped in it once again. Last March, while still basking in January's Super Bowl triumph, the controversial owner of the Dallas Cowboys brought the extended victory party to an abrupt end. In a public relations bombshell, Jones revealed that after a series of private and not-so-private brawls, he and head coach Jimmy Johnson would part company: Johnson would immediately leave the Cowboys, bequeathing the shot at an unprecedented third straight Super Bowl victory to a new head coach.

The explosive event captured the kind of attention usually reserved for Roseannes and Toms. After all, theirs was not your typical owner-coach relationship. The brilliant Jones-and-Johnson collaboration began in 1989, when Jones, an Arkansas oil-and-gas magnate, bought the Cowboys and hired Johnson (who had coached the University of Miami to a national title in 1987) as the team's new head coach. After the Cowboys posted losing seasons of 1–15 in 1989 and 7–9 in 1990, Johnson led the team to the playoffs in 1991, and then on to consecutive Super Bowl victories in 1993 and 1994. Most football experts had picked Dallas to go all the way again this season—but that was before the breakup.

Jones followed the announcement of Johnson's exit with another shocking bit of news: As Johnson's successor, he named Barry Switzer, who five years before had stepped down as head coach of the University of Oklahoma's football team after several of his players were arrested on charges that included cocaine sales (to undercover FBI agents), possession of cocaine and, in one case, shooting a teammate. Switzer hadn't coached football since then.

Cowboys fans were apoplectic. In Dallas' 34-year football history, the team had only two head coaches—Tom Landry and Jimmy Johnson—and Jones had canned both of them. And now he was adding insult to injury by naming an exiled college coach with no NFL experience as heir to football's most coveted throne.

The uproar, of course, was nothing compared to the brouhaha that erupted when Landry was unceremoniously dumped in 1989. Dallas seemed to revel in its denunciations of the two new kids on the block. When Jones and Johnson hit town for public events, they were referred to as "the Jaybirds" and "the Hick and the Hairdo" (the latter in reference to Johnson's helmet-like coif).

But of the two men, Jones was the focus of Cowboys loyalists' ire. The "Dallas Times Herald" published a letter stating that "Jones is 100 percent oink," and a group of journalists reportedly formed a Bury Jerry club, devoted to unearthing any dirt they could find on the businessman–turned–football-baron. The new owner's response was typical: He brushed aside the assaults and continued his staff adjustments, firing most of the team's office workers.

A tireless entrepreneur who, in addition to gas-and-oil exploration, made millions in real estate, banking and poultry, Jerry Jones has lived a life propelled by nonstop activity. Born in Los Angeles in 1942, Jerral Wayne Jones moved with his parents, Arminta and J.W. "Pat" Jones, to Little Rock, Arkansas at the end of World War Two. When they arrived, Pat supported his family by selling chickens, rabbits and eggs out of a truck. He next opened a fruit stand, and then a drive-up grocery market that turned into a chain of stores. Later, Pat Jones founded the Modern Security Life Insurance Co.

Young Jerry, meanwhile, helped out in all the family endeavors. By the time he was awarded a football scholarship to the University of Arkansas in 1959, Jerry Jones was selling insurance and catalog shoes, driving a Cadillac and earning $1000 a month. He also found a more personal kind of fortune on his first day at college, when he met

"Jimmy and I agreed our working relationship was deteriorating by the minute. We weren't going to give a big black eye to something that was very good. He didn't need it, I didn't need it, the team didn't need it."

"This isn't a law firm or a medical practice. This is a football team. And in order to take it out of a nosedive and bring it back up again, I had to find the best qualified management available. And that was me."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RANDY O'ROURKE

"I believe that Barry Switzer's been raised from the dead. I think that by his becoming head coach of the Cowboys at this stage of his career, he's getting off his knee, much as the Cowboys did in 1991."

Eugenia Chambers, who'd recently been voted Miss Arkansas. They began dating and were married during Jones' junior year. (Last January, Gene and Jerry Jones celebrated their 30th anniversary.)

Jones enjoyed making money, but his passion was football. At 200 pounds and a shade over six feet tall, he was soon a starting offensive lineman for the Razorbacks. So was Jimmy Johnson, Jones' roommate when the team was on the road. In 1963 Jones, who had good speed, was converted to a starting fullback. That fall prognosticators picked the Razorbacks to be national champions, but the Hogs finished 5–5.

At the time, Jones was technically a senior and able to graduate the following June, but that would have meant giving up his final season of football eligibility. So he left himself one credit short of what was required for graduation and stayed in school. In his fifth autumn at Arkansas, he was a starting offensive guard on the Razorback team that did win the national championship. When he finally left the University of Arkansas in 1965, Jones received an undergraduate degree in finance and a master's degree in speech and communication.

True to a style that would one day become his trademark, Jones decided to think big for his first postcollege business venture. Only 23, he learned that an 85 percent interest in the San Diego Chargers of the American Football League was up for sale. The asking price was $5.8 million. He found a pension retirement fund to lend him the money for the deal, but he ultimately backed out, concluding that he couldn't afford to pay the interest on a loan of that size. A few months later the AFL merged with the NFL, and all the AFL teams doubled in value. The Chargers were sold for nearly $12 million.

Jones was crushed. His inaction had cost him both $6 million and the opportunity to own and run an NFL team. "I thought my chance had passed me by," he says. "And for all practical purposes, it had."

Despite—or, perhaps, because of—his tendency to take risks, the next few years brought Jones nothing but grief. He bought a number of real estate parcels in Springfield, Missouri, but land values there plummeted, and Jones found himself financially strapped. The same type of misfortune would follow with a series of failed stock ventures.

But then Jones found his deliverance—oil and gas in Oklahoma—and kicked off an 11-year hot streak. He commuted regularly from Little Rock to Oklahoma City and back. Now a father, Jones would not allow his family's wealth to be tied up solely in oil and gas. He rolled out his bounty into real estate investments and various other ancillary businesses. "Owning the Cowboys is a lay-down compared to many of the other things I've done," he's noted.

In 1989, more than two decades after he'd missed out on striking gold with the San Diego Chargers, Jones learned that the Dallas Cowboys were on the market for the second time in four years. By then Jones no longer needed a loan to buy a football team. He jumped at the offer—and straight into football history.

To interview Jones, we assigned **Lawrence Linderman,** *whose Playboy Interviews with gridiron stars span nearly three decades, including conversations with Joe Namath, O.J. Simpson and former NFL commissioner Pete Rozelle. Linderman met with Jones at the Cowboys' Valley Ranch headquarters just outside Dallas. Here's his report:*

"After a practice session, Jones, dressed in a suit and tie on a hot Dallas day, greeted me cordially. The Cowboys' owner has thick, sandy hair that's starting to gray and sparkling blue eyes. His office inside the main complex is about 40 feet long, not terribly wide, and filled with Cowboy memorabilia. The team's four silver Super Bowl trophies occupy a prominent place at one end of the room, with Jones' desk at the other end.

"When we first sat down to talk, I mentioned to Jones that I'd recently seen him charm the daylights out of the hostess of a CNBC-TV talk show—without really saying anything of substance. Consequently, I said, PLAYBOY *and I were aiming for straight talk. That was fine with him, Jones replied, adding that he felt the Playboy Interview was a good forum to clear up many misconceptions people have about him.*

> *"Switzer has the chance to coach arguably one of the greatest sports franchises there's ever been."*

"Jones is highly focused, and aside from the occasional interruption, his concentration never seemed to waver. During our more than nine hours of conversation, he didn't once ask to take a break. One of Jones' greatest assets is his energy—and even he doesn't know where that comes from. During the first year he owned the Cowboys, he told me, he didn't sleep for more than one hour a night. He said he'd been in perfect health before he took over the team, but since then he's developed arrhythmia ("Your heart just kind of flutters along," he says) and now has to take a blood thinner and other medications to guard against a possible stroke.

"When I first brought out my tape recorder, I mentioned to Jones that most football fans were still wondering what really happened between him and former coach Jimmy Johnson. Jones said he was aware of that, and was finally ready to discuss it in detail. That's how we started our conversation."

PLAYBOY: When you and Jimmy Johnson parted company at the end of March, neither of you was forthcoming about what caused the breakup. Depending on which press report we read, Johnson either quit or was fired. Which was it?

JONES: Well, we mutually agreed that it was time for him to be fired.

PLAYBOY: Would you mind breaking that down for us in plain English?

JONES: Jimmy wasn't willing to resign, but he recognized that we had some issues between us that were going to keep us from being as effective as we needed to be. The fact is, I proposed to compensate him with an arbitrary amount of money. My reason for doing so was that I wanted to make a change. I certainly feel—and I would be surprised if he doesn't feel—that had I not wanted to make a change, he would probably still be coaching the Dallas Cowboys.

If you look at it from a technical standpoint, it's pretty clear that he was let go, because he had a contract. If Jimmy had decided he didn't want to coach the Cowboys anymore, then he wouldn't have been paid anything and he couldn't have gone anyplace else. But the bottom line is, Jimmy didn't leave kicking and screaming.

PLAYBOY: He wanted to leave?

JONES: Oh, yes. I think he felt that it was the thing to do, and he didn't resist the way things happened. We talked about it after my decision was made. I appreciated the way he handled it, and the attitude he had about our past and about the future. Because of that, I was pleased to do something for him that was probably pretty generous.

PLAYBOY: Which was?

JONES: Basically, I gave him $2 million.

PLAYBOY: Several reports have claimed the settlement was actually hush money, obligating Johnson to keep quiet about any of the conflicts he had with you. Are these reports wrong?

JONES: Yes, they are. The dollars that were paid were unconditional. There were no caveats and no conditions. Jimmy is under no obligation to make good comments about me. I hope that any he or I make about each other will be on a high plane, since the majority of our working time together—and frankly, the majority of our lives, because we've known each other for 35 years—has been as positive as you can imagine.

When Jimmy knew I was going to make a coaching change, he said, "If you're going to fire me, I think there should be some financial settlement in my agreement." That would be customary. He had five years remaining on his contract. If he never did anything again, I would have to pay him the full amount of that contract—and his salary was a million dollars a year.

PLAYBOY: True, but you knew that any number of NFL teams would be willing to sign him when he was cut loose from the Cowboys.

JONES: Exactly. But my point is that he

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was due a dollar amount if I fired him. And I did want to make a change. We had a great run for five years, and what I paid him was like a bonus based solely on what happened in the past. He felt good about it, and I felt good about it. In my view, the money I paid him was a consideration to resolve our differences.

PLAYBOY: Did those differences have anything to do with your public blowup at Johnson during the league's winter meetings in Florida?

JONES: No, I'd already decided to make a change by then. What happened at an NFL function at Epcot Center was this: As I was leaving, I passed a table that included Johnson, two of our former coaches and their wives. And there was another lady who used to do our TV business. I had briefly seen most of the group earlier, and, fundamentally, I wanted to make a toast to the success we had enjoyed together.

PLAYBOY: What did you say?

JONES: I said, "I want to personally thank everybody here for the contributions you all made to the Cowboys on an individual basis. This is a unique group of people." I immediately sensed a coolness, and I overreacted.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

JONES: Well, I saw Jimmy looking at me but not saying anything—and not being enthused. No one was particularly enthusiastic. So I said—and it was an overreaction—"Well, don't let me interrupt your deal here." I later found out that they were sitting around telling negative stories about me. By the way, several of those people are good friends of mine. It was just an awkward situation for everyone concerned.

PLAYBOY: Awkward is mild. It was said that you were so steamed you went into the bar and told reporters there were 500 guys who could coach the Cowboys—and that Oklahoma coach Barry Switzer was one of them.

JONES: The part about the 500 guys was hyperbole. I was angry, but I knew from my past that whenever I've mentioned a possible decision to a third party—and it has usually been to my wife, and usually after I've kept it to myself for some time—I've already made the decision.

I remember the day I told a third party about wanting to buy the Dallas Cowboys, after having kept it to myself for four or five weeks. Later that day, when I looked in the mirror, I knew I was on my way to buying the team. I guess it's something I've done regarding every important decision I've ever made: When I put something out verbally, I have to back it up.

PLAYBOY: So back to the bar. What did you mean about all the other coaches who could lead Dallas to a Super Bowl?

JONES: I knew that I'd had it with Jimmy. What ended up happening was I told myself, "If there's going to be a change, I have to do it at this particular time. I cannot wait until we get closer to the season. It's going to be traumatic, but if I'm going to do it, I'd better do it now."

PLAYBOY: By then, had you been in contact with Switzer about the Cowboys' head coaching job?

JONES: I'd been in contact with him, but not about this job. I had seen Barry during football season—he asked me to come over and speak at the University of Oklahoma. But as far as contacting him about doing this job, no.

PLAYBOY: When did you offer him the coaching spot?

JONES: I called him on a Sunday and said, "I'm going to be visiting with Jimmy over the next couple of days, and if things go in one direction, then I'm going to want to talk with you about being our head coach." I met with Jimmy on Monday and when things didn't work out, I offered the job to Barry.

PLAYBOY: Switzer hasn't coached since 1988 and has no pro football coaching experience. Why did you hire him?

JONES: First of all, I feel that Barry's background in coaching qualifies him for the job. But I've also satisfied myself that Barry is someone I can work with successfully and be able to continue working with for quite some time.

PLAYBOY: What makes you think so?

JONES: I analyzed his situation and spoke with other people about Barry before I ever talked with him. And I knew his background. Switzer was my freshman football coach at Arkansas, and the last couple of years I was there, he coached the ends on offense.

I was criticized when I hired Jimmy—who was coming straight from college—and he worked out. That opened the door for college coaches to come into the NFL. In Barry's case, I believe that he's been raised from the dead. I think that by his becoming head coach of the Cowboys at this stage of his career, he's getting off his knee, much as the Cowboys did in 1991.

PLAYBOY: Are you referring to the trouble his players at Oklahoma were in just before he stepped down?

JONES: Yes, and when you think about the career he had, it's unfortunate his time there ended on that note. But taking all of his skills into consideration, I think he'll be tremendously motivated. He has an opportunity he never thought he was going to get again. All of a sudden, he has the chance to step up and coach arguably one of the greatest sports franchises there's ever been.

PLAYBOY: So what happens now? Does Switzer get refresher courses from your coaching staff?

JONES: Yes. He basically is a delegator. Jimmy is also a delegator, by the way. Whether he wants to admit it or not, Jimmy's one of the best delegators who ever came down the pike. He really delegated the actual coaching during the last two years and did it well. But Barry wrote the book on delegation—and he also wrote the book on developing meaningful relationships with his players and assistant coaches.

PLAYBOY: How are Johnson and Switzer similar?

JONES: One common denominator between Jimmy and Barry is their intelligence. Jimmy's a good motivator, Barry's a better motivator.

PLAYBOY: And differences?

JONES: The difference between the two is something that Barry Switzer has been criticized for: He can't say no, in a manner of speaking. He's been criticized for his loyalty to his players. He sometimes tried to help them through hard times. He's loyal to a fault—which, by the way, isn't a fault to me.

PLAYBOY: Do you expect Switzer to make any offensive changes in the Cowboys?

JONES: No. Our offensive philosophy will be the same one we've had for the past five years. That philosophy wasn't Jimmy's, incidentally. It was a philosophy that evolved from our coaching staff. Barry isn't going to do anything radical like run the wishbone offense here. He ran it at Oklahoma for the type of talent he was able to recruit there, but he appreciates that our offense is tailored for our talent.

We have a new offensive coordinator, Ernie Zampese, who came to us from the Los Angeles Rams. Ernie will be given most—if not all—of the offensive responsibility. When Zampese was the Rams' offensive coordinator, Norv Turner, our offensive coordinator last season—he's now head coach of the Redskins—worked under him. In a sense we now have the teacher, not the student.

PLAYBOY: What you also have is a real coaching shake-up. What will the Cowboys miss this season as a result of Johnson's departure?

JONES: We'll miss the kind of respect he developed with our players, respect that comes with having been their coach for five years. We'll miss that this year because Barry doesn't have a record with our team. I hope, because our team is at a high level of development, he will be able to maintain discipline and encourage additional conditioning. Barry told the players, "Don't come in here out of condition, or you may find someone else in your spot and yourself out on the highway." Jimmy was able to say that with more credibility because we had actually waived players under those circumstances. So we'll miss that.

PLAYBOY: How much will your players miss Johnson? When All Pro wide receiver Michael Irvin heard that Johnson was gone, and was asked about it by reporters, he threw a garbage can at them. Do you sense any lingering resentment among the players?

JONES: No, none at all. I've spoken about it with many of them. What I sense is

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that it's not something that needs to be addressed right now. Barry is personable and engaging. His style is to sit in the locker room with the players, and it's not a put-on. He gets personally involved with players. He's the kind of man who makes people want to do good things for him. Not that Jimmy didn't.

PLAYBOY: Your players don't have the luxury of fully expressing how they feel about Johnson's removal. But just about everyone else involved in pro football thinks you've made a serious mistake. *The Sporting News* recently reported that the rest of the league is laughing at your helmsmanship of the Cowboys. Former Redskin quarterback—now ESPN football analyst—Joe Theismann trotted out that well-worn line: "If it ain't broke, don't fix it." Then he added the comment that you had made the San Francisco 49ers and the Buffalo Bills very happy teams.

JONES: I can see where people would feel that this is a step back for our club. I want to reiterate that I believe there's no coach better than Jimmy Johnson. I believe that very strongly, even more than I did when I hired him. Well, OK, he may be the best there is, but that's not the point of this whole thing.

When I bought the team in 1989, those same people and publications were saying almost exactly the same thing about my hiring Jimmy. When we first got here, even Theismann criticized me for hiring a college coach. If those quotes are an omen, I welcome them. We faced the same kind of criticism when we got here, and look at the success the team's achieved.

I've given this fine football team a challenge: a head-coaching change as we go into the 1994 season. But I corrected one problem. We won't have a management team and head coach who aren't on the same page.

PLAYBOY: If that was your problem with Jimmy Johnson, did you resolve your differences with him when you gave him that $2 million in going-away money?

JONES: We didn't resolve anything, no. We had done well together up until that point, but Jimmy and I agreed our working relationship was deteriorating by the minute. We weren't going to give a big black eye to something that was very good. He didn't need it, I didn't need it, the team didn't need it.

PLAYBOY: You and Johnson had always been depicted as buddies. You both played football for the University of Arkansas, and you roomed together on the road. But Johnson now says you and he were never close friends. Is that true?

JONES: No, it's not. We stayed in touch after we graduated. I was in the insurance business then, but in 1971 I went into the oil business and began to spend a lot of time in Oklahoma City. I got to know several supporters of Oklahoma State's football team. When the school was looking for a new head football coach I called Jimmy, who was then an assistant coach at the University of Pittsburgh. I told him, "I have some associates who are a part of the process of hiring a new coach at Oklahoma State. I talked with them about you, and you ought to come out here and visit. It could be an opportunity for you." Jimmy flew out to Oklahoma and met with the people he had to. That's how he got his first head-coaching job.

When I bought the Cowboys and made Jimmy our coach, we were portrayed as lifelong confidants and best buddies, which we were. But I don't think Jimmy wanted to reinforce that, so in 1990 or 1991 he started saying, "Look, I want to clear up the record: Jerry and I aren't social friends. We don't go out and eat and do those kinds of things. Fundamentally, we're friends, but not best friends."

PLAYBOY: How did you feel about that?

JONES: It definitely got my attention. But at that particular time we were both excited about the prospects of the future. We could see that after the Cowboys had won one game in 1989 and seven in 1990. Good things were happening.

PLAYBOY: At the time, how did Dallas feel about you and Johnson taking over the Cowboys?

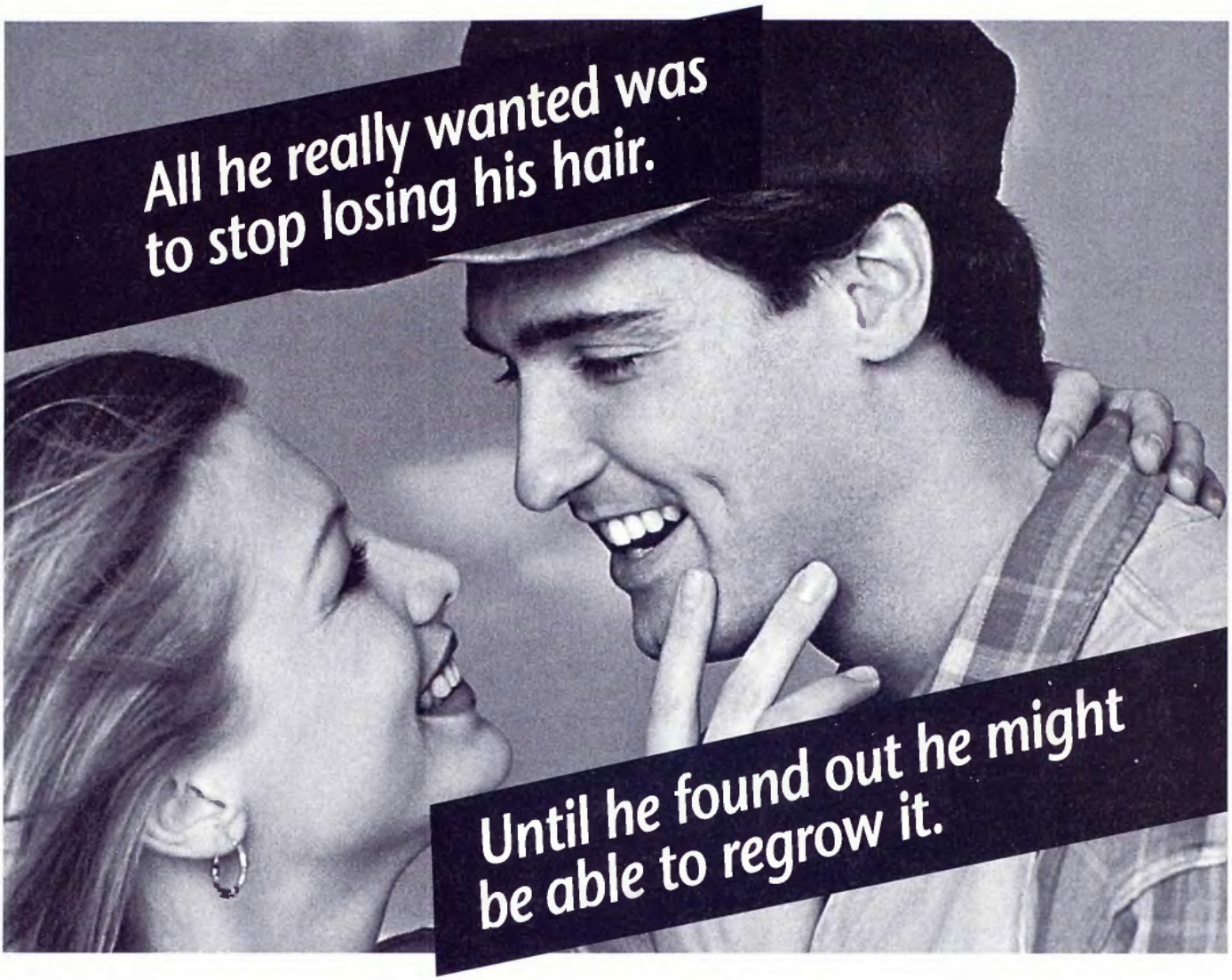
JONES: The two of us took a lot of heat in those first couple of years, and most of it was directed at me for making personnel changes. I was the man who fired Tom Landry, the only coach the Cowboys had ever had. There's no question that between the two of us—me and Jimmy Johnson—I was the one who became Darth Vader.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised by that?

JONES: The only surprise for me was the depth—or the breadth, if you will—of criticism I got for replacing coach Landry. I had tremendous respect for him, but I really thought that most people who followed the Dallas Cowboys felt it was time for a change. Because of the team's poor performance over those last few years, the Cowboys were down both on and off the field. So it was a real shock to come in and put $140 million at risk and not get a honeymoon or the type of treatment one would normally get for investing in a community.

PLAYBOY: How much of that $140 million did you come up with personally?

JONES: I put up all of it, and I did it in stages. After I bought out Bum Bright, the majority owner, I proceeded to buy out the other limited partners. I also bought Texas Stadium—actually, the 75-year lease on the stadium, which is owned by the city of Irving—from Bright and his partners. I paid about $65 million for the team and $75 million for Texas Stadium, which was really the Achilles' heel of the deal. At that point 12.5 percent of the stadium had been



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How soon can I expect results from using ROGAINE?
Studies show that the response time to ROGAINE may differ greatly from one person to another. Some people using ROGAINE may see results faster than others; others may respond with a slower rate of hair regrowth. You should not expect visible regrowth in less than 4 months.

How long do I need to use ROGAINE?
ROGAINE is a hair-loss treatment, not a cure. If you have new hair growth, you will need to continue using ROGAINE to keep or increase hair regrowth. If you do not begin to show new hair growth with ROGAINE after a reasonable period of time (at least 4 months), your doctor may advise you to discontinue using ROGAINE.

What happens if I stop using ROGAINE? Will I keep the new hair?
Probably not. People have reported that new hair growth was shed after they stopped using ROGAINE.

How much ROGAINE should I use?
You should apply a 1-mL dose of ROGAINE twice a day to your clean dry scalp, once in the morning and once at night before bedtime. Wash your hands after use if your fingers are used to apply ROGAINE. ROGAINE must remain on the scalp for at least 4 hours to ensure penetration into the scalp. Do not wash your hair for at least 4 hours after applying it. If you wash your hair before applying ROGAINE, be sure your scalp and hair are dry when you apply it. *Please refer to the Instructions for Use* in the package.

What if I miss a dose or forget to use ROGAINE?
Do not try to make up for missed applications of ROGAINE. You should restart your twice-daily doses and return to your usual schedule.

What are the most common side effects reported in clinical studies with ROGAINE?
Itching and other skin irritations of the treated scalp area were the most common side effects directly linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. About 7 of every 100 people who used ROGAINE (7%) had these complaints.

Other side effects, including light-headedness, dizziness, and headaches, were reported both by people using ROGAINE and by those using the placebo solution with no minoxidil. You should ask your doctor to discuss side effects of ROGAINE with you.

People who are extra sensitive or allergic to minoxidil, propylene glycol, or ethanol should not use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE Topical Solution contains alcohol, which could cause burning or irritation of the eyes or sensitive skin areas. If ROGAINE accidentally gets into these areas, rinse the area with large amounts of cool tap water. Contact your doctor if the irritation does not go away.

What are some of the side effects people have reported?
ROGAINE was used by 3,857 patients (347 females) in placebo-controlled clinical trials. Except for dermatologic events (involving the skin), no individual reaction or reactions grouped by body systems appeared to be more common in the minoxidil-treated patients than in placebo-treated patients.

Dermatologic: irritant or allergic contact dermatitis—7.36%; **Respiratory:** bronchitis, upper respiratory infection, sinusitis—7.16%; **Gastrointestinal:** diarrhea, nausea, vomiting—4.33%; **Neurologic:** headache, dizziness, faintness, light-headedness—3.42%; **Musculoskeletal:** fractures, back pain, tendinitis, aches and pains—2.59%; **Cardiovascular:** edema, chest pain, blood pressure increases/decreases, palpitations, pulse rate increases/decreases—1.53%; **Allergic:** nonspecific allergic reactions, hives, allergic rhinitis, facial swelling, and sensitivity—1.27%; **Metabolic-Nutritional:** edema, weight gain—1.24%; **Special Senses:** conjunctivitis, ear infections, vertigo—1.17%; **Genital Tract:** prostatitis, epididymitis, vaginitis, vulvitis, vaginal discharge/itching—0.91%; **Urinary Tract:** urinary tract infections, renal calculi, urethritis—0.93%; **Endocrine:** menstrual changes, breast symptoms—0.47%; **Psychiatric:** anxiety, depression, fatigue—0.36%; **Hematologic:** lymphadenopathy, thrombocytopenia, anemia—0.31%.

ROGAINE use has been monitored for up to 5 years, and there has been no change in incidence or severity of reported adverse reactions. Additional adverse events have been reported since marketing ROGAINE and include eczema; hypertrichosis (excessive hair growth); local erythema (redness); pruritus (itching); dry skin/scalp flaking; sexual dysfunction; visual disturbances, including decreased visual acuity (clarity); increase in hair loss; and alopecia (hair loss).

What are the possible side effects that could affect the heart and circulation when using ROGAINE?
Serious side effects have not been linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. However, it is possible that they could occur if more than the recommended dose of ROGAINE were applied, because the active ingredient in ROGAINE is the same as that in minoxidil tablets. These effects appear to be dose related; that is, more effects are seen with higher doses.

Because very small amounts of minoxidil reach the blood when the recommended dose of ROGAINE is applied to the scalp, you should know about certain effects that may occur when the tablet form of minoxidil is used to treat high blood pressure. Minoxidil tablets lower blood pressure by relaxing the arteries, an effect called vasodilation. Vasodilation leads to fluid retention and faster heart rate. The following effects have occurred in some patients taking minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure:

Increased heart rate: some patients have reported that their resting heart rate increased by more than 20 beats per minute.
Salt and water retention: weight gain of more than 5 pounds in a short period of time or swelling of the face, hands, ankles, or stomach area.
Problems breathing: especially when lying down; a result of a buildup of body fluids or fluid around the heart.
Worsening or new attack of angina pectoris: brief, sudden chest pain.

When you apply ROGAINE to normal skin, very little minoxidil is absorbed. You probably will not have the possible effects caused by minoxidil tablets when you use ROGAINE. If, however, you experience any of the possible side effects listed above, stop using ROGAINE and consult your doctor. Any such effects would be most likely if ROGAINE was used on damaged or inflamed skin or in greater than recommended amounts.

In animal studies, minoxidil, in much larger amounts than would be absorbed from topical use (on skin) in people, has caused important heart-structure damage. This kind of damage has not been seen in humans given minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure at effective doses.

What factors may increase the risk of serious side effects with ROGAINE?
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foreclosed and was owned by the FDIC. I had to buy it back from the FDIC.

PLAYBOY: What was the problem?

JONES: When I bought out Bright, Texas Stadium was losing $4 million a year, and the prospects for it to do better were dim. Dallas was down economically. It was a bad time to try to sell or lease stadium suites. Secondly, the concession business wasn't worth a flip because Texas Stadium was the only major venue in sports that didn't have beer sales. It's changed since then. But concessions and suites are two primary sources of revenue—and I didn't have any answer for it.

PLAYBOY: But you plunged in anyway.

JONES: I knew I had made a very risky move. I knew how scared I was when I realized that I had put more money on the line to buy a team—my own money, not a partnership's or a consortium's—than anybody in the history of sports.

PLAYBOY: If the Cowboys hadn't ultimately panned out for you, would you have gone broke?

JONES: No. The only way that could have happened would have been if the team had operated at huge losses—which, by the way, it was expected to do. One big accounting firm advised me that we would be losing as much as $25 million a year by my fourth year of operation. It's fair to say that if I didn't have the kind of respect for the Cowboys that I do have—as well as an interest in being in the NFL—I wouldn't have made a purchase that was almost a financial devil for me.

PLAYBOY: You're being a bit cagey about your financial stake. By then, hadn't you struck enough oil in Oklahoma to buy the Cowboys several times over?

JONES: Let's just say that I was positioned to think about the Cowboys because of the resources I had built principally—but not exclusively—in oil and gas, which represented about 60 percent of my net worth.

PLAYBOY: How did you get into the oil business?

JONES: When I was in the insurance business, my sales area included Oklahoma. At the time, oil companies were laying off geologists and engineers because oil and gas prices were low. I became interested in the oil business and wanted to meet people with good ideas about it. I ran into a guy [geologist Bill Sparks] whose theory, basically, was to drill between dry holes. His idea was that dry holes defined the edges of oil and gas fields, which a million years ago were rivers. Hydrocarbons were deposited in the beds of sand. This guy worked for a major oil company, but because he was a soft-spoken geologist, he didn't have the ability to sell his company on his idea. When I met him, he convinced me that he had some locations that might be interesting. So I borrowed about $80,000 to buy a lease and we drilled a well—and struck oil. I leveraged that money and

kept leveraging. Between 1971 and 1974 we drilled 12 wells and all of them came in. That made me a millionaire. But I still wasn't willing to lose money on the Cowboys.

PLAYBOY: What was the problem about buying the team?

JONES: The Cowboys weren't a good business risk. I could have taken ten other business opportunities and put them beside the Cowboys, and any of them would have been a much better thing to do with my resources and my time.

PLAYBOY: Then why didn't you?

JONES: I wanted to become a person of credibility and stature in sports. And the Cowboys were the obvious team for me, because I had spent the principal part of my life living and doing business in the Southwest. It was apparent to me that the Cowboys were a sporting institution—like the New York Yankees and Boston Celtics—that had fallen on evil days. That was a big part of it. I also knew that we were in a downtime. In 1989 Texas was perhaps at its lowest point financially in two or three decades. Had the Cowboys been riding high and had the Texas economy been booming, I probably never would have had the opportunity or even thought about buying the Cowboys.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

JONES: On a practical level, it wouldn't have made any financial sense at all. The time to get involved and make your mark is when something is either starting or when it's down on one knee. Then you go in and, if you need to take your licks, you do. If you can get it going, you've really accomplished something.

I'll tell you something else: Deep down, I knew I had to buy the Cowboys. Was I taking a chance on going bankrupt? No, I wasn't. All I was doing was tying up my liquid assets. If I didn't do it, I would have wondered for the rest of my life: Where was your spunk? You keep saying you go around only one time, so why didn't you put it up there when you had your chance? I would have always second-guessed myself.

PLAYBOY: Did you see the Cowboys both as a way to make money and win Super Bowls?

JONES: It actually went beyond both of those things. When Jimmy and I were in Little Rock right after Christmas in 1988, I told him that, because the Dallas Cowboys were down, we could be a part of one of the greatest sports stories ever told. I said, "Let's push football away for just a second. Right now, Dallas, as well as the rest of Texas, is down. Great fortunes have been lost. We could go down to Dallas and help Texas recover from its financial predicament. If we could get the Dallas Cowboys going again," I said, "20 years from now people down there will look back and say, 'Hey, you know when this thing started turning around? At just about the same time the Cowboys started kicking ass.'"

PLAYBOY: But the Cowboys didn't start kicking ass right away. In 1988, the year before you bought the team, the Cowboys lost $10 million. How much did you lose in 1989?

JONES: I didn't lose anything. Texas Stadium turned out not to be an Achilles' heel after all. When I bought the stadium, 105 of more than 200 suites had not been sold. Those suites—75 percent of them—were not occupied during the games for five years. The Cowboys couldn't even rent them out. Of course, the rest of the stadium was quite empty, too, during that period. In our first year—when we won one game—we sold more than $20 million worth of suites.

PLAYBOY: How did you swing that?

JONES: Through effort and persistence. Jimmy and I would make appointments to talk with people. Our selling point was: The way to get involved in the team was to become a suite owner at Texas Stadium. Over a three-and-a-half-year period, we were able to sell all the suites—$60 million worth—and by then we were building more. We now have 385 suites at the stadium, the most in the NFL.

PLAYBOY: What do suites cost?

JONES: They go from $350,000 to $2 million. I believe we're now the most

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valuable franchise in sports. But we certainly weren't when I bought it. No one thought we had any chance of success.

PLAYBOY: But you still made some pretty wild public pronouncements. What was the comment you made about Jimmy Johnson's worth?

JONES: Because of all the criticism I took about replacing Landry, I got a little defensive and said that Jimmy would be worth five Heisman Trophy winners and five number one draft picks. I felt very strongly that Jimmy would be successful.

PLAYBOY: Did he appreciate that?

JONES: Sure he did. And I would remind us both that I was getting my brains kicked out for not bringing in somebody who was an experienced NFL coach or general manager. But that was one of the main reasons I bought the team: I wanted to be involved—daily—directing the Cowboys back to a Super Bowl.

PLAYBOY: Personally involved? The way Al Davis is with the Los Angeles Raiders?

JONES: Yes. The Dallas Cowboys obviously had a history of accomplished and visible coaching, but it never had any visibility in ownership. I'm sometimes amused at just how little credit ownership gets for the success of teams. Sports has a problem with that, and I, particularly, have taken issue with it. My chief role is running and managing this team, not owning it. If you go back to the first night I ever stepped up and said I was going to buy the Cowboys, you'll see that I said I was going to be involved in every aspect of the organization, from the socks and jocks on in.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever worry that you might not be qualified to be involved in every aspect of the team?

JONES: No, I really didn't. This isn't a law firm or a medical practice. This is a football team. And in order for Jimmy Johnson and me to take it out of a nosedive and bring it back up again, I had to find the best qualified management that was available. And that was me. No one was going to run this ship the way I would. No one was going to be as sensitive to the risks involved in buying this team as I.

PLAYBOY: Neither you nor Johnson initially had any experience in running an NFL team. How long did it take you both to get up to speed?

JONES: Not long at all. It's true, at first neither of us knew what the hell we were doing. But we were absolutely gung ho—plugged into 220-volt sockets, not 110. I had never made a trade, Jimmy had never made a trade. He would read his books on NFL rules. I was going to owners' meetings—we were trying to elect a new commissioner—and spending breakfast, lunch and dinner with every one of those owners. I'd carry the NFL rule book with me and ask them about their backgrounds, trying to figure out how to run a team. It was so competitive out there that we had to think football, live it and breathe it during every waking moment.

Jimmy would go home, I'm sure, and think about the team 29 hours a day. I did the same. My theory then—and it's the same today—was that if two people can get back to back and communicate in a way that anticipates every contingency, then they would do fine. And we did. When an opportunity came up, we were on it yesterday. And we wouldn't hesitate, either. Early on, people in the league were saying, "God, those guys make decisions so quickly. It's almost like they're not thought out." But they were thought out, by Jimmy *and* me.

PLAYBOY: The roles of management and ownership are different. And your hands-on style has brought you your share of trouble.

JONES: Right. If I were thought of as management rather than as owner, I wouldn't have had some of the problems I've had.

PLAYBOY: What kinds of problems are you talking about?

JONES: The simplest one is the misunderstanding I ran into when I said the Cowboys "aren't a Jimmy thing, they're a *we* thing." But that's the way it's always been. Our decisions regarding drafting, trades, the way this team was built, were *we* decisions. No one had a problem with that when we were getting our butts

It took four million years of evolution

kicked back in 1989 and 1990. But when we started winning—and then went to the Super Bowls—people started hearing that the guy who owns the Cowboys has an ego as big as Texas. My ego never got in the way of any decisions the Cowboys made. We didn't operate that way.

PLAYBOY: How do you operate?

JONES: When it was me and Jimmy, our technical agreement was this: Jimmy did not have the authority to make any trade, to trade any draft pick or to waive anybody. What he had was the right to approve or disapprove if I wanted to waive or hire a player. That was the sum total of our agreement.

PLAYBOY: And your role?

JONES: Generally, it worked backward for me. What would happen is, Jimmy—through the coaching staff—would recommend a specific player, and I would approve or disapprove it. Our deal was a simple process that would cause us to go over the recommendation, whether it was a trade or a draft pick. I was not only fully informed, I would do my homework. I have an independent consultant, who advises several teams, to advise me on any players we might be interested in.

All of that went into the deal, the idea being that two heads are better than one. Any time we made a player decision around here, it was a joint decision. You want to know how many disagreements we had over the five years Jimmy coached the Cowboys? Not one. We never had a single disagreement.

PLAYBOY: You have us puzzled here, Jerry. If you and Johnson never had a falling out over something as crucial as player personnel, what was the problem with your working relationship? Did he want to run the whole show by himself?

JONES: That's astute—I think you've been reading tea leaves. We operated for five years exactly the way the plan was drawn up from the day I walked in here. When I bought the team, I wanted a situation where the entire focus of the coach—whether it was marketing or his involvement in endorsements—would be for the benefit of the team. That's the way our agreement was written: Everything would be focused toward the team.

PLAYBOY: Why were you so concerned about that?

JONES: Because I'd seen examples of other coaches putting themselves ahead of their teams, from the standpoint of marketing and promotion. For example, I admire and respect Mike Ditka, and I don't mean to be critical of him, but it seemed pretty clear to me that there was a Ditka enterprise, so to speak, going on—and *then* there was the Chicago Bears. That's not what I wanted when I bought the Cowboys. And that's not what I put in place.

Jimmy and I had an understanding about all of this in 1989, but at the end of each year it was obvious that we were headed to more of a what's-in-the-best-interest-of-Jimmy thing. My resistance to that has been perceived as an ego thing: "Jones doesn't like it because Johnson is getting all the credit." Or "Jones doesn't like it even though the Cowboys are winning Super Bowls." Now, you ask, "Well, isn't all this in Jones' best interest?" Yes, it's in my best interest, but that's a little different from what we had going for us.

I think in the short haul, maybe we could have won it all again this season with Jimmy. But in the long haul, that would have meant moving closer to a compromising position in which everything was oriented toward the coach as an individual and not toward the team.

Of course, you're hearing my side of the story. Every time I say this is a *we* thing, the press says, "Well, there's Jones wanting to stand up on the sideline with the coach." Well, maybe there is some of that in me, but the principal thing here was looking out for the best interest of the Dallas Cowboys. And it was painful—very painful—to make the break.

PLAYBOY: But Johnson had led the Cowboys to two straight Super Bowl victories and seemed ready to take the team to an unprecedented third. Couldn't you have at least waited another year to make the coaching change?

JONES: It was time. It was the culmination of a lot of reasons, not just because I

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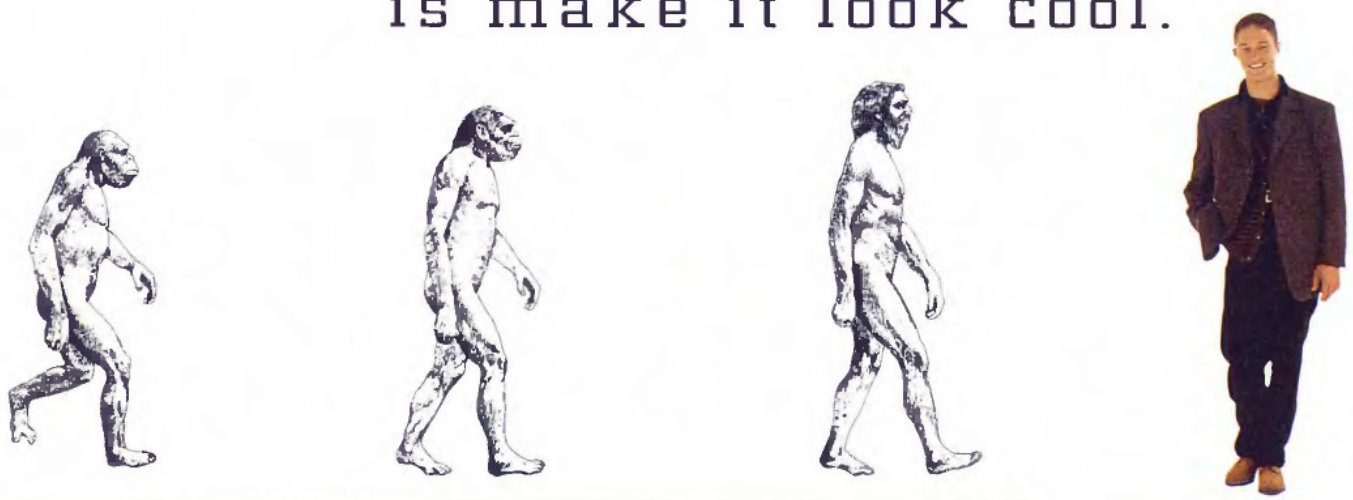

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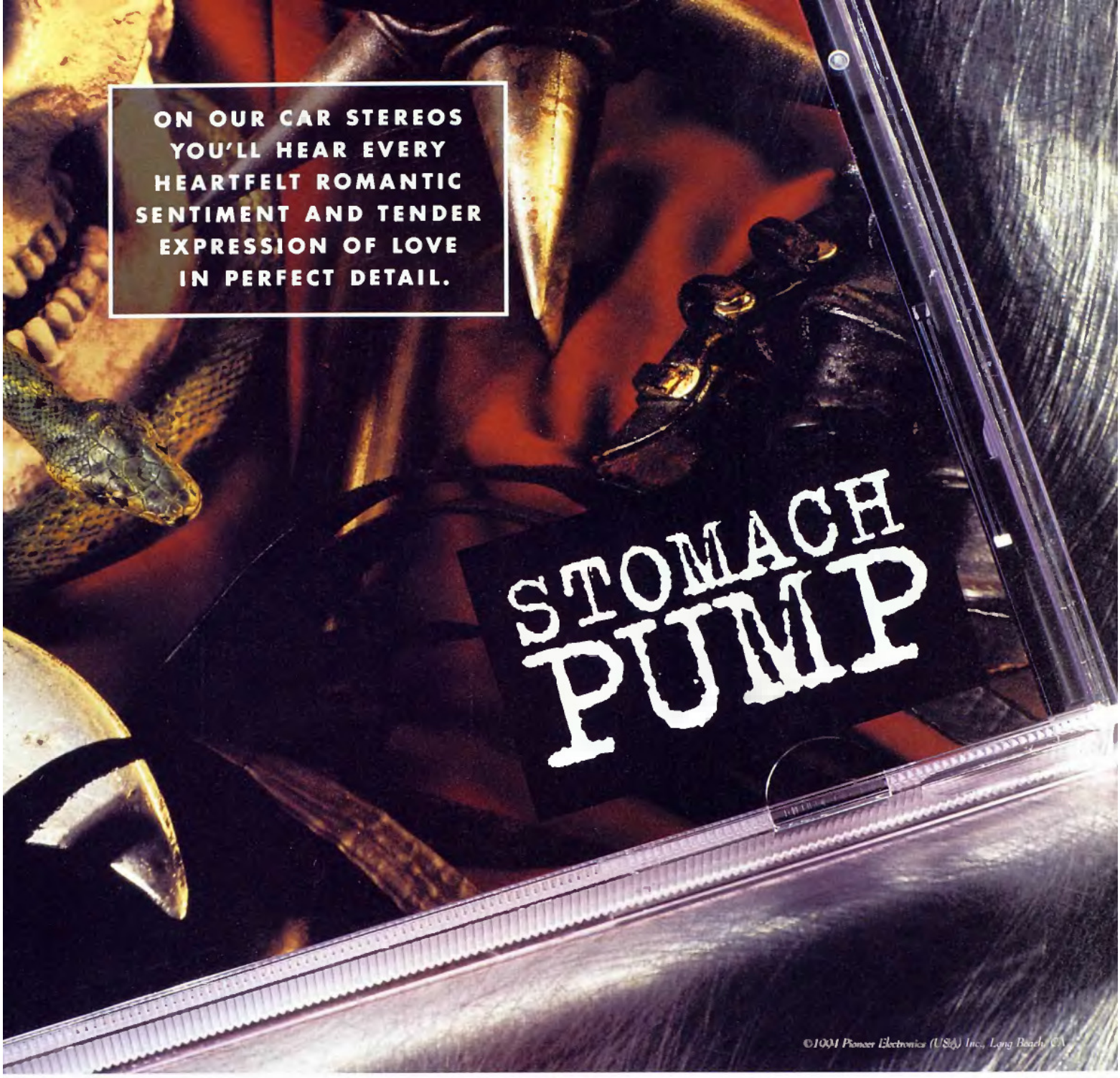

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was feeling slighted. It had become crystal clear that Jimmy and I were not on the same page.

PLAYBOY: Explain that.

JONES: Look, Jimmy was certainly intent on doing a great job of coaching this football team. There was never any question in my mind about that. But if we couldn't get that much energy together and keep going at that same pace, we wouldn't get the job done this year. And if that was the case, it would spread through this complex like wildfire.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

JONES: When I walked out onto the practice field, and he walked out onto the practice field, our players would see it—and it would hurt the team. You know, I remember how strongly I felt about all this just before the 1994 Super Bowl, when Jimmy mentioned something about wanting to coach the expansion team in Jacksonville. I didn't care if he went to Jacksonville or not. If he had said that two years earlier, I would have gone and talked with him about it and nipped it in the bud. But the thing is, I had lost my enthusiasm for working with Jimmy. And, obviously, he felt the same way about working with me. A few years ago, we always tried to outdo each other in a good way. We knew our team was going to go like nobody's business. But in the end, my enthusiasm for him just wasn't there anymore. It wouldn't have bothered me if he had walked out two weeks before the Super Bowl—aside from the possibility of not winning it, of course. I just quit caring whether or not he would be part of anything I did in the future.

PLAYBOY: Were there other major points of contention between you and Johnson?

JONES: Just one, I think. Jimmy knew that I knew that someone else could coach this football team. Now, whether I'm right or not remains to be seen. But Jimmy knew it wasn't just me gigging him. He knew I believed other people could coach the Cowboys.

PLAYBOY: Yes, but did he believe it?

JONES: I think he did—and I think I have one of them out here right now.

PLAYBOY: You've been describing a clash of egos that grew in relation to the Cowboys' success.

JONES: Let me be real succinct about this: Let's say you hadn't been in my shoes for 25 years. Let's say you didn't have bankers call in your notes or, when you were in your 20s, you hadn't experienced not being able to pick up a glass and hold it without shaking because you had overextended yourself so much and couldn't pay your bills. Let's say that you had never really taken such huge financial risks that you thought that you might embarrass yourself and everybody around you. Without having done all that, there's just no way for you to be able to look at the Dallas Cowboys through my eyes. When I bought this club in 1989, I felt I had made an extreme commitment and taken extreme risks. As it turned out, I took harsh, unexpected criticism during a time when Jimmy was unproven, I was unproven, this whole deal was unproven. When I add all of that up, I don't see in Jimmy any appreciation for me.

PLAYBOY: Johnson has called you a frustrated football coach. Any truth to that?

JONES: Yes, I probably am a frustrated football coach. I respect people who coach. On the other hand, no one made me take the route I took in my life. I wanted to do more than coach. I wanted the challenge and the gain of the business world. Given the level of where the Dallas Cowboys are, I don't have to accept anything but the best in the coaching profession. Do I think I could coach the Cowboys? Yes. Most of us, given the opportunity, could do something other than what we've been doing and learn how to do it well. I certainly felt like I could go out and own and manage and run an NFL football team.

Yet while I say that I have the confidence to coach this football team, in the real world that would be the height of mismanagement and bad decision-making. It also wouldn't show respect to the team and the NFL if I stepped up and said, "Now that we've made a coaching

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change, I think I'm going to become the head coach."

PLAYBOY: Mismanagement and bad decision-making be damned. Do you ever wonder how you would fare as a coach?

JONES: Not seriously, though I'd like to demonstrate that I could do it. But it would be too high a price to pay for the Dallas Cowboys. There's too much at stake here for me to indulge realistically in that. Still, I want to understand everything I can about coaching for the purpose of making positive decisions. Am I interested in knowing what our defensive schemes are? Am I interested in knowing our coverages? Am I interested in knowing our routes? You bet. But do I have enough good judgment not to make suggestions about it? Yes. Without getting too sanctimonious here, let me tell you what my role with the Cowboys is: I have the idea that I really don't own the team. I'm its caretaker, charged with husbanding it during my tenure. I hope to be actively involved in this thing for the next 20 or 30 years.

PLAYBOY: During the last game of the 1992 season, you brought Prince Bandar bin Sultan, Saudi Arabia's ambassador to the U.S., to the Cowboys' sideline. According to *Sports Illustrated*, Johnson was so enraged by your invasion of his space that it was the straw that broke the camel's back. Did that incident signal to you that it was only a matter of time before you and Johnson parted company?

JONES: No, and that story was never portrayed accurately. Prince Bandar is a great Cowboys fan and I enjoy being around him because he gets excited about the competition. He had already been on our sideline a number of times. As a matter of fact, in a game against the New York Giants a year earlier, Bandar visited with Jimmy and talked with him about some bad calls that had gone against the Cowboys during that game.

The sideline was never the issue. After our game against the Chicago Bears was over—that's the game you're asking about—we had tight security, and we all ended up in the dressing room at a time normally reserved for a private team meeting. That was a sensitive issue to Jimmy, and I was sensitive about it, too. But because of our security people and the rush into the dressing room, we ended up with not only our players and our coaches, but other people, including Prince Bandar.

Jimmy and I were both aware of that, and I didn't normally do that. But under the circumstances there was nothing I could do about it. In fact, when it happened, I didn't get any negative feedback from Jimmy about it. He never looked me in the eye and said, "I'm upset with you for doing that." He wouldn't do that, anyway.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

JONES: Because it is a function of my position to have the luxury of being able to have accidents happen and not have to answer to anybody about it. It goes with the territory. When you run the deal and you have an accident, the guy who dresses you down is the guy in the mirror. You don't get it from anybody else.

What Jimmy really got upset about that day was that we were ahead in the game, 27–0, and then we played sloppy football toward the end and beat the Bears only 27–14. And I liked him for getting upset about that. But it's not acceptable for anybody to get mad at me for bringing someone to a sideline or a dressing room—and, again, the dressing-room part happened by accident.

PLAYBOY: OK, let's go to the days when you two were NFL neophytes. How did you build up the Cowboys so quickly?

JONES: Initially, through trades—the most important being the Herschel Walker trade. I wanted to trade Herschel from the first day that I got here. The cost of keeping him wouldn't make sense for what his contribution was going to be to our team. Herschel was the only player on our team—and one of the few in the NFL at that time—with a guaranteed contract. His contract for 1989 called for $2.1 million, and when we renewed the contract two years later, he was going to want it to be guaranteed.

PLAYBOY: Meaning?

JONES: Meaning we would be only one play away from losing him to an injury and thereby losing all the money we'd owe him. I also felt he would ask for a lot more money, probably $10 million to $12 million over three years. The logic from the Cowboys' perspective was that we were keenly aware of how low we were in talent and that we probably wouldn't be competitive in 1989. So to have a Pro Bowl running back in a situation like that made Herschel expendable. We had too many other areas that needed to be addressed. The goal is to win championships, not to have the league's rushing or passing leader.

PLAYBOY: Cowboys fans were enraged by the Walker trade. How did you feel?

JONES: The only thing I dreaded after making the trade on a Thursday was getting up on Friday morning and announcing it. I had already had my nose bloodied over making the coaching change. The theme of criticism I got was that, at every turn, I was doing everything I could to take away from the tradition of the Cowboys. I could almost picture a Cowboys fan firing a shot at me. I caught a lot of flak for that trade, but it turned out to be a win all the way around for us.

The Cowboys don't get too hung up on any individual. Football is a game you have to play together as a team. One person flinching before the ball is snapped can mess it up for not only the other ten, but also the 11 not on the field at that time. If you get too hung up on the difference one person can make,

you're going to miss the point.

PLAYBOY: If you really feel that way, how do you explain your decision last year to give running back Emmitt Smith—who was holding out for more money—the salary he wanted? Was it because the Cowboys had lost their first two games?

JONES: I take issue with that. When we got beat by Buffalo, there's no question that Emmitt's absence was the excuse—but it wasn't the cause. How did 14 other teams win without Emmitt? We had good play from our running back in that game. We also had about six turnovers in two ball games. Our kick returner fumbled four punts. And we missed two out of three field goals against the Bills. Our team wasn't down because Emmitt wasn't with us. Does Emmitt make us a great, great team? When he's not there, are we a different team? Yes, he's that talented. But in those first two games we did things that caused us to lose. To Emmitt's credit, he finally came in on terms that were acceptable to me.

PLAYBOY: How unacceptable were his original terms?

JONES: We were dramatically apart.

PLAYBOY: In which direction?

JONES: I'm not talking about us going up to $13.5 million over a four-year contract as much as I'm talking about Emmitt's coming down to $13.5 million. Emmitt wanted more than what he would receive as one of the league's five highest-paid running backs. He wanted dollars in the quarterback range, which I could understand. And only 25 percent of the dollars we were negotiating for—which is still a lot of money—was coming out of my pocket. The rest would come out of the team's salary cap in years to come. And since we're always going to be paying to the limit of the cap, the dollars I was arguing for in three of the four years were not dollars that made any difference to me.

PLAYBOY: You thought Smith might mess up your team's salary structure?

JONES: Yes. The negotiation wasn't about my pocketbook versus Emmitt's wishes. It was: "Hey, we want to pay fair salaries to the rest of the team. If we can't reach an agreement, then we're going to designate you as our franchise player." That meant he would be paid the average of what the league's top five running backs earned over the next four years.

We weren't going to let Emmitt Smith play for another football team. By having him as our franchise player—each team is allowed just one—we knew he'd always be here. We had to pay Emmitt $13.5 million to keep him, which was fine with me. But if we paid him more, we wouldn't be managing this team properly. Those extra dollars might allow us to sign one—or perhaps even two—premiere offensive linemen.

I was glad when Emmitt signed for $13.5 million. By doing so, we didn't have to designate him as our franchise player after all. We still have that position available, because he signed for four years with an option. People might have confused our negotiations with a perceived lack of appreciation for Emmitt, but that wasn't the case.

PLAYBOY: After signing Emmitt Smith, you had to worry about signing Troy Aikman. Did you expect as tough a negotiation with him as you had with Smith?

JONES: I didn't know what to expect, but Troy's $50 million salary over eight years is less money than we would have had to pay him if he had been our franchise player. We would have had to pay him the average of what the top five quarterbacks were making for the length of his contract. That would have added up to considerably more than $50 million.

PLAYBOY: Would you have done that?

JONES: Probably. We think he's the best quarterback in the NFL.

PLAYBOY: What makes him the best?

JONES: Troy has tremendous skills. He has a quick release, a strong arm and he's smart as a whip. Apart from football, Troy's the type of individual you want to stake your future on. You don't concern yourself about Aikman going off the deep end. He's stable and solid in his thinking. Any other quarterback with Troy Aikman's skills might want our offense more directed to passing, but Troy

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isn't like that. He knows that having a balanced offense has taken us to two Super Bowls.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't Aikman turn down your offer and become the team's franchise player?

JONES: Well, Troy is acutely aware that while his dollars reflect the highest salary on the team, they impact on dollars available for other players on this team. Troy was in a position to overreach financially, and probably could have. But he didn't because he knows we can have a better team if we have more money available to pay other players. He's allowed us to be in that position.

PLAYBOY: You're making Aikman sound like a Boy Scout. Didn't you offer him a sweetener up front to get him to sign?

JONES: He got a bonus of $11 million. Troy is smart, and he certainly wants to make as much money as he can. But he isn't driven by the dollar. Troy is the kind of individual who might come to me and say he would be willing to make an adjustment if it could help us get a particular player. That shows how smart he is, because we believe he'll lead us to other Super Bowls. And in doing so, he gets to play in front of 138 million people in the U.S., which accounts for other tangible benefits that accrue to him. It's just a pleasure to know that a person who holds such a key position in the future of this franchise has his head on like that.

PLAYBOY: Aikman has certainly made your job a lot easier.

JONES: He has. When the dust settles and players have finished their movement under the league's new system, people are going to look at the Cowboys and say, "How in the world did the two-time defending world champions with the best talent in the league have the least disruption in terms of free agency?"

PLAYBOY: Then again, they may not. Your free agent losses included All Pro linebacker Ken Norton, defensive tackles Tony Casillas and Jimmie Jones and offensive linemen Kevin Gogan and John Gesek. Do you really believe the Cowboys won't be weakened as a result of losing these players to free agency?

JONES: We're going to be a more talented team. On the offensive side, we had the funds to retain all eight of our Pro Bowlers, including Troy, Emmitt and Michael Irvin. There's no way I would want anyone else at wide receiver but Michael. Our other wide receiver, Alvin Harper, really gives us nine Pro Bowlers on offense. A lot of people already think Harper's that good. I expect him to have a big year.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that expecting a lot, considering that Harper wanted to be traded this year?

JONES: Alvin needs to have the best year of his career because he plans to become a free agent next season. Players in the last year of their contracts may turn out to have the best years they've ever had.

PLAYBOY: Won't your offense miss placekicker Eddie Murray, who also opted for free agency?

JONES: Yes, but we don't want to depend on the field goal. We didn't ask Eddie Murray to win any games for us in the last ten seconds—we just asked him to kick field goals. We've never put a premium on a placekicker. In the economics of pro football, there's no room for high-priced kickers.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think your defense—tenth-best in the NFL last season—will be strong this year?

JONES: In my view, we have retained a better defensive line. We have young, talented players going into their third and fourth years. Last season I think we had the most players under 30 of any team in the NFL. They've played in a lot of big ball games—and they've won some of them.

We could improve with defensive end Charles Haley. He had a serious back injury last year. But he came back to play after an operation and played with a tremendous amount of pain. If Charles can play at full strength, there's no doubt in my mind that we'll go to another Super Bowl. All we've done since we traded for Charles is win Super Bowls.

Our challenge this season is the coaching changes. Switzer and Zampese could give us what we need to avoid becoming complacent. When we walk out on the field against New York, or any team we play this year, and beat them, we'll say, "We won a football game" rather than, "Hey, we're two-time world champions. We were supposed to win this game."

PLAYBOY: Do you see the Cowboys winning the NFC East again?

JONES: Yes, I do. Look at the New York Giants, at Washington, Philadelphia, the Phoenix Cardinals: What's happened to those teams? Even though they have brought in some good players, getting them to play with continuity is something else. We should win the NFC East again. And, usually, if you win the NFC East, you're in pretty good standing.

PLAYBOY: Since the NFC Central Division never seems to live up to any postseason expectations, are we looking at a title game between Dallas and San Francisco?

JONES: I give the 49ers a great deal of respect in terms of what they've done in the past few years. Their team will be one of the leading contenders to get to the Super Bowl. I rank the 49ers and us as two of the top three teams in the NFC.

PLAYBOY: What's the third?

JONES: I don't know. When's the last time you heard anyone put a third one in there?

PLAYBOY: If the Cowboys do win a third straight Super Bowl, what will it mean to you personally?

JONES: I've thought a lot about coming up short in 1994, and whether I was ready to deal with the blame regarding the coaching change. After weighing that, I know I'm ready to deal with it. But winning a third straight Super Bowl probably would be the most rewarding experience—apart from an immediate-family experience—that I would ever have. I can envision it feeling better than when we won the first Super Bowl.

PLAYBOY: No team's ever won three Super Bowls in a row. What kind of odds do you give the Cowboys to do it?

JONES: I give us a better shot at going to the Super Bowl than I have in either of our past two years. The fact that it would be our third in a row has no bearing on this. We may never have any better advantages than we have right now.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

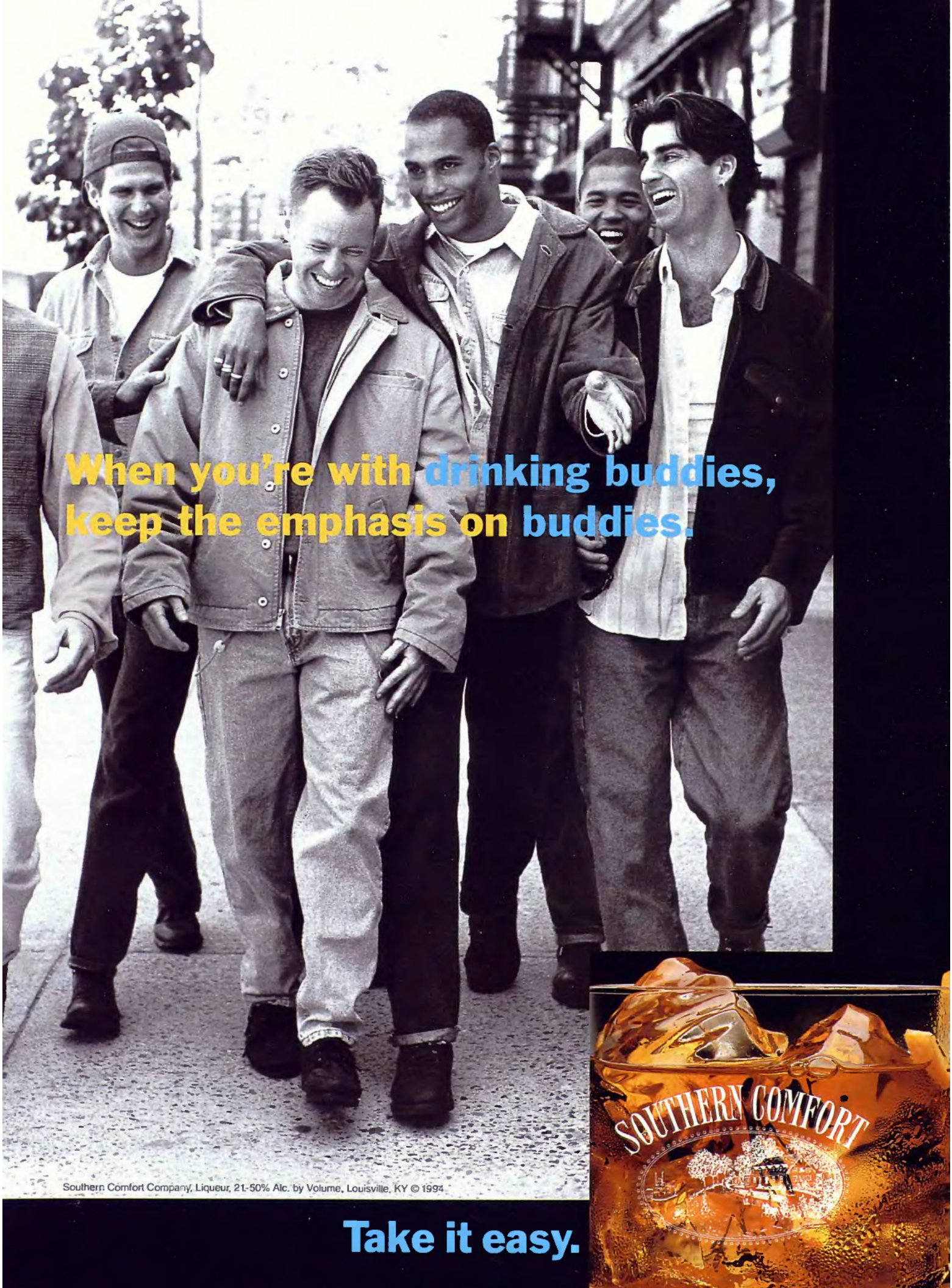
JONES: We have a new coach who absolutely has come back from the dead, and there's no defining what his motivation will be. He will call on everything he's got. From our players' standpoint, Emmitt's already on record as saying, "We need to have one of two things happen: We can either go downhill or we can show that it's players who win these football games." That's Emmitt. Everyone here has something to prove this year. You can bet that I will pay a lot higher price than I paid before to get it done again this year. I can live with it if it doesn't happen—I made that decision back in March—but I have an almost fanatic desire to get back to the Super Bowl this year.

PLAYBOY: Aside from that, what do you want for the Dallas Cowboys most of all?

JONES: I can see us going to a level that transcends football and the NFL. Fifty years ago, the New York Yankees were a team that is still talked about as being the best sports organization ever—and that was at a time when we didn't have the visibility or the media we have today. Because of the enormous power of TV today, people wear Dallas Cowboys shirts in Nigeria, and we see Cowboys shirts in Saddam Hussein's territory, too. We see them all over the world.

[Cowboys safety] Bill Bates and I were in a restaurant in Mexico City last night, and it was like being in Dallas. After we were there for 15 or 20 minutes, everyone in the restaurant was talking about the Dallas Cowboys. They were asking for Cowboys' autographs and telling us about having watched the Super Bowl on TV in Mexico City. I want the league to expand and have teams based in Mexico City, Canada and Europe. I see that coming in the next ten or 15 years. When that happens, I can see the Cowboys having a chance to become the leading international sports team.

The Dallas Cowboys are already referred to as America's team. Well, I'd like us to become known as the world's team. Going into the 2000s, the Cowboys can lead the pack. And three straight Super Bowls would really fix that pistol.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TIM ALLEN'S GUIDE TO LIVING WITH WOMEN

WHAT DO women want?

A good question when Sigmund Freud first posed it, a good question now and probably a good question a thousand years from now, when aliens have overrun the earth.

To discover what women want, we first need to understand them thoroughly. Comprehending women's habits, needs and desires, and the difference between a dress and a skirt, is really the key to a man's peace of mind and better relations for all. Easy, right?

Here's what I know for sure: Women are not the opposite sex, they are a whole other species. And that's it. Goodnight, folks.

OK, let's not give up so easily. Unfortunately, women are pretty much a mystery to me, which at least makes my obsession with them justifiable. The sight of a pretty woman makes me want to make dinner reservations. I may be a guy's guy, but I can't take a man on a date and get away with it. Because I often talk about women as if I know what I'm talking about, I am occasionally asked by strangers what a man should look for in a gal.

The answer is easy: breath.

She should be alive. Right away you'll be ahead of the game. And once you've established the presence of her vital signs, you can take your time looking deeper into the abyss.

Trust me, it's an abyss.

But don't take too long. Women hate to be kept waiting.

Before you understand women other than your mom or sisters—and remember, to other guys they're women, too—you have to meet them. If you're a guy on the go, the women you want to meet are usually the ones you want to date. OK, have sex with. These women are the hardest to understand, and they don't try to make it any easier, even though they want to meet and understand you—well, maybe not *you*, bonehead—as badly as you want to meet and understand them. Wouldn't it be great if you could just be honest with a woman you find attractive and say, "Hi. I'm Bob. You're very attractive. Want to go home and rut like weasels?"

Unfortunately, this approach hasn't worked in the general population since the late Sixties. Also, your name has to be Bob.

You have to look for a woman who

AMERICA'S FOREMOST AUTHORITY ON HOME IMPROVEMENT EXPLAINS HOW TO FLIRT, FIGHT, BEFRIEND, COURT, MARRY AND STILL NEVER UNDERSTAND THE OPPOSITE SEX

ARTICLE BY **TIM ALLEN**

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK ULRIKSEN

wants to meet you. But how will you know? The way to tell is to study your courting cues. These all-important signals are the only way you can ascertain if the woman you're slavering at wants you to come over and talk, or if she wants you to douse yourself with lighter fluid and strike a match. While she sips Chablis.

The first sign is usually eye contact. Make sure, however, that she isn't looking at the guy behind you. Make sure *you're* not looking at the guy behind you. Other signals are the hair toss, the lip lick, the earlobe pull and the hand on your leg. If a strange but attractive woman suddenly starts undressing in front of you while licking her lips, tossing her hair, pulling her earlobe and touching your leg, it's a pretty safe bet she's interested in you, or working her way through school.

The following are not female courting cues: when she's sucking on her own elbow, scratching anyplace or adjusting her underpants.

I learned almost everything I know about women by being friends with them. I also took feminist courses. I'd always stick up for a woman's point of view.

My wife once invited me to hang out with her and her girlfriends one night when they all went out and got crazy. I guess I just looked forlorn at the prospect of another night of beer and TV sports.

About four hours into the evening, the girls got comfortable with me around. They dropped their "He's a man" shield and realized I was a person—just like them, only with chest hair. I was actually interested in what they were saying. I wasn't trying to dominate the conversation like a man. I was also outnumbered—so I was quiet. I said things like, "God, that's horrible" and "I understand how you feel" and "He's a putz. Dump him." I crossed my legs and kept my skirt tight around my knees. Once I started doing that honestly, they accepted me. I was part of the girls' group. I was giggling. When they went to the bathroom, I wanted to go with them.

Of course, the big question is, Did any of this (before marriage) help me "get some"?

Nope. Even though friendship is ultimately the best basis for a relationship, it's always tough to convert the situation into something more romantic later.

"I don't want to ruin our friendship" is what a woman will say, meaning that she has never really found you attractive, or that you never ignored her enough for her to build up such an intense insecurity over wondering why that she had to fall in love with you to find out. Along with "You're just like a brother to me" and "Gee, that's terribly misshapen," the friendship excuse is among the most painful sentences a man can hear.

You can respond: "We will always be friends. Trust me." Then dive in for a kiss anyway. But she knows better. Once you're cast as a friend, women have many ways of making you feel like slime for even considering defiling that chaste closeness for a little sex. After all, compared with true and lasting friendship, what is sex?

It's what you're after, stupid.

Looking back at some of the women I was simply close friends with, I realize that those relationships probably brought out the best in me. I could be myself. I got in touch with my sensitive nature. I experienced sympathetic bloating. I also wish I had taken a shot at changing things. I can't help it. I'm a guy.

Women really like it when you're a man, though. It's tough to have a woman go for you if you don't show some generalized masculine traits. Assertiveness, decision making, protectiveness, nurturing. A man has to give a woman the impression that he might stand up for her and take care of her. Might is the operative word. Women are big on the idea of hope.

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While we're trying so hard to understand women, it would help if they exerted a little effort on our behalf. This might come in handy when they need our undivided attention—which seems to be most of the time.

Women: Grab your pencils. This one's for you.

To get a man's attention, just stand in front of the TV and don't move. He'll talk to you. I promise. Once you're past the initial "What the hell are you doing?" or the more subtle "You make a better door than a window," he'll start to break down.

"Come on, honey. Really, honey. Honey!" A real man will just sit there and wait for you to step aside. If you don't, eventually he'll say, "What? All right, what? I'm sitting here, OK? I'm listening!"

You will no doubt increase your odds if you're showing some leg, and you had better know the guy pretty well before you do this. Otherwise there are questions to answer first, like, "Who the hell are you and how did you get into my house?"

Another way to get his attention is to fool around with his stereo equipment. Or mess around with his car. Adjusting the timing chain is a good one. If he has a tool pegboard, remove one tool and hide it somewhere special. Believe me, within a day, he'll notice that it's gone and come right to you. Be prepared, though. He will be cranky.

When you finally get him to look you in the eye, you might even be able to get the guy to talk about his feelings.

"Honey, I'd feel really great if you would move out of the way. I can't see the television."

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Innocent flirting is a way of expressing desire without actually doing anything about it. As such, it is one of our most genteel sports, not to mention low in fat and easily digestible. I know this because when I was young I was a pretty accomplished flirt. I figured that flirting was about as far as I was going to get, since I had such a horrible complexion. Even if you're ugly, you can be a good flirt. And flirting is safe because it is impossible to pin down. It's noncommittal. No one can ever be positively sure it's taking place.

"I don't know. I think she was flirting. Yeah, that was definitely flirting. I mean, I think it was."

One thing to remember: There's a big difference between flirting and actually hitting on someone. Flirting is like dancing around the subject. Hitting on a woman is like stepping on her toes. In other words, you're hitting on a woman until she flirts back. Flirting has to go two ways. A woman has to realize what you're doing and give you the raised eyebrow and the welcoming smile. To have successfully flirted means you haven't annoyed or offended anybody.

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The opposite of flirting is being in love but saying nothing at all. This is not to be confused with being too cool for your own good.

Silence has its complications. When I was in college, all I did was daydream about women. I fell in love from a distance more times than I can remember. It's easy. Plus, you can attach all sorts of personal qualities to the woman without ever being disappointed.

I fell so hard for one woman in college that I decided to follow her home. Just to, uh, make sure what dorm she was in. All that year I watched her. I wandered by her building just hoping to catch one look. I knew her class schedule. I knew where she worked. The whole time I followed her my body was filled with a wonderful anxiety. But it wasn't enough. I was also trying to figure out a way to casually meet her, which meant that eventually I would have to step in front of her

(continued on page 154)

"I always smoke after sex. In case you didn't notice, I was mentally making love to you a minute ago."

Paula Barbieri

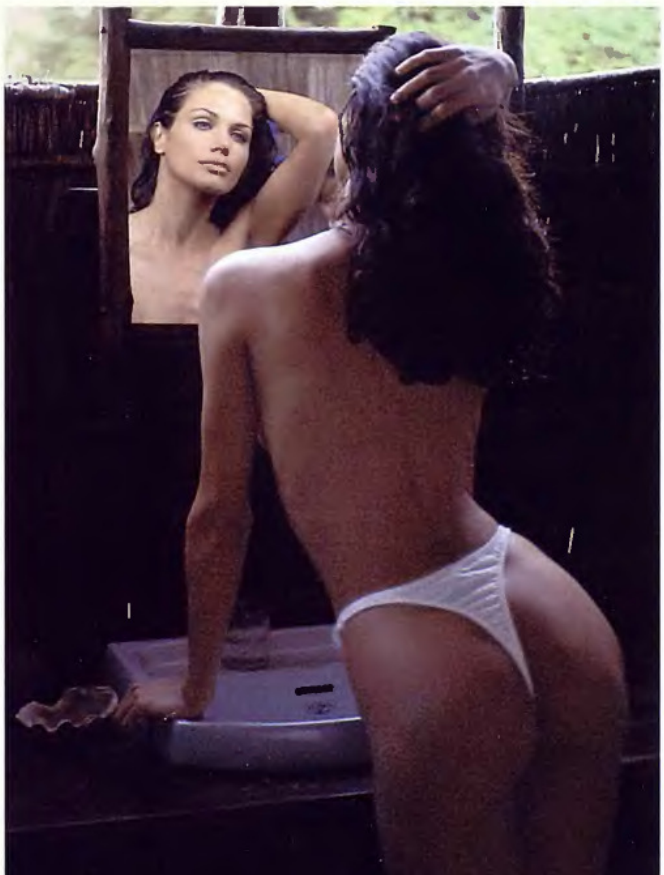
the other woman in the o.j. simpson drama

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER BEARD

"The connection we have is spiritual. It's not just the girlfriend. It is somebody who has gotten to know somebody's heart." So said Paula Barbieri to Diane Sawyer on ABC's *Prime Time Live*, describing her relationship with O.J. Simpson. A 27-year-old Elite model who has been on the cover of *Vogue* and posed in Victoria's Secret catalogs, Barbieri was the woman who accompanied Simpson to a Bel Air charity gala the night before Nicole Brown Simpson and Ronald Goldman were murdered. She was initially identified in the press as a tall, mysterious brunette, but her name quickly caught up to her face when Simpson bid her what turned out to be a very public goodbye in the presumptive suicide note his lawyer and friend Robert Kardashian read to reporters the day Simpson disappeared. And so Paula Barbieri—a self-sufficient woman, a model, an actress, a standout among those who flock to L.A.'s best restaurants and most exclusive parties—was inextricably linked with Simpson. The media attention caused her to flee to a ranch owned by friends, who supported her, just as she had consoled the sports star who is now accused of a brutal crime. Barbieri told Sawyer that she spoke to Simpson by phone almost daily after he was arrested and that,

"Paula, what can I say?" O.J. Simpson wrote in his farewell note. "You are special. I'm sorry we're not going to have our chance. God braught you to me, I now see. As I leave, you'll be in my thoughts."

though their relationship changed when he attempted a reconciliation with his ex-wife, she was his friend for life. Born and raised in Panama City, Florida, Barbieri says she was won over by Simpson's spiritual side after they met in 1992. For his part, Simpson told *The Buffalo News* last year, "This is the first woman I've been involved with who had a career. It is the first time I've had to make concessions to another schedule, which is weird to me." Barbieri has modeled since



she was a teen and is starting to make her mark as an actress. In October 1993 she learned the art of pool hustling from Francesco Quinn in an episode of Zalman King's *Red Shoe Diaries* called "Double or Nothing." Fans briefly confused Barbieri with Julia Roberts—and she even went so far as to indulge them by signing autographs "Love, Julia." A friend of Paula's, photographer Peter Beard, brought her to our attention almost a year ago, dubbing her "the body, the lips, the face" for the Nineties. These pictures were taken by Beard in and around Lamu, Kenya during a happier time in Barbieri's life. They are mementos of a woman whose beauty never blinded her to the meaning of friendship.

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN FERRY

PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST WINNER

BUCKEYE THE ELDER

fiction by BRADY UDALL
UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

A TRAVELING SALESMAN CAME INTO OUR LIVES AND THE ENTIRE FAMILY FELL IN LOVE. BUT NOTHING IS AS SIMPLE AS IT SEEMS

THINGS I LEARNED about Buckeye a few minutes before he broke my collarbone: He is 25 years old, a native of Wisconsin and therefore a Badger. "Not really a Buckeye at all," he explained, sitting in my father's recliner and paging through a book about UFOs and other unsolved mysteries. "But I keep the name for respect of the man who gave it to me, my father and the most loyal alumnus Ohio State ever produced."

Buckeye had stopped by to visit my sister, Simone, whom he has been seeing over the past week or so. Though Simone has been yammering about him at the dinner table, it was the first time I'd actually met him. When he arrived, Simone wasn't back from her class at the beauty college, and I was the only one in the house. Buckeye came inside for a few minutes and talked to me like I was someone he'd known since childhood. He showed me old black-and-white photos of his parents, a gold tooth he'd found on the floor of a bar in Detroit, a ticket stub autographed by Marty Robbins. Among other things, we talked about his passion for rugby and he invited me out to the front yard for a few lessons on rules and technique. He positioned himself in front of me and instructed me to try to get around him while he demonstrated the proper way to wrap up a player and drag him down. I did what I was told and ended up with 200-plus pounds worth of Buckeye driving my shoulder into the hard dirt. We both heard the snap, clear as you please.

"Was that you?" Buckeye said, already picking me up and setting me on my feet. My left shoulder sagged and I couldn't move my arm, but there wasn't an alarming amount of pain. Buckeye helped me to the porch and brought out the phone so I could call my mother to pick me up and take me to the hospital.

•

I'm sitting in one of the porch rocking chairs and Buckeye is standing next to me, nervously shifting his feet. He is the

picture of guilt and worry. He puts his face in his hands, paces up and down the steps, comes back over to inspect my shoulder for the dozenth time. The fractured bone pushes up against the skin, making a considerable lump.

"Snapped in two, not a doubt in this world," says a grim-faced Buckeye.

He puts his face right into mine as if

he's trying to see something behind my eyes. "You aren't in shock, are you?" he asks. "You don't want an ambulance?"

"I'm OK," I say. Other than being a little light-headed, I feel pretty good. There is something gratifying about having a serious injury and no serious pain to go with it. More than my shoulder, I'm worried about Buckeye, who acts like he's just committed murder. He asks me if I wouldn't just let him swing me over his own shoulders and run me over to the hospital himself.

"Where is my self-control?" he questions the rain gutter. "Why can't I get a hold of my situations?" He turns to me and says, "There's no excuses, none, but I'm used to tackling guys three times your size, God forgive me. I didn't think you'd go down that easy."

Buckeye has a point. I am almost as tall as he is, though at least 60 pounds lighter. I'm embarrassed for going down so easy. I tell him it was nobody's fault, that my parents are generally reasonable people and that my sister will probably like him all that much more for it.

Buckeye doesn't look at all comforted. He keeps up his pacing. He berates himself with his chin in his chest, mumbling into the collar of his shirt as if there is someone down there listening. He rubs his head with his big knobby hands and gives himself a good tongue-lashing. There is an ungainly energy in the way he moves. He is thick in some places, thin in others, with joints like those on a backhoe. He's barrel-chested, has elongated, piano player's fingers and is missing a good portion of his right ear, which, he told me earlier, had been ground off by the cleat of a stampeding Polynesian at the Midwest Rugby Invitationals.

I can't explain this, but I'm feeling quite pleased that Buckeye has broken my shoulder.

When my mother pulls up in her new Lincoln, Buckeye picks up me and the chair I'm in. With long, smooth strides he delivers me to the car, all the time saying some sort of prayer, asking the Lord to bless me, heal me and help me forgive him.

•

One of the more important things that Buckeye didn't tell me about himself that first day was that he is a newly baptized Mormon. I've found out this is the only reason my parents ever let

him within rock-throwing distance of my sister. As far as my parents are concerned, solid Baptists that they are, either you're with Jesus or you're against him. I guess they figure Buckeye, close as he might be to the dividing line, is on the right side.

In the week that has passed since the accident, Buckeye has turned our

house into a carnival. The night we came home from the hospital, me straight-backed and awkward in my brace and Buckeye still asking forgiveness, we had a celebration—in honor of who or what I still can't be sure. We ordered pizza, and my folks, who almost never drink, made banana daiquiris while Simone *(continued on page 90)*

This year marks the publication of PLAYBOY's ninth annual College Fiction Contest winner. For seven of those years, students in Marshall Arisman's class at New York's School of Visual Arts have competed to illustrate the winning story. The choice for "Buckeye the Elder" is John Fery, whose work appears on the previous page. The judges called his portrayal of the story's central figure "very plain but well painted," a description that could extend to Buckeye himself. Runners-up include (counterclockwise from top left) Tom Nick Cocotos, Su-Jung Youn, Osie L. Johnson Jr., Lane Twitchell, Mi Jung Choi and Sunny Kwak.

"You knew when you married me that I wasn't a morning person!"

Back To Campus Fashion

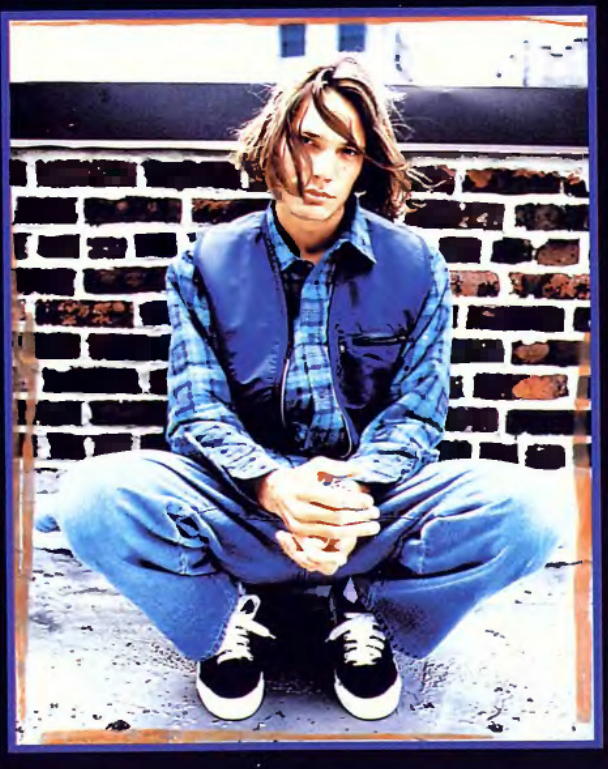
college guys are packing PCs but dressing in jackhammer chic

By HOLLIS WAYNE

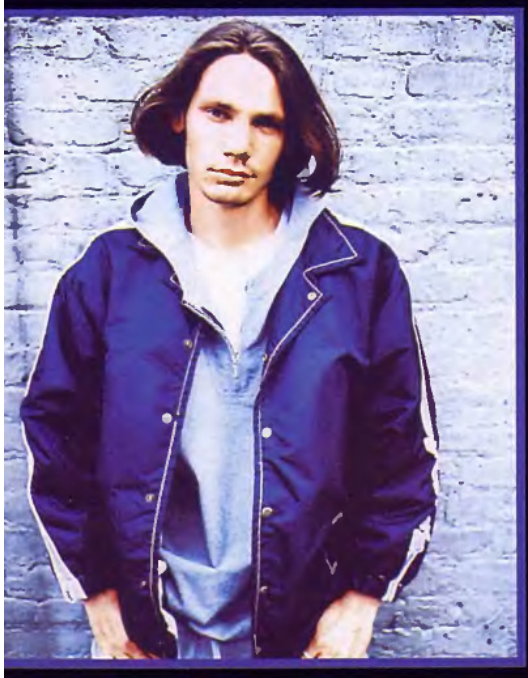
TODAY'S undergrads may be studying to become doctors and lawyers, but their clothing is a lesson in blue-collar chic. Instead of the Seattle-rocker styles of last season, guys are going grease monkey in mechanic's coveralls and boxy factory-worker jackets. A police vest also can be the ticket to looking cool on campus, especially when worn over a plaid flannel shirt that's beefy (thanks to a quilted lining) and bright. Other hot utilitarian styles: cargo and carpenter pants, peacoats and firefighter jackets with reflective trim.

Left: Kicking back in a cotton work shirt by Dr. Martens, $86; a leather vest by Mossimo, $280; a cotton-knit T-shirt by Hang Ten, $35; and cotton cargo pants by Verso, $68. (Her vest is by Laura Whitcomb.) Right: A polyurethane factory-worker jacket by Tom Tailor, $330; hanging tough over a wool sweater by Paul Smith, $350; shirt by Structure, $28; and corduroy jeans by Yes Men, $55.

While women go for the minimum (above), guys are covering up to the max. Top right: His slacker style includes a canvas jacket by Stüssy, $80; a shirt by Hang Ten, $43; corduroy jeans by Guess, $68; belt by Hangers, $10; and suede sneakers by Skechers, $45. Bottom right: A nylon police-style vest by Guess, $86; worn over a flannel shirt with quilted lining, by Dickies, about $20; work pants by Safety, $68; and suede sneakers by Vans, $52. Opposite page, left: Coveralls by Dickies, $30; paired with a flannel shirt by Guess, $76; and suede sneakers by Vans, $52. Center: Denim coveralls by Dickies, $32; worn with suede sneakers by Vans, $64. Right: Denim coveralls by Tommy Hilfiger, $250; teamed with a flannel shirt with quilted lining, by Vision, $50; and suede and canvas sneakers by Vans, $50.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVIS FACTOR



Is there a mechanic in the classroom? Coveralls, pictured on the previous page and repeated above, in close up, are this fall's top style. Take notes. Left: This five-alarm look includes a nylon firefighter's jacket with reflective stripes on the sleeves, by Verso, $98; and a cotton Henley from Double RL by Ralph Lauren, $58; plus a cotton flannel pullover shirt, $50, and washed denim jeans, $50, both by Yes Men. Opposite: Peacoats are a shore thing for fall. This oversize plaid wool model by Dr. Martens, $250, looks great over a fleece pullover shirt by Z. Cavaricci, $50, and cotton plain-front chinos by Stüssy, $44.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 149.

WOMEN'S STYLING BY STEPHEN EARASINO FOR VISAGES STYLE, LOS ANGELES
HAIR AND MAKEUP BY SHARON GAULT FOR CLOUTIER, LOS ANGELES

BUCKEYE

(continued from page 82)

"She has on lacy black panties and a cutoff T-shirt that is barely sufficient to hold in her equipment."

held hands with Buckeye and sipped ginger ale. Later, my daiquiri-inspired father, once a 163-pound district champion in high school, coaxed Buckeye into a wrestling match in the front room. While my sister squealed and my mother screeched about hospital bills and further injury, Buckeye wore a big easy grin and let my father pin him solidly on our mint-green carpet.

I suppose there were two things going on: We were officially sanctioning Buckeye's relationship with Simone and at the same time commemorating my fractured clavicle, my first manly injury. Despite and possibly because of the aspirations of my sports-mad father, I am the type of son who gets straight A's and likes to sit in his room and make models of spaceships. My father dreams that I will play point guard for the Celtics one day. My own chief aspiration is to write a best-selling fantasy novel.

My sister goes to beauty school, a huge disappointment to my pediatrician mother. Simone can't bear to tell people that my father distills sewer water for a living. Though I love them, I sincerely believe my parents to be narrow-minded religious fanatics, and as for Simone, I think beauty school might be an intellectual stretch. Our family seems to be no more than a bunch of people living in the same house who are disappointed in one another.

But we all love Buckeye. He's the only thing we agree on. The fact that Simone and my parents would go for someone like him is surprising when you consider the coarse look he has about him, the kind of look you see on people in bus stations and in the backs of fruit trucks. Maybe it's his fine set of teeth that keeps him from looking like an out-and-out redneck.

•

Tonight Buckeye is taking me on a drive. Since we met, Buckeye has spent more time with me than he has with Simone. My parents think this is a good idea; I don't have many friends and they think he will have a positive effect on their agnostic, asocial son. We are in his rust-cratered vehicle, which might have been an Oldsmobile at one time. Buckeye has just finished a day's work as a pantyhose salesman and smells like the perfume of the women he talks to on porches and doorsteps. He sells revolutionary no-run stockings that carry a lifetime guarantee. He has stacks of them on the backseat. At $18 a pair, he assures these women, they are certainly a bargain. He is happy and loose and driving all over the road. He has just brought me up to date on his teenage years, his father's death, the 13 states he's lived in and the 22 jobs he's held.

"Got it all up here," he says, tapping his forehead. "Don't let a day slide by without detailed documentation." Over the past few days I've noticed Buckeye has a way of speaking that makes people pause. One minute he sounds like a west Texas oil grunt, the next like a semi-educated Midwesterner. Buckeye is a constant surprise.

"Why move around so much?" I wonder. "And why come to Texas?"

He says, "I just move, no reason that I can think of. For one thing, I'm here looking for my older brother, Bud. He loves the Cowboys and fine women. He could very well be in the vicinity."

"How'd your father die?" I say.

"His heart attacked him. Then his liver committed suicide and the rest of his organs just gave up after that. Too much drinking. That's when I left Wisconsin for good."

We pass smelters and gas stations and trailers that sit back off the road. This is a part of Tyler I've never seen before. Buckeye pulls the old car into the parking lot of a huge wooden structure with a sign that says THE RANCH in big matchstick letters. The sun is just going down, but the place is lit up like Las Vegas. A fleet of dirty pickups overruns the parking lot.

We find a space in the back and Buckeye leads me through a loading dock and into the kitchen, where a trio of Hispanic ladies is doing dishes. He stops and chatters at them in a mixture of bad Spanish and hand gestures. "Come on," he says to me. "I'm going to show you the man I once was."

We go out to the main part, which is as big as a ballroom. There are two round bars in the middle of it and a few raised platforms where half-dressed women are dancing. Chairs and tables are scattered all along the edges. The music is so loud I can feel it bouncing off my chest. Buckeye nods and wags his finger and smiles at everybody we pass, and they respond like old friends. Buckeye, who's been in Tyler less than a month, does this everywhere we go. If you didn't know better you'd think he was acquainted with every citizen in town.

We find an empty table against the wall right next to one of the dancers. She has on lacy black panties and a cutoff T-shirt that is barely sufficient to hold in her equipment. Buckeye politely says hello, but she doesn't even look our way.

This is the first bar I've ever been in and I like the feel of it. Buckeye orders Cokes and buffalo wings for us both and surveys the place, occasionally raising a hand to acknowledge someone he sees. Even though I've lived in Texas since I was born, I've never seen so many oversize belt buckles in one place.

"This is the first time I've been back here since my baptism," Buckeye says. "I used to spend most of my nonworking hours in bars like this."

While he has told me about a lot of things, he's never said anything about his conversion. The only reason I know about it is that I overheard my parents discussing Buckeye's worthiness to date my sister.

"Why did you get baptized?" I ask.

Buckeye squints through the smoke and his voice takes on an unusual amount of gravity. "This used to be me, sitting right here and drinking till my teeth fell out. I was one of these people, not good, not bad, sincerely trying to make things as easy as possible. A place like this draws you in, pulls at you."

Watching the girl in the panties gyrating above us, I think I can see what he's getting at.

He continues: "But this ain't all there is. Simply is not. There's more to it than this. You've got to figure out what's right and what's wrong and then you've got to take a stand. Most people don't want to put out the effort. I'm telling you, I know it's not easy. Goodness has a call that's hard to hear."

I nod, not to indicate that I understand what he's saying but as a signal for him to keep going. Even though I've had my fair share of experience with them, I've never understood religious people.

"Do you know what life's about? The *why* of the whole thing?" Buckeye says.

"No more than anybody else," I say.

"Do you think you'll ever know?"

"Maybe someday."

Buckeye holds up a half-eaten chicken wing for emphasis. "Exactly," he says through a full mouth. "I could scratch my balls forever if I had the time." He finishes off the rest of his chicken and shrugs. "To know, you have to do. You get out there and take action, put your beliefs to the test.

(continued on page 163)

"First time you've been with a hooker—right, mister?"

FIRST DATES MADE EASY

tongue-tied? our surefire questionnaire will give you—and her—something to talk about

I GO ON a lot of dates, which means that I go on a lot of first dates. I'm no expert, but you would think that after almost 20 years of dating, I'd know what I was doing. A lab rat could find the lettuce in the maze with its eyes closed after that much practice. Yet, even after all this time, I handle a first date like Bill Clinton handles questions about his affairs—I stumble, I sweat, I lie and I make my friends do the spin control afterward.

I still dread that moment on a first date, between the salad and the main course, when I realize I've pretty much run out of things to talk about. I've already found out about her job, her family and her childhood. As for me, I have already told my date everything I'm comfortable with her knowing without revealing that I cried during Richard Nixon's "My Mother Was a Saint" speech. I try to save that revelation about my sensitive side for the third date.

I have had to come to terms with an important fact: My life isn't so interesting that I can pass an entire evening talking about it. Chances are that a discussion about my date's life isn't that time-consuming, either. The average person doesn't spend his or her weekend airlifting medical supplies to Bosnia-Herzegovina. If my date actually had done anything extraordinary, I probably would already have seen her on Dave or Jay, and the story would be ruined by the time we got to it.

So, what to talk about on a first date? I think it was Nietzsche who said, "A man without a plan is not a man." With that thought in mind, I devised a plan for first dates that would eliminate all embarrassing lulls in conversation. Actually, I came up with a simple list of questions that I take out and ask all my first dates. This may sound rude, even arrogant, but believe me, the great majority of women I have read my list to have cheerfully played along by answering the questions. After all, I believe it was Letterman who said, "A man without a list is a man with too much dead air."

My questionnaire is designed to help me really get to know a woman and understand the way she thinks about the important things in life. I cover philosophy, politics, music, movies, ethics and, of course, sex. More important, it's a lot of fun. Chances are, if you find talking about each other's lives boring, she does too. So, with the hope that none of us ever dates the same women, I give you my secret to a fun and successful first date.

etiquette by Myles Berkowitz

Will you pay for my dinner?

DID YOU KNOW SOMEBODY IN HIGH SCHOOL WHO DIED IN A CAR CRASH?

Where is the weirdest place you have had sex?

**Money, power or fame—
you can have only one. Which one would you choose?**

HOW OLD WAS THE OLDEST MAN YOU HAVE HAD SEX WITH?

Do you recycle? If so, how conscientiously?

WHAT FICTIONAL CHARACTER FROM MOVIES, TV, BOOKS OR CARTOONS WOULD YOU SAY YOU ARE MOST SIMILAR TO?

Do you like to sleep at your place or his?

Are you qualified for your job?

HAVE YOU EVER STOLEN OFFICE SUPPLIES?

Who is David Klingler?

CAN YOU UNDERSTAND THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ABORTION DEBATE?

Which of your friends would you most like to watch have sex, and why?

How old were you when you lost your virginity?

HAVE YOU EVER HAD SEX IN YOUR OFFICE?

What is the sexiest food?

HAVE YOU SLEPT WITH BILL CLINTON? CAN YOU EXPLAIN WHY SOME WOMEN HAVE?

Do you talk to people seated next to you on an airplane? What makes a good airplane companion?

Have you ever had a near-lesbian experience?

IS ELVIS OVERRATED?

Can you use a computer?

WOULD YOU SLEEP WITH RUSH LIMBAUGH FOR $100,000? FOR $1 MILLION?

Who's the funniest woman on TV? Is she sexy?

What was the most important event in your life?

WOULD YOUR BEST FRIEND LIKE ME?
DID SHE LIKE YOUR LAST BOYFRIEND?

What is the greatest number of people you've had sex with in a 24-hour period?

HAVE YOU EVER READ A ROMANCE NOVEL?

Can you drive a stick shift?

**Do you laugh at Howard Stern? David Letterman?
Tim Allen? Pauly Shore?**

YOU HAVE TEN MINUTES TO PACK UP YOUR THINGS BEFORE A FIRE DESTROYS YOUR HOUSE. WHAT DO YOU TAKE WITH YOU?

What is the one question you most want added to this list?

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JERRY MC DONALD

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

FROM RUSSIA, WITH BRAINS

playmate victoria zdrok is passionate about freedom and the american way

I ONCE HAD to write an essay titled 'Why I Love Lenin More Than My Mother,'" Victoria Nika Zdrok says, recalling one of her grade school assignments in the Ukraine. "In kindergarten we learned little poems about Lenin and what a wonderful man he was. The indoctrination started early."

Victoria and the heavy-handed Soviet system were not a good match. Miss October is very much a woman of her own mind, and an impressive mind it is. She speaks five languages—Russian, Ukrainian, English, French and German. She is enrolled at two Philadelphia colleges in a dual law-and-psychology program; after finishing the seven-year course, she'll be an attorney and a clinical psychologist. (With a J.D. and Ph.D. to add to her 36C, think of the vanity plate possibilities.)

To unwind, she reads 19th century French poetry. "Let me read you one of my favorites," Victoria says as she pulls a volume from a shelf inside her book-filled suburban Philadelphia apartment. Leaning back against the sofa, her body tucked away inside a conservative navy pinstriped suit, she reads aloud in melodic French, then begins to translate the meaning.

Even as I try to pay tribute to her intellectual prowess, my attention is diverted to a large photo of Victoria. Earlier in our interview, Victoria had fetched the centerfold from this PLAYBOY spread and placed it in my hands.

"Have you seen it?" she had said innocently. No, I stammered, I had not. I swallowed.

"It's a very nice picture," I said.

She smiled sweetly. Not knowing exactly what to do with the photo after that, I laid it sunny-side up on the table between us. And now, Victoria the body beckons from below, while Victoria the brain translates poetry directly across from me.

"There is a funeral," Victoria says. "The only

Former Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev (above left) was not aware of one of his great deeds until he met Victoria in Philadelphia. She told him: "Thank you for giving me an opportunity to self-actualize in the U.S."

bird in the village is being buried, and the girl who loved the bird is crying. A cat comes up to her and says, 'I'm upset you are crying. If I had known that you liked that bird so much, I would have eaten the entire bird, not just half. And I would have told you that she flew away to a beautiful country. You would have missed the bird, but you would not have felt such grief and sadness.'

"I love the poem," Victoria says, "even though I don't agree with its meaning—that some things are better left untold. I like to know things. I'm an explorer."

It was Victoria's thirst for knowledge and intellectual freedom that led her on her journey to the United States. Her father, a photojournalist, and her mother, a professor, were not members of the Communist Party. "I was very talented, but I knew I could not make it in a system that lacks democracy and freedom of expression. In history classes, teachers discouraged any questions that did not conform with their line."

Victoria began applying to study in the U.S. when she was 13, after meeting some American professors in Kiev. For three years she pleaded her case at the doors of government functionaries in Kiev and Moscow, filled out form after

Yet another reason to applaud the fall of the Soviet system: "The celebration of a woman's looks is not a part of Communist society," Victoria explains. "In Kiev I did not think of myself as pretty. I never knew for sure that I was attractive." She finally got the hint after she won a couple of swimsuit contests on Florida beaches and received invitations to model.

form and was subjected to "every possible medical exam." She recalls one fat apparatchik who leered at her and asked, "Why do you want to go to America? That's a society for prostitutes and drug addicts. Is that what you want to be?" Finally, at 16, she was granted permission to study at a high school in Florida. By the time she was 18, she had zipped through college, receiving her degree from West Chester University, outside of Philadelphia. Her goal, after receiving her joint J.D. and Ph.D., is to explore areas "where law and psychology intersect—for instance, to work with battered women or on issues involving child custody." I glance at the photo again. I ask her what made her decide to pose for

Victoria wants her graduate school classmates to know that she posed for PLAYBOY as a form of self-expression. "I'm very liberal," she says. "I grew up in Russia when our own sexual revolution was starting to take place." And if some of her politically correct classmates object to these photos? "I cannot worry too much about it. I'm someone who follows my own course."

PLAYBOY. "I've always believed that professional women should be able to freely express their sensuality and not feel like they're constricted by society," she responds. "I feel that I am reaching out to women with a message of support. If you model, you do not have to be considered limited in your cognitive capacities. I know the Catharine MacKinnon followers would disagree, but that's why I love this country. People can have their own opinions. There was no equivalent of PLAYBOY in the old Soviet Union. It was banned, along with many other Western publications. To me, the magazine represents free-expression ideals."

Victoria has her own ideas about what she finds insulting to women. "The commercials that show women with new washers and driers. To me, that's oppression."

Victoria says she found posing for the centerfold to be a "sensual experience. It had to be, in order to express that message."

But she admits, "When I was doing the shoot, I couldn't wait to get home and read a book. I need to be intellectually stimulated constantly." —MICHAEL GERHART

MISS OCTOBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Victoria Nika Zdrok

BUST: 36C WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 120

BIRTH DATE: 3/3/73 BIRTHPLACE: Kiev, UKRAINE

AMBITIONS: To make the law serve people, not lawyers. To promote human rights that transcend national boundaries.

TURN-ONS: Magnanimous people, kindness, victory at chess.

TURNOFFS: Bigotry, violent movies, censorship. My own cooking. Yuch!

WHAT I'M NOT: A sheep. A blind follower. A yes-woman.

MY PHILOSOPHY: I prefer the calculated risk and thrill of fulfillment to the mundane life of playing it safe.

THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW: That judgment shall not be based solely on a person's physical appearance.

Age 8 - Back in the USSR

Hoping to take 8 eight

my 10th birthday party

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

An antelope and a lion took a booth in a roadside diner. When the waiter came over, the antelope said, "I'd like a bowl of hay and a side order of radishes, please."

"What will your friend have?"

"Nothing for him."

"Isn't he hungry?"

"Idiot!" the antelope exclaimed in disbelief. "If he were hungry, would I be sitting here?"

What's safe sex to a politician? No press.

I'm worried that I'm losing my wife's love," the husband told the counselor.

"Has she started to neglect you?"

"Not at all," the dejected man replied. "She meets me at the door with a cold drink and a warm kiss. My shirts are always ironed, she's a great cook, the house is always neat, she keeps the kids out of my hair. She lets me choose the television shows we watch and she never objects to kinky sex or says she has a headache."

"So what's the problem?"

"Maybe I'm just being too sensitive," the husband ventured, "but at night, when she thinks I'm sleeping, she puts her lips close to my ear and whispers, 'Die! Die, you son of a bitch!'"

Sean's friend Patrick had phenomenal luck at the dog track. Curious, Sean asked him if he had a system. Patrick explained that before going to the track, he always stopped at a church and lit a 30-cent candle.

The next time Sean was bound for the races, he detoured to a church and went in. He noticed that there were both 30-cent and 60-cent candles. Figuring he'd ensure the Almighty's good graces, he bought the costlier candle and was furious when his dog finished the race dead last. "Your system stinks," Sean complained to his friend.

"Did you light a 30-cent candle?" Patrick asked him.

"Hell, no, I lit a 60-center," Sean replied.

"Well, no wonder!" Patrick howled. "The 60-cent candles are for horses."

And will there be anything else, sir?" the bellboy asked after setting out an elaborate dinner for two.

"No, thank you," the gentleman said. "That will be all."

As the young man turned to leave, he noticed a beautiful satin negligee on the bed. "Anything for your wife?" he asked.

"Yes, that's an excellent idea," the fellow replied. "Bring up a postcard."

What's safe sex in Montana? They brand the sheep that kick.

When the newlywed came home to find his wife sobbing in the bedroom, he rushed to put his arms around her. "Darling, what's the matter?" he asked.

"I baked you a chocolate layer cake," she whimpered.

"Honey, that's nothing to cry about," he said soothingly.

"I know," she replied, drying her eyes. "But I set it on the kitchen table and Bowser ate it."

"That's OK, honey," he said. "I'll buy you another dog."

How do you spot the Deadheads on an offshore drilling rig? They're the ones throwing bread crumbs to the helicopters.

Sharon woke to find her husband pacing the floor at three A.M. "Why can't you sleep?" she asked as she turned on the light.

"Hon, I'm in a terrible bind. I borrowed a thousand bucks from Sam next door and promised him I'd pay it back tomorrow," he replied, wringing his hands. "I just don't have the money."

His wife jumped out of bed and flung open the window. "Sam!" she shouted. "Sam! Hey, Sam!"

Finally, the groggy neighbor opened his window. "What is it?" he asked.

"You know the thousand dollars my husband owes you? He doesn't have it."

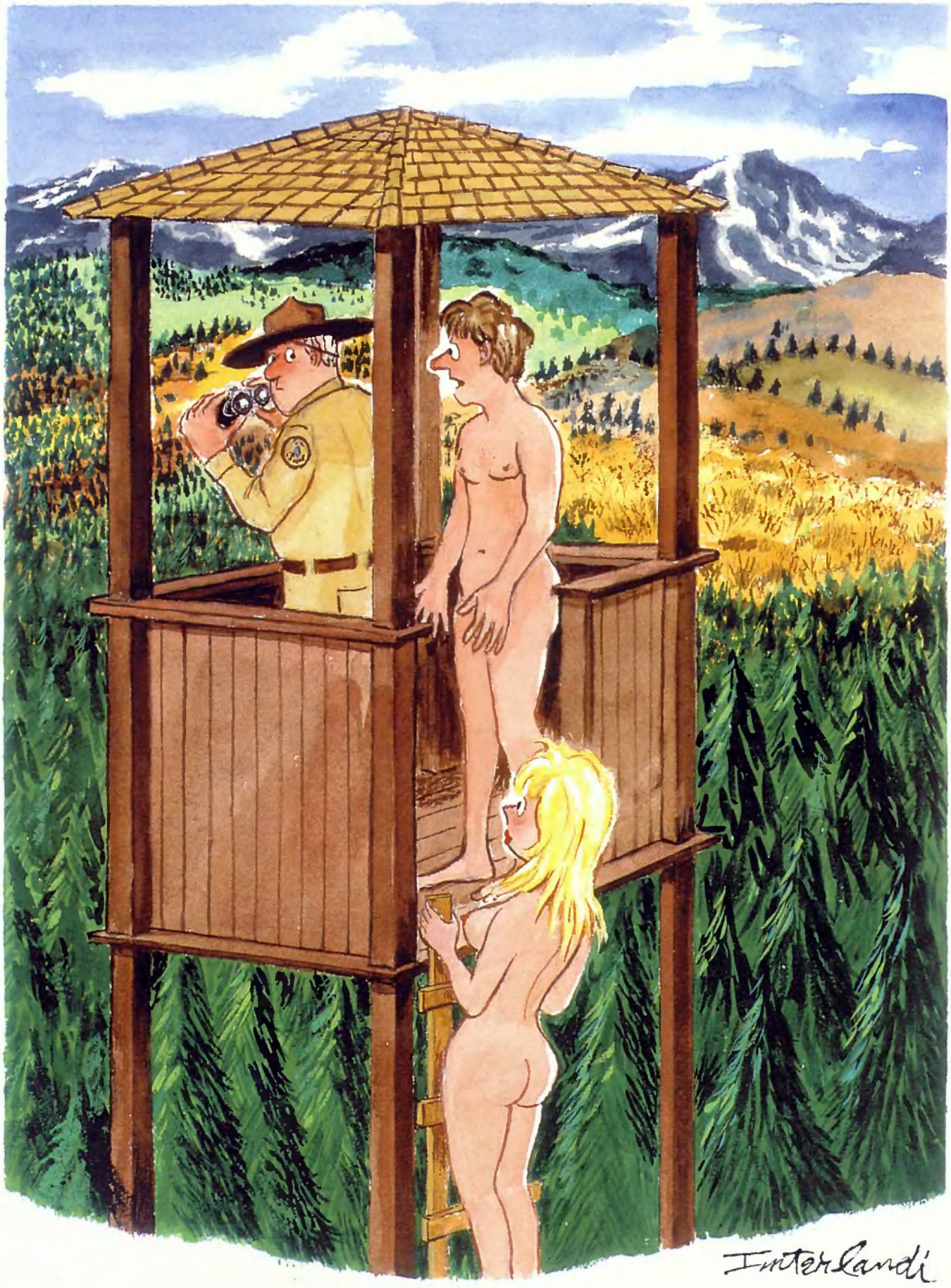
She shut the window and climbed back under the covers. "Now," she told her husband, "go to sleep and let him pace the floor."

As an off-off-Broadway actor ordered a cup of coffee at a seedy Manhattan restaurant, he spotted a longtime rival busing dishes. "My God," the first thespian sarcastically drawled, "what's a man with your enormous talent doing slaving in a greasy spoon like this?"

"At least," the second man retorted, "I don't eat here."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: What do Bill Clinton and Bart Simpson have in common? Bad hair days.

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*



"We'd like to report a stolen Harley."

PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW

OUR PRESEASON PICKS OF THE TOP COLLEGE TEAMS AND PLAYERS

After narrowly losing the crown to Florida State in last season's Orange Bowl, Nebraska appears to be ready to win its first national championship since 1971.

SPORTS BY GARY COLE

THE NCAA president's commission is evidently composed of contraries. Maybe you remember the contrary from the Dustin Hoffman film *Little Big Man*. He was the Indian who walked backward, who said no when he meant yes, who washed his face in ashes instead of water. Last July the commission, the key to the NCAA legislative process, washed its collective face in ashes by refusing further study on a playoff system for college football. According to NCAA president Joseph Crowley, "the level of interest simply isn't there." His remark may spark a debate over who is more out of touch: the NCAA on the subject of a football playoff or the Vatican on the merits of birth control.

Sports fans clearly favor playoffs over the mystery of the polls. A playoff system, incorporating most of the strongest bowls, would relieve the logjam of nine or ten great games wrapped around New Year's Eve and brighten a few evenings in January. Is that too much to ask?

We figure the NCAA will stick its head in the artificial turf until the end of the decade. By then, the Big Ten–Pac Ten Rose Bowl contract will expire, allowing the granddaddy of all bowls to join in the playoff picture. The money a championship series could generate is about equal to the price tag Rush Limbaugh puts on a national health care system, and it is money that the NCAA will desperately need in order to make gender equity (the equal funding of men's and women's sports) a reality. So maybe there's hope—for the year 2000.

As the NCAA dropped the ball, other off-field controversies were going strong—conference mergers, scandals involving sleazy agents, midnight shopping sprees at the local sporting goods store and a surreptitiously tape-recorded sex session between a kicker and a coed. But if we get into all that, there'll be no space for the anticipated action on the field. If you're interested in that stuff, read *Sports Illustrated* or *The Enquirer*. If you're interested in college football, read on.

1. NEBRASKA

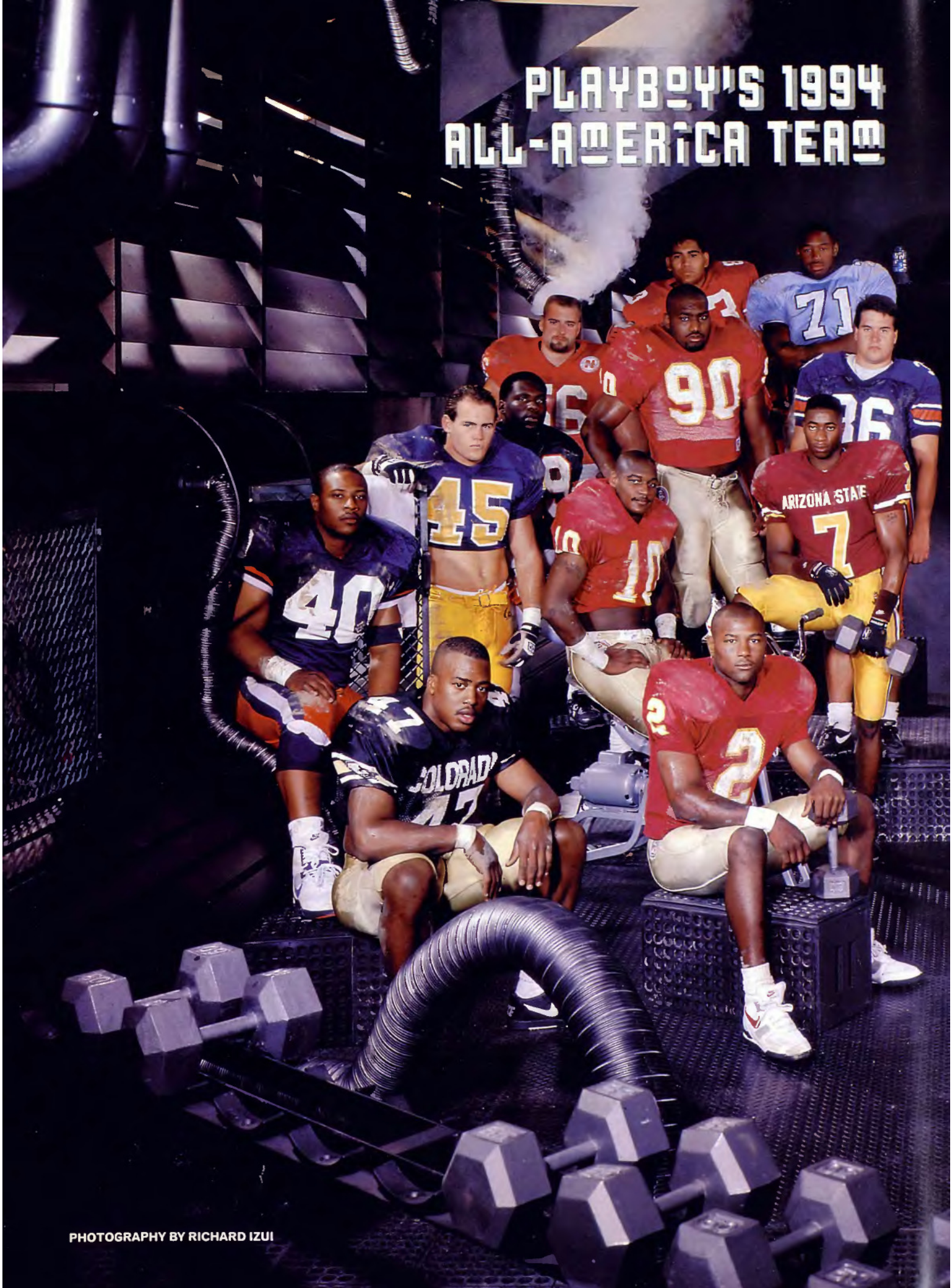
Respect is one of the most overused words in the sports lexicon. But there's no other way to describe what Nebraska lacked and what it was playing for when the Cornhuskers entered last year's Orange Bowl matchup against powerhouse Florida State. No one except the most fanatic Big Red followers gave Tom Osborne's boys the faintest chance of success. Though Osborne's career coaching stats are 206-47-3, his Husker teams have been a bust in bowl play. This is particularly true at the Orange Bowl, where Nebraska regularly gets its corn shucked by one or another of the Florida football teams. Going into the game as 17-point underdogs despite an 11–0 record, Nebraska missed winning the game and the national championship in the final second, when its field-goal kicker

TOP TWENTY TEAMS

1	NEBRASKA	12-0
2	FLORIDA	11-1
3	COLORADO	9-2
4	NOTRE DAME	9-2
5	FLORIDA STATE	9-2
6	ALABAMA	9-2
7	PENN STATE	9-2
8	MICHIGAN	9-2
9	ARIZONA	9-2
10	TENNESSEE	9-2
11	MIAMI	9-2
12	AUBURN	9-2
13	OHIO STATE	9-2
14	WISCONSIN	8-3
15	TEXAS A&M	8-3
16	OKLAHOMA	8-3
17	NORTH CAROLINA	8-3
18	VIRGINIA TECH	8-3
19	CALIFORNIA	8-3
20	UCLA	8-3

The next 20: Texas, USC, Illinois, West Virginia, Stanford, BYU, Arkansas, Louisville, Georgia, Virginia, Boston College, Arizona State, Michigan State, Clemson, Washington, Utah, Kansas State, LSU, Kentucky, Kansas

PLAYBOY'S 1994 ALL-AMERICA TEAM



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

DEFENSE

Opposite page, left to right, top to bottom: (83) Luther Elliss, lineman, Utah; (71) Marcus Jones, lineman, North Carolina; (56) Rob Zatechka, Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete, Nebraska; (90) Derrick Alexander, lineman, Florida State; (36) Terry Daniel, punter, Auburn; (45) Jerrott Willard, linebacker, California; (49) Sean Harris, linebacker, Arizona; (10) Derrick Brooks, linebacker, Florida State; (7) Craig Newsome, back, Arizona State; (40) Dana Howard, linebacker, Illinois; (47) Chris Hudson, back, Colorado; (2) Clifton Abraham, back, Florida State.

OFFENSE

Above, left to right, top to bottom: (78) Korey Stringer, lineman, Ohio State; (52) Corey Raymer, center, Wisconsin; (54) Steve Ingram, lineman, Maryland; (71) Tony Boselli, lineman, USC; (37) Bjorn Merten, placekicker, UCLA; (7) Joey Galloway, receiver, Ohio State; (1) Jack Jackson, receiver, Florida; (18) J.J. Stokes, receiver, UCLA; (33) Brent Moss, back, Wisconsin; (69) John Jones, lineman, Kansas; (10) Eric Zeier, quarterback, Georgia; Barry Alvarez, Coach of the Year, Wisconsin; (6) Tyrone Wheatley, back, Michigan; (34) Leeland McElroy, kick returner, Texas A&M.

Accommodations provided by the Pointe Hilton Resort at Tapatio Cliffs, Phoenix, Arizona.

THE PLAYBOY ALL-AMERICAS

PLAYBOY's College Football Coach of the Year for 1994 is **BARRY ALVAREZ** of the University of Wisconsin. Four years ago Alvarez took over a moribund Badger program and turned it into a national contender. Last season, Wisconsin won a share of the Big Ten championship ond a school-record ten games, including a 21–16 victory over UCLA in the Rose Bowl. Alvarez and the Badgers beat their often-favored opponents. But they also overcame distractions at Camp Randall Stadium, where 69 fans were injured in a postgame stampede, and a grueling trip to Tokyo to play Michigan State at the end of the regular season. Alvarez, who played at Nebraska, was an assistant coach for ten years—first under Hayden Fry at Iowa and then under Lou Holtz at Notre Dame—before taking over at Wisconsin.

OFFENSE

ERIC ZEIER—Quarterback, 6'2", 207 pounds, senior, Georgia. Set 11 SEC records, including passing yards in a game (544), passing yards in a season (3525) and total offense in a season.

TYRONE WHEATLEY—Running back, 6'1", 226, senior, Michigan. Two-time Playboy All-America. Rushed for 1129 yards, 13 TDs last season.

BRENT MOSS—Running back, 5'9", 205, senior, Wisconsin. Nation's top returning rusher with 1637 yards. Big Ten MVP. Rose Bowl MVP.

J.J. STOKES—Receiver, 6'5", 214, senior, UCLA. Top returning receiver in nation, with 128 career receptions for 1964 yards and 24 TDs.

JACK JACKSON—Receiver, 5'9", 171, junior, Florida. 51 receptions for 949 yards, 11 TDs last season. Averaged 28 yards on kick returns.

JOEY GALLOWAY—Receiver, 5'10", 180, senior, Ohio State. Had 47 receptions (20.1 yards-per-catch average) and 11 TDs.

COREY RAYMER—Center, 6'4", 290, senior, Wisconsin. Anchored Badger offensive line last season.

TONY BOSELLI—Lineman, 6'8", 305, senior, USC. First player named Playboy All-America three times.

KOREY STRINGER—Lineman, 6'6", 310, junior, Ohio State. Consensus All-America after sophomore season last year.

JOHN JONES—Lineman, 6'1", 300, senior, Kansas. Two-time Big Eight. Jayhawk MVP last season.

STEVE INGRAM—Lineman, 6'5", 283, senior, Maryland. All-ACC. Highly regarded by pro scouts.

BJORN MERTEN—Placekicker, 6', 203, sophomore, UCLA. Only fourth freshman to be named first-team AP All-America. Successful on 21 of 26 field-goal attempts. Of 58 kickoffs, 38 reached the end zone.

LEELAND MCELROY—Kick returner, 5'11", 200, sophomore, Texas A&M. Nation's leading kick returner last season with 39.3-yards-per-return average. Also rushed for 613 yards (8.5-yard average per carry).

DEFENSE

DERRICK ALEXANDER—Lineman, 6'5", 282, junior, Florida State. AP and UPI All-America in first season as starter.

MARCUS JONES—Lineman, 6'6", 260, junior, North Carolina. All-ACC second team in sophomore year.

LUTHER ELLISS—Lineman, 6'5", 285, senior, Utah. Two-time All-WAC. Has 161 career tackles, including 14 sacks.

DERRICK BROOKS—Linebacker, 6'1", 225, senior, Florida State. ACC Defensive Player of the Year and finalist for Butkus Award for nation's top linebacker.

JERROTT WILLARD—Linebacker, 6'2", 230, senior, California. Led Pac Ten in tackles for past two years. Finalist for Butkus Award last season.

SEAN HARRIS—Linebacker, 6'3", 235, senior, Arizona. All-Pac Ten. Had 85 tackles last season, including nine for losses.

DANA HOWARD—Linebacker, 6', 235, senior, Illinois. Big Ten Defensive Player of the Year last season.

BOBBY TAYLOR—Secondary, 6'3", 201, junior, Notre Dame. One of three finalists last season for Thorpe Award for nation's top defensive back. (Not pictured)

CLIFTON ABRAHAM—Secondary, 5'9", 185, senior, Florida State. All-ACC. 90 career tackles, six interceptions.

CHRIS HUDSON—Secondary, 5'11", 190, senior, Colorado. All-Big Eight and semifinalist for Thorpe Award last season.

CRAIG NEWSOME—Secondary, 6'1", 190, senior, Arizona State. All-Pac Ten in first season after transferring from junior college.

TERRY DANIEL—Punter, 6'1", 226, senior, Auburn. Top punter in school's history. Averaged 46.9 on 51 punts last season. Longest punt for 71 yards.

drove the ball wide left from the 28-yard line. In every way except the final score (18–16), Osborne and the Huskers won the game. With tons of talent returning and a reasonable schedule, as well as the confidence and, yes, the respect they won last New Year's Day, Nebraska is primed to be the national champion. Key to the Huskers' success is junior quarterback Tommie Frazier, who gives Osborne's offense more than just a powerful rushing game. Calvin Jones left early for the pros, but even Roseanne Arnold would pick up yards behind tackle Zach Wiegert and an offensive line that averages more than 300 pounds of muscle. 12–0

2. FLORIDA

When Florida has a solid defense, the Gators are a threat to win every time they take the field. Coach Steve Spurrier always seems to find a way to create a potent offense, and the defense should be the best he's had since arriving in Gainesville four years ago. The Gators return eight starters on the defensive side, 18 of the top 22 players from last season's two-deep chart. On offense, Spurrier has two excellent quarterbacks, senior Terry Dean and sophomore Danny Wuerffel, who split starting duties last year and combined for 39 touchdown completions. Based on a strong performance this spring, Dean will be Spurrier's starter going into the season. Whoever throws the ball, look for Playboy All-America wide receiver Jack Jackson to catch it. Running back Errict Rhett's defection to the pros is a loss, but the Gators should have no trouble scoring points (they averaged more than 40 per game last season). Seven home games at the Swamp—where Florida has posted a 23–1 record since Spurrier arrived—won't hurt. 11–1

3. COLORADO

Colorado has enough talent to make a run at the national title this year—depending on the performance of senior quarterback Kordell Stewart, the Buffaloes' all-time passing leader. Trouble is, he has a rep for screwing up in critical situations. If Stewart falters, coach Bill McCartney can always bring in sophomore phenom Koy Detmer (younger brother of Ty), who redshirted last year. Nine starters return on offense, including tailback Rashaan Salaam, who had 844 yards last season; spectacular wide receiver Michael Westbrook; and Christian Fauria, one of the best tight ends in the nation. The effectiveness of these performers will be enhanced by a first-rate offensive line. Colorado doesn't give away much

(continued on page 140)

"Lydia's the only sure thing in the casino."

PLAYBOY PROFILE

Killer in the Courtroom

SHE OUTRAGED THE JUDGE, FASCINATED THE PUBLIC AND KEPT ERIK MENENDEZ FROM GOING TO THE GAS CHAMBER. WILL LESLIE ABRAMSON'S ACT PLAY AGAIN?

BY JOE MORGENSTERN

HERE'S A mind game for Menendez watchers of all stripes and convictions: Start by thinking back to last winter's trial (rather than forward to the new one that will start soon, or the one after that, in which the horror of parricide may finally be leavened by the pathos of mid-life crisis). Next, clear the courtroom of all but the most vivid, compelling characters. Who remains? Perhaps Lyle, whispering the first details of abuse. Perhaps Erik, sobbing and scrunch-faced. Conceivably deputy district attorney Pamela Bozanich, deriding the proceedings as a cheap version of *Divorce Court*, or Judge Stanley Weisberg, chewing them over like a hunk of persimmon that he's bitten off and can't spit out. But surely, unavoidably, the spotlight of recollection shines on Leslie Abramson, the dominatrix-like prosecutor who wears her hair in a frizzy nimbus and her heart on her lips.

Prosecutor? That's right, in every way but the titular. When the trial began, the groundlessly self-assured Bozanich may have seen Abramson simply as Erik's lead defense attorney, a woman who, like Lyle's chief counsel, Jill Lansing, was highly regarded by her peers but doomed to defend an indefensible client. Yet Abramson quickly stole Bozanich's thunder, and Lansing's spotlight, by prosecuting the putative victims, Jose and Kitty Menendez, for crimes of malparenting that amounted to attempted pubescide and adolescicide.

Never mind that Jose and Kitty were dead, and dead under circumstances that might have struck some jurors as unseemly. Abramson went after her client's departed parents with the same mixture of wrath, scorn and moral outrage that she visited on Bozanich, the prosecutor representing the people of California; on Weisberg, the beleaguered judge; and on a string of cringing, befuddled witnesses. This was not the first time. In a 1988 trial in Los Angeles that foreshadowed the Menendez case in both circumstances and strategy, Abramson's client was Arnel Salvatierra, a 17-year-old who stood accused of murdering his father while the man slept. She prosecuted the dead parent for child abuse with such pitiless energy that the son got off with voluntary manslaughter. The judge, who placed Salvatierra on probation, said admiringly after the trial that Abramson's closing argument "made you want to go out and dig up that father and hang him."

The Menendez trial was Abramson's moment, and she seized it by the throat, by the balls, by any appendage, appurtenance or extremity that she could twist to the advantage of her client and, by extension, of herself. She flirted with contempt by taunting the judge, whom she obviously viewed as a sorry excuse for a Solomon. When he warned her to watch her mouth, she rolled her eyes and shook her head. She romanced a robotic camera, strutted her 4'11" stuff like some Madonna of Court TV (or, in the words of *New York Times* television critic John J. O'Connor, "the Bette Midler of the criminal courtroom") and gave great sound bites in the corridors. In the course of four grueling years on the case, she graduated from being Leslie Abramson, the first-rate criminal attorney she'd been for a decade, to the nation's most notable trial lawyer and a certified celebrity named Leslie. ABC hired her as an on-air legal expert during the O.J. Simpson preliminary hearing, giving her another nightly shot of fame. Now she plans to write a book, thinks about hosting her own talk show, tries out prolix versions of that show at dinner parties across the land and will soon be up to her old tricks, and some new ones, when the hitherto luckless People seek, yet again, to convict her client and his brother.

Leslie Abramson's newfound fame owes a lot to her client's address. If Erik and Lyle had been *(continued on page 134)*

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE

D. Levine 94

Above: Currently available only in Europe, the new Wilkinson Protector with a curved handle uses twin wire-wrapped blades, which help prevent nicks and cuts, $5 (look for it in the States soon). Below: A simulated-ivory-handled razor with a 24-kt.-gold-plated head fitted with a Gillette Sensor blade, from the Floris of London Shop, $55.

HOW TO CUT THE STUBBLE WITH STYLE AND GET A PERFECT SHAVE—PLUS A GUIDE TO THE BEST BARBERSHOPS IN AMERICA

close shave

By DONALD CHARLES RICHARDSON

SHAVING IS more than a grooming procedure. It's a masculine ritual. To learn the secrets of a great shave, we contacted three top blade runners—Joseph Conway, master barber at London's Geo. F. Trumper barbershop; Fred Wexler, director of research for Warner Lambert (the company that manufactures Schick and Remington razors); and Kirk Merchant, owner of Truefitt & Hill, a tony barbershop in Chicago.

Our three experts agree that preparation of the face is the most important part of any shave. Begin by showering so that your face is thoroughly wet. If your beard is tough or your skin is sensitive, you should rub a moisturizer into your whiskers (Unique Shave Solution by Mont Source is a shaving oil that's also an excellent preshave preparation).

It's time to lather up. While the most popular products for this are foams by Drakkar Noir, Polo Sport and others, many men still prefer soap in a cup. Also, shaving creams in jars and tubes are becoming increasingly accepted and are available in a variety of fragrances.

Most creams can be applied with your fingers, but for the *(concluded on page 152)*

Left: This badger-bristle shaving brush with a satin-finished sterling-silver handle and matching razor (pictured at right) is sold as a set by Asprey, New York, $1750.

Above: The Schick Tracer boasts a unique "flooting action" design that enables its twin-bladed shaving cartridge to conform to the user's face, thus minimizing nasty nicks. It sells for $3, including an organizer and travel case for storing the razor and extra cartridges.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

Above: Designed to be used while you're taking a shower, the Wally Razor, which is so sleek it's sold at New York's Museum of Modern Art, comes with a suction-cup hanger that adheres to smooth surfaces. Wally is molded from nonskid rubber and takes Wilkinson System II, Schick Super II ond Gillette Trac II blades. It sells for about $20. Left: The ubiquitous disposable Bic, about $1 for a bag of six.

Above: An ebony-handled razor by Geo. F. Trumper that's just one of about 400 styles made by the British company. This model, which takes Gillette blades, is available for $55 from Borneys New York. It's sold with a matching shaving brush, $65, and a brass stand that holds both the brush and the razor, $60.

Above: The cutting edge of razor chic—Asprey's satin-finished sterling-silver razor, which takes Gillette, Schick and Wilkinson blades, $1750, including the matching brush, opposite left, and a leather case. Below: Already available in Europe, Gillette's new Sensor Excel has a unique Flex-grip handle and a skin guard composed of five flexible microfins. It will begin appearing in Stateside stores this manth for abaut $4.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 148.

GAHAN'S MONSTERS

wilson is a master of the macabre. here are some classics from his disquieting art

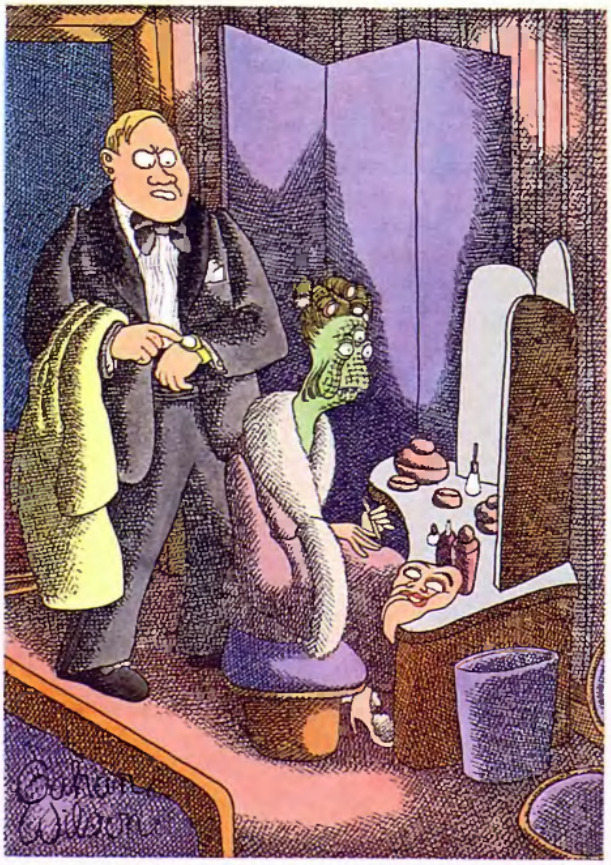
"Sorry to keep you so late, but I'm determined to get to the bottom of this werewolf fixation of yours."

"When did you first become aware of this imagined plot to get you, Mr. Potter?"

"I've told you, not when company's here!"

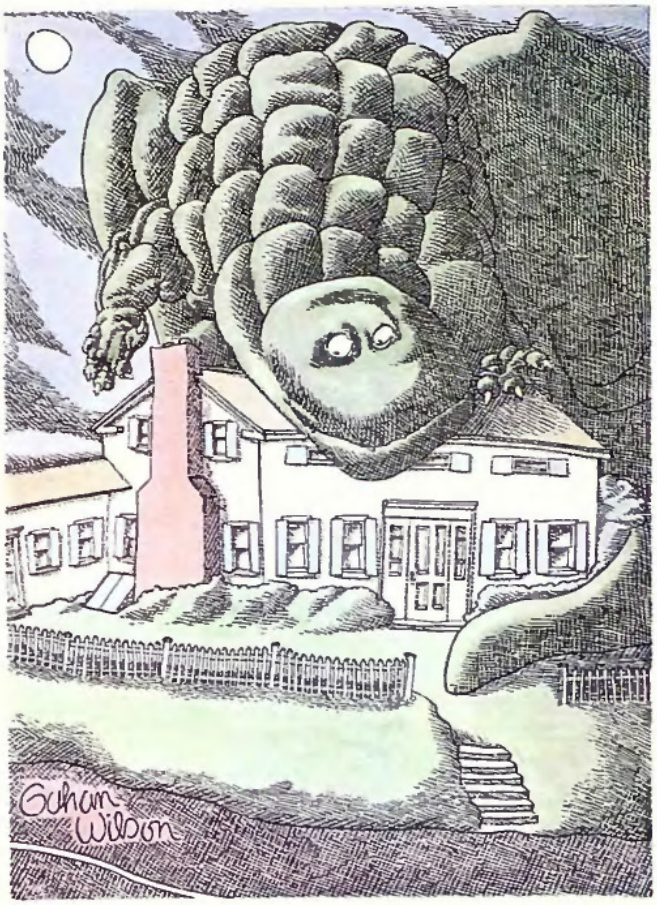
"Accursed daylight saving time!"

"Now that you've come of age, son, I think it's time your old dad let you in on our little family curse."



"You mean to say you haven't even put your face on yet?"

"To tell the truth, I wish this place hadn't caught on with the werewolves."



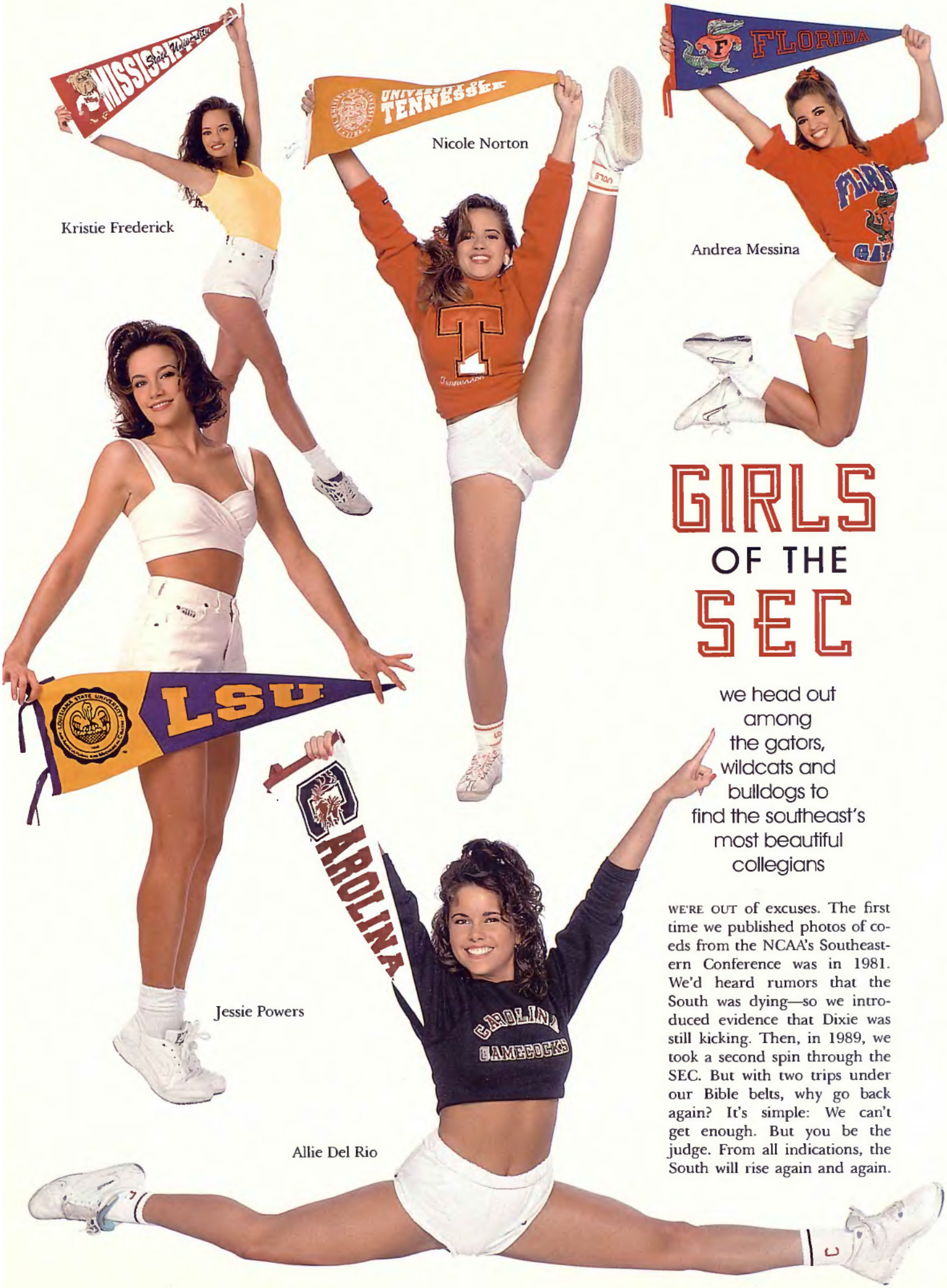
"There! I heard it again!"

"Don't let it get away!"

"What can I say, kid? I never thought you'd make it out of horror movies!"

"My husband, of course, will want a den."

Gahan
Wilson



GIRLS OF THE SEC

we head out among the gators, wildcats and bulldogs to find the southeast's most beautiful collegians

WE'RE OUT of excuses. The first time we published photos of coeds from the NCAA's Southeastern Conference was in 1981. We'd heard rumors that the South was dying—so we introduced evidence that Dixie was still kicking. Then, in 1989, we took a second spin through the SEC. But with two trips under our Bible belts, why go back again? It's simple: We can't get enough. But you be the judge. From all indications, the South will rise again and again.

Alexis Hammond

Heather Etheridge

Tracy Blackburn

Kelly McDowell

Angela Brown

Pamela Case

Lisa Renee

Taking a study break at Vanderbilt University is Heather Yellape (above), a chemical-engineering major originally from the cool climes of Massachusetts. An avid reader and beach bum, Heather confesses a shy streak. "I'm pretty quiet," she says, "not a big party animal. I'm happy just to spend time with my friends." The University of Kentucky's Jann Roberts (below) is a mover and shaker. Her passions include aerobics and country line dancing. Heather Etheridge (right) ranks as the University of Mississippi's finest psych major/calendar girl/weight lifter. Her big peeve: men on steroids.

Kelly Jacksan (abave) is pursuing a career in allied health at the University af Kentucky, while Vanderbilt's Pamela Case (below), a premed/chem major, plans ta become a dactar. Pam is part Cherokee and shows tribal loyalty with her feather tattoo—though she won't say where it is.

Lisa Renee (top left) fled the traffic jams, long lines and crowds in her native Pennsylvania to attend the University of Georgia, where life has a more genteel pace. A public relations major who loves thunderstorms and swimming with dolphins, Lisa is irked by "mismatched undergarments and catty people." Broadcast journalism major (and part-time waitress) Jill Joffrion (left) studies at Louisiana State University. She likes meeting new people and dreams of having her own talk show. Heather Wynters (above) is a third-generation Georgia Bulldog. This future attorney majors in criminal justice, minors in Spanish and frequents the dean's list. Heather likes fast cars and going off-road in her Jeep.

CAROLINA

From the University of South Corolina, Jon Pollock (obove) is an outdoorswoman learning the indoor trade of odvertising. Her least favorite people ore "guys who stare at themselves in mirrors." High-flying at the University of Georgia is Ano Christensen (right), who says she once was a "not-so-normal bookworm." These doys, Ana is choosing o coreer—either as a dancer or "editor-in-chief of one of my favorite magazines." Above Ana, meet a sextet of her Georgia schoolmates (clockwise from bottom left): Mary Sims, Suzanne Edgerton, Reneé Merino, Sharla Johnson, Wynn Westmorelond and NyQuell Jockson (center). Sorry, we didn't get the mascot's name.

Above, the knockout at the side pocket is LSU's Jennifer Riles, o mechanical engineering student. Sundi Whitemon (below) studies nursing at the University of Florida. "I've sneoked peeks at PLAYBOY since I wos eight," says Sundi. "Now I con't woit to see myself." We're certoinly pleosed with what we see.

LSU's Margaret Scarborough (left) majors in business, crunches numbers for a chemical plant, likes to hunt and fish and does promotions for Budweiser. Oh, and lightning struck twice: She's also a twin. Fellow LSU Tiger Sarah Oja (above) is an Arkansas-born future CPA who looks forward to starting her own business. She likes "cold weather, sunshine, mountains and oceans." University of Florida nursing student Robyn Coyne (below) shoots pool, enjoys international cuisines and is a certified CPR instructor and part-time model.

And now o visit to Clinton country: Showna Moore (obove) ottends the University of Arkansos, where she studies droma ond is sociol choirmon of her sorority. Her one-line thesis on romance: "Dumb guys ore o complete turnoff." Also from UA is zoology mojar Julie Clem (below). Her choice in men: fighter pilots. And on the opposite poge, cheers to o fabulous fivesome from Auburn University (from left ot top): Angelo Nordis, Kellie Smith, Miriom Phillips, Kristi Evans ond Stefonie Pruitt.

Chasing an advanced degree in exercise science at Auburn is Leigh Douglas (left), who hopes to work in corporate fitness. Someone special in Leigh's life? Sure: Polly, her six-toed cat. From the University of Alabamo comes o diverse duo: Yolonda White (above), who is pursuing her Ph.D. in criminol justice ond wants to become a federal probotion officer, ond Kathleen Peterson (below), who is o Delta Sigmo Phi sweetheart. Kathleen loves the outdoors ond wolks in the woods with her wolf, Tundro.

"Most women dream about posing for PLAYBOY," says Mississippi Stote University's Dono Nelson (top left), "ond I actually got to do it." Dona is a physics major and saxophonist. Chris Sospedra (left) studies accounting ot Auburn. She likes to go camping ond is a riflery and archery instructor. Soro Johnson (above), who likes to ploy soccer ond enjoys hiking, lived in Africo and the Caribbean before enrolling ot the University of Tennessee. She hopes to become o registered dietition. Our finol visit on the SEC tour is with Sara's UT schoolmate Gina May (opposite). Although Gina's major is undecided—she knows thot she wonts to work with children—her allure is undeniable.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN AND DAVID MECEY

Leslie Abramson *(continued from page 114)*

"She came on like Princess Leia, the heroine who stands up to the toughest customers in the cosmos."

poor white trash from Elm Street in Podunk, TV would never have given them or their lawyers a glass-eyed glance. But rich kids from Elm Drive in Beverly Hills meant big bucks for broadcasters, plus a circulation bonanza for the supermarket tabloids, as well as for such publications as *People* magazine. The brothers were cast as fallen princes, while Abramson came on like Princess Leia, the spunky little heroine who stands up to the toughest customers in the cosmos.

In the process, Jill Lansing was cast as the Invisible Woman. COMBATIVE LAWYER LESLIE ABRAMSON FIGHTS TO SAVE ERIK AND LYLE MENENDEZ trumpeted the headline of *People*'s simplistic profile. Nowhere did the piece mention Lansing, let alone give her credit as Abramson's equal in fashioning the brothers' defense. (Which was far from revolutionary, despite the furor over the relevance of child abuse. Given the fact that the boys had killed their parents, Abramson and Lansing began, as any competent lawyers would have, by looking at the relationship between killers and victims. Then they made the same decision that Abramson had made in the Salvatierra case: to go with a variation of the increasingly familiar battered woman defense. Lyle and Erik, they contended, killed out of a fear of their parents that justified finding the brothers guilty of manslaughter rather than murder.)

After the stunning outcome—two hung juries—reporters noted that Abramson, unlike Lansing, had split her jurors sharply on gender lines, with most women voting for manslaughter and the men for first- and second-degree murder. Indeed, her jury's deliberations were exceptionally rancorous, with the men shouting at the women for being blinded by their emotions, and the women denouncing the men for sexism and homophobia. But anyone carrying the analysis a step further would have observed that Abramson, with a more sympathetic and demonstrably less culpable client—Erik's big brother admitted to firing shots at close range—had done no better than Lansing. In fact, she didn't do as well when it came to individual jurors' votes for specific degrees of guilt.

If this selective star treatment was unfair, it was also inevitable. In court and out, Lansing's demeanor was calm and carefully nuanced—Dominick Dunne described her, in *Vanity Fair*, as having the elegance of Grace Kelly—though she also achieved eloquence and power when the occasion demanded it. By contrast, Abramson brought to the courtroom, and to press conferences, the ferocious energy, riveting anger and plain old star quality of a consummate performer—Dunne and others drew the obvious parallel to Barbra Streisand. That meant nolo contendere in the fame game; a Barbra will upstage a Grace every time.

Yet Abramson's success in the courtroom, like Streisand's virtuosity onstage, owes little or nothing to the trappings of conventional celebrity. Her reputation, as distinct from her newfound fame, rests on her brilliance as a trial lawyer. In the 15 capital cases she has tried, only one of her clients has gone to death row. "I've seen a lot of lawyers in the 24 years I've been on the bench," says Los Angeles Superior Court Judge George Trammel, before whom the now-50-year-old Abramson successfully defended a security guard accused of rape and murder, "and I would certainly rate Leslie as one of the best from the standpoint of jury persuasion and her ability to represent her client. I don't know that I would ever look to anyone and say that they're the best, but she's right at the top of the list."

The same verdict is rendered by her adversaries, or those she sees as her enemies because they aren't her friends. One prominent name on her enemies list is Alan Dershowitz, a media star in his own right who has publicly denounced the so-called abuse excuse that proved so effective in the Menendez case. "Alan Dershowitz is jealous of me," Abramson reportedly announced with characteristic modesty at a social gathering in Los Angeles earlier this year, "because now I'm the most famous Jewish lawyer." But Dershowitz, denying jealousy and improbably claiming ignorance of Abramson's Jewishness, says he thinks she's terrific.

"I have only the highest praise for anybody who could pull off a hung jury in that case. What I have contempt for is the abuse-excuse defense, and I'm writing a book that uses *Menendez* as a paradigm of a situation where it shouldn't be allowed. But if I were in her place and if my client told me what I assume her client told her, I would have used the same defense, and probably not as successfully. You know, people used to go up to my mother on the street and say, 'I *still* think Claus von Bulow is guilty,' and she'd tell them, 'Well, that makes my son an even better lawyer.' I know the Menendez brothers are guilty, and that makes Leslie Abramson an even better lawyer. But someone should tell her she's not the most famous Jewish lawyer, or even the most famous woman lawyer. That title goes to Ruth Bader Ginsburg."

•

Everyone who followed the Menendez trial on TV has a favorite Abramson moment. For some it was when Judge Weisberg, whom Abramson refers to among friends as Judge Iceberg, tried fruitlessly to stop her from mugging for the jury and the audience. "Are you inviting the court to find you in contempt?" he asked. "Because you are indicating that you are going to do contemptuous things."

"No, no," Abramson replied wearily but loftily, like Joan of Arc about to be singed by a gas log. "I'm only saying there's so much unfairness one can bear."

For others it was her cross-examination of Grant Walker, a painfully nervous, weirdly prissy pool repairman who testified for the prosecution about an argument between the boys and their parents shortly before the killings. Lyle, Walker claimed, had said a particularly vulgar thing.

"What vulgar thing did Lyle say?" asked Abramson, deadpan.

"Different words," Walker replied petulantly. "I don't choose to say them."

"Well, I'm asking you to say them."

"I'm just uncomfortable." Walker turned from Abramson, who was superbly comfortable, and appealed silently to the judge for help. The judge urged him to say the words.

"Fuck, and words similar to that."

Abramson's comfort level climbed another notch. "Is there a word similar to fuck?"

"Yes, there is."

"And they said fuck and they said shit," Abramson ventured briskly, dismissively.

"Yes."

"And you had never heard a teenage boy say fuck and shit before?"

"Yes, I have," replied the pool man. "But not to his parents."

Then there was the moment, at the start of an astonishing three-day

(continued on page 159)

"Well, of course that's what she's doing! Why do you think they call them handmaidens?"

20 QUESTIONS

HEATHER LOCKLEAR

As Amanda Woodward on the reinvigorated "Melrose Place," Heather Locklear, 33, is the perfect Los Angeles landlord. She's blonde, beautiful and lives on the premises. She's nosy and expects the rent on time. On TV shows past, we might simply have called her the bitch. On "Melrose Place," Locklear goes bitch one better, and everyone loves her for it. They also love that she has a résumé that includes "Dynasty," "T.J. Hooker," assorted TV movies and her exercise video, "Heather Locklear Presents Your Personal Workout," not to mention her marriage to and divorce from Motley Crue drummer Tommy Lee. Through it all, Locklear has remained the wholesome party girl next door. Contributing Editor David Rensin met with Locklear in Los Angeles. "Heather loves champagne. I wish I had known that before I arrived empty-handed."

1.

PLAYBOY: These days most women in America won't take phone calls between nine and ten P.M. on Wednesday evenings because they're glued to *Melrose Place*. Explain the show's appeal to women.

LOCKLEAR: They like it because the women hold all the power—which is as it should be—and the men have no balls. So often women are on the other side of that coin. It is also great to see the men take off their shirts for a change. It's great to see the men get beat up a little bit in relationships. We don't want to make it like the guys are just dumb, of course. They are smart, but the women are just smarter. Also, the women get to have as much sex as they want and jump from bed to bed. No one's going to give them shit for it. Or at least they won't give Amanda shit for it. Naturally, the actresses are real happy with this arrangement. As for the actors, I don't know about Andrew, but Grant's like, "Give me back my balls, please." He's always fighting it. He goes, "Look, come on! I look like a wimp here. I need some balls." I'm saying, "Yeah, yeah, yeah. Shut up, lie down and stay hard."

the babe who owns melrose place explains the hazards of dating below your station, why women should have all the power, and the unexpected joys of calf exercises

2.

PLAYBOY: On *Dynasty*, Sammy Jo was a slut. On *Melrose Place*, Amanda's a slut with an agenda. Is this progress?

LOCKLEAR: It's just intelligence. [*Laughs*] When I got the role I said I wanted Amanda to be an intelligent, aggressive businesswoman in her 30s. I'm finished with playing twenty-something. They added all the sluttiness later. But I figure as long as I look smart doing it, that's fine. At first, Amanda's role was described as "adding a character for a while," a love interest for Billy. Then they added the little conflict with Alison, who wasn't competitive or a bitch. Actually, she's a whiner. Unlike other shows, *Melrose Place* has no bible mandating what will happen. If a couple of scenes seem to work in dailies, they'll run with it. If the audience picks up on it, they'll run with it. And they'll drop all other story lines to focus on the good one.

3.

PLAYBOY: Describe the story line that you would like to see, but which the writers and producers would never think of.

LOCKLEAR: I would have Amanda do really offbeat stuff, like going to a humiliation-sex club. Get some tattoos! Rough her up a bit. Something different, weird. I don't know if Amanda would don the gear, but she could watch. We would see her reaction, her darker side. I'd like to see her say, "I have to finish this meeting, get this advertising stuff over with, so I can get to the club!" She carries the whip in her briefcase. And a black mask. Just a little hard-core.

4.

PLAYBOY: Amanda sleeps with guys below her station. Billy is a good example. Is that something a woman in your position should avoid in real life?

LOCKLEAR: I've definitely done it. It's kind of awkward. Not that one person's smarter than the other—there's just a difference in what you've experienced in life. It might work for some people, but never for me or the people I've been with. It doesn't mean that because the guy is a gas station attendant and the woman is an executive, they can't relate. I just need more equality—someone on the same level. [*Smiles*] My experiences were OK, just not my favorite. I don't like paying for everything. Also, when you've been in a business so long and somebody else is so green and excited about it and everything is new, it's almost like being a teacher. You don't want somebody to be so fascinated that they can't relate to you on a real level. It's not the difference in earning power, though—as long as he doesn't say, Take me here, take me there. And no autograph requests, either.

5.

PLAYBOY: What does producer Aaron Spelling know about what America wants to watch? What need in the American psyche does he address?

LOCKLEAR: If I knew, I would be doing it myself.

6.

PLAYBOY: When was the last time you were mistaken for Heather Thomas?

LOCKLEAR: Just recently. A police car pulled up next to me on Santa Monica Boulevard. These two cops waved hello. One of them rolled down the window and said, "He thinks you're Heather Thomas. I say you're Locklear." I go, "Give him a ticket." He goes, "Do you want me to punch him for you?" I said, "Yeah," so he punched him! It never ends. Another example: Just after my ex-husband and I had started going out, we were having a three-hour phone conversation. Finally, we hung up, but moments later he called back, excited. "Heather! Heather! Heather!" he said. "You're on TV right now!" I thought, I'm not on TV tonight. Then I realized that he thought I was Heather Thomas. I said, "Are you watching *The Fall Guy*?" and he said, "Yeah." So, I was like, "Maybe you don't want to go out with me, because I'm not her." Fabulous. Then I said, "I will forgive you. You're lucky you get to go out with me." If I knew then what I know now. . . .

7.

PLAYBOY: If you could have been granted any one of Tommy's tattoos in the

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN SIGOLOFF

divorce settlement, which one would you have picked?

LOCKLEAR: The one that says "Heather," of course. It's on his arm. It's a black rose with a banner. It's very pretty. Actually, all of his tattoos are pretty, taken one by one.

8.

PLAYBOY: When you were on *T.J. Hooker*, who spent more time looking in the mirror? You, James Darren or William Shatner?

LOCKLEAR: I think they were neck and neck. It wasn't me, believe it or not. [*Laughs*] Remember, I was 21, and at that age you can stay up all night and not wear any makeup and still look good. But I was totally intimidated by William Shatner. Whenever I did scenes with Adrian Zmed, I felt very comfortable. We'd start and then all of a sudden William Shatner would come in. I'd have two lines left and flub them. I don't know why that happened.

9.

PLAYBOY: Pretend a Locklear is the name of a wrestling hold, a car and a medical procedure. Describe each.

LOCKLEAR: [*Laughs*] As a wrestling hold, it would be a leglock around the waist. As a car, it would be sleek and smooth and black and long. [*Embarrassed laugh*] And as a medical procedure [*very long pause*], I don't know, but my crotch comes to mind—maybe because I just came from the gynecologist.

10.

PLAYBOY: There's a bristly tension between Amanda and Alison, a sort of underlying sexual attraction. Under what circumstances would Amanda do something about it?

LOCKLEAR: [*Smiles*] I think it's between Heather and Courtney, but yeah, you could say Amanda and Alison. I think Amanda wouldn't mind following up if she knew she would get a really good account from it.

11.

PLAYBOY: Who is the role model for your rigorous work ethic?

LOCKLEAR: My mom. She's always busy, always working. She worked when we were younger. And she encouraged me. She always said, "Heather, dance on tables. Go do it." I've always remembered that—especially the time I was dancing with no underwear on a table. "But my mother said I could!"

12.

PLAYBOY: Describe the pleasures and horrors of bikini waxing.

LOCKLEAR: Did it this morning! To myself. I do it to all my girlfriends. The pleasure is that it's smooth and beautiful, and perfectly manicured. The horror is the stickiness that you can't get off. I can live without it. Just use a razor.

13.

PLAYBOY: When would you just as soon have a man do it?

LOCKLEAR: I'd like to say all the time. But I know I do a lot of "Let's do equal," "Let's split," "I can open my own door" stuff. Because I'm an idiot! Because I want to be independent. I want to make sure that I can stand on my own two feet. Well, OK, Heather, you've made sure. Now let them pay.

14.

PLAYBOY: You made an exercise video. Ever pull anything while working out?

LOCKLEAR: No, but there's this really weird thing with my calf muscles. My calves are just skinny and weak and gross. When I clench them too many times, it starts to feel really funny in a certain place. I have to stop immediately because I don't know what will happen. Is that weird or what? I've asked my girlfriends if this happens to them. My trainer says, "There she goes!" And I say [*out of breath*], "OK, I have to stop!" I have to hold back. At least when I'm in the gym. [*Laughs*] Another thing that does it is playing Ms. Pac-Man. This is the stupidest thing. If I get really into the game, I go, "Oh, I have to stop!" Maybe you shouldn't use this. That's all I'm going to say about this. But maybe someone will give me a Ms. Pac-Man. Champagne, Ms. Pac-Man and calf exercises, and I'm in heaven.

15.

PLAYBOY: How much do you enjoy watching yourself on-screen?

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LOCKLEAR: I definitely don't. I can't get past the physical parts that I don't like. I shouldn't tell you which because then you'll say, "Yeah, you're right." [*Pauses*] OK, OK. Well, usually my hair's not combed right. I have a real problem combing my hair, as you can tell right now. My mother says, "Heather, can you please brush your hair before you leave the house?" and I just don't. To me I look better messy, but it's not good when they're trying to make it neat and it stays messy. And, let's see . . . my roots. And the shadows on my nose and sometimes the wrinkles around my eyes.

16.

PLAYBOY: We're certainly not suggesting one, but is there a face-lift in your future?
LOCKLEAR: I'd probably do it, except that I saw the procedure in a magazine—oh my God! Yuck! The skin away from the muscle? You could see the cheek. Oh, God, yuck! That freaked me out. After I saw that, it just seemed too weird. Scary. Besides, afterward it looks weird. You look like an alien. But who knows? I might be an alien 20 years from now going, "Yeah, I got a good night's sleep!"

17.

PLAYBOY: Describe your favorite pajamas.
LOCKLEAR: I have cotton long johns with feet. Buttons on the front and safety pins holding on half the buttons. There's a seat that pulls down, so I don't have to get cold when I go to the bathroom. The safety pins are not a fashion statement. I just haven't had the time to take a needle and thread and fix the buttons.

18.

PLAYBOY: What would you like to do for Wayne and Garth to show your appreciation for their Locklear devotion?
LOCKLEAR: I'd get them backstage passes to a Motley Crue concert.

19.

PLAYBOY: On *Melrose Place* you collect the rent. What do you collect for real?
LOCKLEAR: Beige lipsticks. Not that I mean to. I have this problem. Every time I see a certain shade of beige when I'm walking through a department store, it's, "Oh, let me see this! Oh, look at this!" My girlfriend will say, "You have 30 of them at home." Then I'll see another one and I'll have to stop. She'll say, "Would you hurry? We have to go!" Then, "Do you know what? You have a problem. You have too many beige lipsticks. You will have to go to Beige Anonymous."

20.

PLAYBOY: Under what circumstances do you wear red lipstick?
LOCKLEAR: Can't answer that. But if I have red nails and red lipstick, there's only one thing I'm about to do. Calf exercises.

"Hey, Vincent, I have a great idea for you! Up the road on the left, a field of bright yellow wheat against the sun-filled sky. In the foreground, the deep violet black of a freshly plowed field."

PIGSKIN PREVIEW

(continued from page 112)

on defense either—the only potential weak spots are at outside linebacker, where two starters from last season have graduated. The schedule is tough (Michigan, Texas and Nebraska on the road), but the Buffs may be tougher. 9–2

4. NOTRE DAME

Lou Holtz and the Irish had better hope that quarterback phenom Ron Powlus is completely healed (Powlus broke his clavicle in last season's final preseason scrimmage); a successful Notre Dame season rests on his shoulders. From the looks of Powlus this past spring, he should be up to the job. Holtz will find other things to fret about. Offensive linemen Aaron Taylor and Tim Ruddy, along with Bryant Young on the defensive side, have graduated from Saturday heroes to Sunday pros. The Irish lack experience at both punting and kicking positions. And Holtz has to integrate four new assistant coaches into his system, including new offensive and defensive coordinators. On the plus side, Notre Dame has Powlus, Playboy All-America defensive back Bobby Taylor, superb runner Lee Becton, lots of aspiring talent and that great fight song. Holtz has at least one more national championship on his wish list before retirement. 9–2

5. FLORIDA STATE

Midway through last season, football pundits were describing Florida State as the team of the decade, the team of the century, the best college football team ever. Why not? The Seminoles were annihilating everything in their path: 42–0 over Kansas, 57–0 over Clemson and 51–0 over Georgia Tech. These weren't games, they were knockouts. After its first eight fights, FSU was up on its opponents by a combined score of 374–51. Coach Bobby Bowden, perennial national champion also-ran, was sure his team could not be stopped. Or could it? Enter hype, Holtz, the Catholics, the Irish, *Rudy*. Even Heisman winner Charlie Ward couldn't get the job done, as Florida State fell 14 yards and one play short. Final score: Notre Dame 31, Also-rans 24. But the football gods finally smiled on Bowden, the church deacon and recruiter extraordinaire who had earned seven straight top-four finishes and nine straight bowl appearances. Boston College visited South Bend, Touchdown Jesus couldn't take sides, the Catholics beat the Catholics and the door opened for FSU. Now it may be closing again. Last May it was alleged that several Seminoles had accepted clothes and money before the Orange Bowl. While investigations continue, Bowden shows no interest in retiring and still has blue-chip football talent three deep. In fact, Florida State's

only vulnerability (other than the question of its continuing eligibility) is at quarterback now that Charlie Ward calls the NBA home. His replacement will come from a trio of candidates: juniors Danny Kanell and Jon Stark, who split backup duty last season, and redshirt freshman Thad Busby. The Seminoles are especially tough on defense, where three Playboy All-Americas promise to make life miserable for opponents: cornerback Clifton Abraham and a pair of Derricks, Alexander at end and Brooks at outside linebacker. 9–2

6. ALABAMA

Coach Gene Stallings entered last season with visions of a second consecutive national championship dancing in his head. The schedule was favorable, most of his talent—at least on offense—was back and archrival Auburn was suffering under an NCAA-imposed probation. But the offense stagnated, the defense slipped and the Crimson Tide never came in. Despite winning nine games, including a 24–10 victory over North Carolina in the Gator Bowl, Stallings' vision turned into a nightmare with the Tide falling to LSU and Auburn in the regular season, and then losing to Florida in the SEC championship. Stallings has brought in Homer Smith as the new offensive coordinator, and quarterback Jay Barker is ready for his senior season. But multithreat speedster David Palmer left a year early for the pros, and the defense is short on quality linebackers, usually a Bama long suit. The defense will switch from a 3–4 to a 4–3 in an attempt to cover the weakness. The schedule is again favorable, except for a visit to the Vols in Knoxville. If the Tide can rediscover its chemistry, Alabama could find itself back in the national championship hunt. 9–2

7. PENN STATE

Penn State, long synonymous with great defense, demonstrated a startling ability to score points last season, leading the Big Ten in scoring with a 32.4-per-game average. The Nittany Lions should be even better this year. Returning are quarterback Kerry Collins, who threw for 792 yards and six TDs with just two interceptions over the last three games last season, and running backs Ki-Jana Carter, Mike Archie and Jon Witman. Split end Bobby Engram is explosive as both a receiver and a punt returner. Coach Joe Paterno's biggest concern is his defense, where he must replace eight starters. But Linebacker U always has enough tough talent to make life difficult for opposing offenses. 9–2

8. MICHIGAN

They don't like football prognosticators these days at Michigan. The Wolverines finished the year 8–4, including a Hall of Fame win over North Carolina

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This year's Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete is Rob Zatechka from the University of Nebraska. A two-year starter on the Cornhuskers' offensive line, Rob is a GTE All-America, a Hitachi All-America and a member of the Golden Key National Honor Society, the Mortar Board National Honor Society, the Biology Honors program at Nebraska and the Phi Beta Kappa Honor Society. His majors are biological sciences and premedicine and he has a 4.0 grade point average for his four-year collegiate career.

Honorable Mention: Michael Blanchard (LSU), Howard McGowan (UNLV), James Spaman (Navy), Ryan Christopherson (Wyoming), Boomer Foster (South Carolina), David Wendt (Ohio), Ryan Padgett (Northwestern), Michael Gilmore (Florida), Rich Kaiser (Western Michigan), Matt Taffoni (West Virginia), Jim Herndon (Houston), Tom Hutton (Tennessee), Jim Klein (Illinois), Jason Jones (Utah), Greg Myers (Colorado State), Patrick Jeffers (Virginia), Tony Boselli and Rob Johnson (USC), Steve Stenstrom (Stanford), Joey Galloway (Ohio State) and Kane Rogers (Oregon State).

REST OF THE BEST

QUARTERBACKS: Rob Johnson (USC), Steve Stenstrom (Stanford), Dave Barr (California), Scott Milanovich (Maryland), John Walsh (BYU), Chad May (Kansas State), Tommie Frazier (Nebraska), Maurice DeShazo (Virginia Tech), Stoney Case (New Mexico), Ron Powlus (Notre Dame)

RUNNING BACKS: Brandon Bennett (South Carolina), Napoleon Kaufman (Washington), Lee Becton (Notre Dame), Robert Walker (West Virginia), Rashaan Salaam (Colorado), Curtis Johnson (North Carolina), Ki-Jana Carter (Penn State), Michael Davis (Mississippi State), Mike Alstott (Purdue), Curtis Martin (Pitt)

RECEIVERS: Bobby Engram (Penn State), Mill Coleman (Michigan State), Lee DeRamus (Wisconsin), Michael Westbrook and Christian Fauria (Colorado), Brice Hunter (Georgia), Chris T. Jones (Miami), Pete Mitchell (Boston College), Mark Bruener (Washington), Kez McCorvey (Florida State), Stepfret Williams (N.E. Louisiana), Amani Toomer and Mercury Hayes (Michigan), Mike Adams (Texas)

OFFENSIVE LINEMEN: Zach Wiegert (Nebraska), Reuben Brown (Pitt), Blake Brockermeyer (Texas), Jon Stevenson (Alabama), Clay Shiver (Florida State), Mark Birchmeier (Michigan State), Jeff Smith (Tennessee), Tom Robsock (West Virginia), Jason James (Fresno State), Zev Lumelski (Miami)

DEFENSIVE LINEMEN: Tedy Bruschi (Arizona), Pat Riley (Miami), David Turnipseed (South Carolina), Mike Frederick (Virginia), Steve Hodge (Colorado State)

LINEBACKERS: Lorenzo Styles (Ohio State), Steve Morrison (Michigan), Randall Godfrey (Georgia), Rohan Marley (Miami), Ed Stewart (Nebraska), Antonio Shorter (Texas A&M), John Holecek and Simeon Rice (Illinois), Dan Conley (Syracuse), Matt Taffoni (West Virginia), Peter Tuffo (Western Michigan), Phil Dunn (Akron), Abdul Jackson (Mississippi)

DEFENSIVE BACKS: Ty Law (Michigan), Kenny Gales (Wisconsin), Greg Myers (Colorado State), Chris Shelling (Auburn), Sam Shade (Alabama), Larry Kennedy (Florida), C.J. Richardson (Miami), Tony Watkins (South Carolina), Alundis Brice (Mississippi), Tony Bouie (Arizona), Ray Mickens (Texas A&M)

PLACEKICKERS: John Becksvoort (Tennessee), Judd Davis (Florida), Michael Proctor (Alabama), Marshall Young (Texas–El Paso), Lawson Vaughn (Oklahoma State), Roger Miller (N.E. Louisiana)

PUNTERS: Todd Sauerbrun (West Virginia), Shayne Edge (Florida), Jim DiGuilio (Indiana), Brad Faunce (UNLV)

State (42–7). That's twice as many wins as losses. But the season was a bust because almost every football pundit, including this one, had picked Michigan to finish among the top five teams in the nation. Coach Gary Moeller blamed injuries to linebackers Steve Morrison and Matt Dyson. Both are back and healthy this season. Trent Zenkewicz up front and Ty Law in the backfield will also help revive the defense. Michigan will be even stronger offensively. Senior quarterback Todd Collins already has more than 2500 yards and 24 touchdowns through the air. The offensive line is solid, the receivers are three and four deep and two-time Playboy All-America Tyrone Wheatley (our favorite to win the Heisman trophy) is in the backfield. Only a brutal schedule that features out-of-conference games against Boston College, Notre Dame and Colorado keeps the Blue out of the top five this time. 9–2

9. ARIZONA

"An ass-kicking of some proportions" is how people in Tucson describe Arizona's 29–0 defeat of Miami in the Fiesta Bowl last January 1. The win marked Arizona's emergence as one of the big boys of college football. Not that it hadn't already been one of the more ferocious defensive teams in the past couple of years—number one against the rush, number two overall last season. It's just that the Fiesta Bowl proved the Wildcats could do it in the big game and put up points of their own as well. The defense, led by Playboy All-America linebacker Sean Harris and junior defensive end Tedy Bruschi, will once again take the swagger out of opposing offenses. Big Dan White, who is coach Dick Tomey's quarterback of choice and still just a junior, finished the season strong, leading the Wildcats to 400-plus yards in offense in each of the last three games of the year, including that bashing of the Hurricanes. 9–2

10. TENNESSEE

Last year's strong showing by Tennessee (9-2-1) ended on a double sour note. First the Volunteers were embarrassed by Penn State in the Citrus Bowl (31–13), then talented native son quarterback Heath Shuler, who can throw a football through a doughnut from 40 yards, deserted his kinfolk for the NFL. Coach Phillip Fulmer, now entering his third season, responded by landing what is probably the best recruiting class in the nation, a group that includes quarterback Peyton Manning, son of NFL great Archie. However talented, a green Manning isn't likely to get many early snaps, since Jerry Colquitt has talent and has paid his dues as two-year backup to Shuler. The Vols' offensive line returns intact from last year, and there's plenty of talent at running back, most notably James "Little Man" Stewart. Tennessee,

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always a terror at home, opens with three of four games on the road. 9–2

11. MIAMI

Most football players and coaches don't hang their heads after a 9–3 season. But the Miami Hurricanes aren't most teams. Miami is, after all, the most dominant college football team of recent times (116–17 since 1983). It has a fistful of national championships to prove it, two of them earned since coach Dennis Erickson arrived five years ago. But if it's true that you're only as good as your last game, that happened to be a 29–0 bashing in the Fiesta Bowl at the hands of Arizona. The loss prompted Erickson to restructure his own role with the team, giving the title of offensive coordinator, a job he formerly handled himself, to quarterback coach Rich Olson. Erickson wants to become the motivational leader of his entire team. As usual, the Canes have talent. Frank Costa and Ryan Collins, who split QB duties last season, will probably share the job again. Miami has some big bodies in its offensive line (Zev Lumelski and Tirrell Greene are both 300-pounders) and has more depth and experience at running back and wide receiver than last year. The defense, led by linebacker Rohan Marley and linemen Pat Riley and Warren Sapp, will be quick and aggressive. 9–2

12. AUBURN

Terry Bowden was perfect for what ailed Auburn football. The Tigers suffered through an NCAA probation that kept Auburn off TV and out of postseason play. In-state rival Alabama took the opportunity to beat up on Auburn on the football field and in the recruiting wars. But Terry, son of Florida State legend Bobby, used energy, optimism and down-home coaching know-how to revive sagging spirits and the confidence of senior quarterback Stan White. The recovery was complete: The Tigers finished 11–0 and Terry added another amazing chapter to Bowden-family football history. It must be the genes. Good news this year: Sixteen starters from last season's team return, including Playboy All-America punter Terry Daniel. The downside is that Stan White and tackle Wayne Gandy have graduated, All-SEC tailback James Bostic has bolted to the NFL and the NCAA probation still isn't over. 9–2

13. OHIO STATE

Coach John Cooper took a giant step in getting the crowd of sniping alumni off his back by leading his Buckeyes to a 10-1-1 season, capped by a 28–21 win over BYU in the Holiday Bowl. In Cooper's six seasons, the Buckeyes had won more games than they'd lost, but they couldn't win bowl games or beat Michigan—and Cooper couldn't escape the giant shadow of Woody Hayes or the smaller specter of his immediate predecessor, Earl Bruce. But he continued to enlist talent (this year's recruiting class ranks in the top five) and, perhaps, will finally gain some respect and security. His biggest challenge at the moment is finding replacements for five of six offensive-line starters. Playboy All-America Korey Stringer, the lone returner, is a solid block to build around. Junior quarterback Bob Hoying has a big-time arm, and Playboy All-America receiver Joey Galloway is explosive. Coach Cooper has everything in good order. Now, if he can just find a way to beat Michigan. 9–2

14. WISCONSIN

After a 10-1-1 season and a 21–16 victory over UCLA in the Rose Bowl, the transformation of Wisconsin football is complete. In retrospect it seems a natural, no big deal. Not exactly, cheese breath. The sleeping giant was closer to a comatose dwarf until four years ago, when athletic director Pat Richter persuaded Notre Dame defensive coordinator Barry Alvarez to take over as head coach. Immediate result? One and ten and a last place Big Ten finish. The two five-win seasons that followed gave faint hints of respectability but no indication as to the magnitude of what Alvarez was accomplishing. How did Alvarez, Playboy Coach of the Year, wake the Badgers? He recruited, he changed attitudes, he taught his players how to play. Simple stuff, if you can do it. The Badgers, whose tougher schedule may prevent them from winning ten times again this year, will nevertheless show they were no one-season fluke. Twenty-five-year-old junior quarterback Darrell Bevell, a former Mormon missionary, will throw to Lee DeRamus and hand off to Playboy All-America running back Brent Moss, who had so much fun last year he decided to stay in school despite entreaties from the NFL. 8–3

15. TEXAS A&M

As Aggie coach R.C. Slocum puts it, "All it took was one alumnus with a summer job program that had lax supervision. And the players took advantage." The NCAA, which remembered prior problems under former coach Jackie Sherrill, stuck Texas A&M with a five-year probation, including a one-year, no-bowl, no-TV sanction. Now comes the real test of Slocum's skill as a coach and recruiter. The Aggies will attempt to extend their 22-consecutive-game Southwest Conference winning streak, at least until they bolt for the Big Eight in 1996. In the meantime, A&M still has some sparkling talent, none shinier than Playboy All-America kick returner Leeland McElroy. Junior quarterback Corey Pullig, a two-year starter, linebacker Antonio Shorter and defensive back Ray Mickens are also standouts. 8–3

16. OKLAHOMA

Coach Gary Gibbs thinks the Sooners have finally recovered from the probation and bad publicity of a few years ago. With the exception of quarterback (Cale Gundy graduated), every position on offense is deeper and stronger than last season. Garrick McGee, a highly sought-after junior college player, will get the nod at quarterback. His combination of arm strength and speed (4.6 in the 40) are drawing comparisons to Randall Cunningham. Taking some of the pressure off the passing game are running backs James Allen and Jerald Moore, both sophomores, who have earned the tandem nicknames Lightning and Thunder. The Sooners will stay with their traditional 5–2 on defense, but Gibbs is convinced that added depth at all positions will make the team stingier with points than in recent years. 8–3

17. NORTH CAROLINA

We're especially fond of coaches who make us look smart. That's why we love Mack Brown. Last year we picked the Tar Heel chief as our Coach of the Year in recognition of a marvelous rebuilding job. Brown and his charges rewarded us by finishing in the top 20 with a 10–3 record. With the return of its offensive backfield and strong linebackers, plus good team speed and depth, Carolina will continue its winning ways. Top offensive performers will be senior quarterback Jason Stanicek and the running Johnsons, Curtis and Leon (no relation), operating out of the backfield. The defensive line is anchored by Playboy All-America end Marcus Jones and backed up by an excellent pair of linebackers, Kerry Mock and Oscar Sturgis. Two clouds: The defensive backfield is untested, and the toughest conference games—Florida State and Virginia—are on the road. 8–3

18. VIRGINIA TECH

Looking for a top-20 dark horse? We submit Frank Beamer's Virginia Tech Hokies. Overlooked and underhyped, all the Hokies did last year was finish 9–3, capping off their year with a 45–20 victory over Indiana in the Independence Bowl. Most of the Hokies are back, led by quarterback Maurice DeShazo, who passed for a school record 22 touchdowns last season. Beamer thinks DeShazo is the nation's most versatile QB and deserves Heisman consideration. DeShazo is good, but Tech would have to go undefeated for him to get that kind of notice. Linebacker Ken Brown and end Cornell Brown (no relation) lead a talented but young defensive crew whose success will be key to the Hokies' season. If these guys do finish in the top

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30-DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Solo 4 is made at our factory in Cincinnati, Ohio.

20, maybe we'll finally find out what a Hokie is. 8–3

19. CALIFORNIA

With more than half of its starters gone, California might look a little soft. But coach Keith Gilbertson redshirted 20 players last season and has mixed a couple of quality junior college transfers into his second successive big-time recruiting class. Senior Dave Barr, one of the better QBs in the nation, is healthy and ready for a big year. Last year Cal suffered a four-game losing streak after Barr went down with a shoulder injury. When he returned, Cal finished with four straight wins, including a 37–3 trouncing of Iowa in the Alamo Bowl. The defense, a "split 4–3" that puts a minimum of four pass rushers at the line of scrimmage, should be even stronger than last year, especially at linebacker, where Playboy All-America Jerrott Willard will make a name for himself. 8–3

20. UCLA

An early exit for the NFL draft by three defensive players (linebacker Jamir Miller, safety Marvin Goodwin and defensive lineman Bruce Walker) plus a murderous schedule could spell trouble for coach Terry Donahue and his UCLA Bruins. But Donahue has some potent weapons to fight back with: Quarterback Wayne Cook has experience, good judgment and a better-than-average arm; Playboy All-America placekicker Bjorn Merten is a threat to put points on the board any time the Bruins get inside the opponent's 40; and Playboy All-America J.J. Stokes is already described as one of the best college wide receivers ever. 8–3

ATLANTIC COAST

Florida State	9–2
North Carolina	8–3
Clemson	7–4
Virginia	7–4
North Carolina State	6–5
Georgia Tech	5–6
Maryland	4–7
Duke	3–8
Wake Forest	2–9

Florida State will continue to dominate its ACC opponents and almost any other team that takes the field against it. North Carolina under Mack Brown would own a conference crown had the superpower Seminoles not joined the ACC a couple of years ago. Tommy West has a perfect record so far as Clemson coach—one for one. West, who took over last November after Ken Hatfield resigned, led the Tigers to a 14–13 Peach Bowl win over Kentucky. With nine starters returning on defense, Clemson will yield yards grudgingly. Virginia returns a starting quarterback (Symmion Willis) for the first time since 1990. Willis, who completed nearly 60 percent of his passes for more than 2300 yards, also runs well. Senior Mike Frederick is the best of seven returning starters on defense, but coach George Welsh, entering his 13th season at UV, will have to stitch together a new offensive line. Mike O'Cain was named coach of North Carolina State just five weeks before his players reported last fall, but the Wolfpack acquitted itself well, putting seven wins on the board and just missing last-second victories in two other games. "I'll always hold up last year's team as an example of what a never-say-die attitude is about," said O'Cain. Several up-front defensive players need to mature quickly if Georgia Tech is to have a winning season this year. Coach Bill Lewis hopes that junior quarterback Donnie Davis, sometimes spectacular last year, can be more consistent. If he can't, junior college All-America transfer Tommy Luginbill will step in. Maryland has a chance to significantly improve last season's 2–9 mark. Junior quarterback Scott Milanovich will play in the pros, as will Playboy All-America lineman Steve Ingram. Coach Mark Duffner gets ten starters back on defense, but that may not be good news since the Terrapins couldn't stop anyone last season.

BIG EAST

Miami	9–2
Virginia Tech	8–3
West Virginia	8–4
Boston College	7–4
Syracuse	6–5
Pittsburgh	4–7
Rutgers	4–7
Temple	2–9

Miami won't surprise anyone by reclaiming its spot on top of the Big East, but Virginia Tech will give the Hurricanes tough competition. Last year's dream season for West Virginia ended with an unceremonious thud in the Sugar Bowl, where the 11–0 Mountaineers got spanked by Florida 41–7. Don Nehlen has reassembled his troops for a repeat run at the conference crown but will have to break in a new quarterback, redshirt sophomore Chad Johnston, since both Jake Kelchner and Darren Studstill have graduated. The Mountaineers will depend on the running game, led by junior tailback Robert Walker, until Johnston gets his sea legs. Boston College has a new coach and a new quarterback. Dan Henning, former NFL head coach at San Diego and Atlanta, replaces Tom Coughlin, who has left for the NFL expansion team, the Jacksonville Jaguars. It's not as clear who will replace four-year Eagle starting quarterback Glenn Foley, who passed for more than 10,000 yards in his collegiate career. Sophomore Mark Hartsell has the inside track. After averaging nine wins for six seasons, Syracuse suffered a precipitous fall to 6-4-1 last year. The problem? Too much dependence on senior quarterback Marvin Graves, who simply didn't meet the standards he had set the previous three seasons. Losing linebacker Dan Conley didn't help either. Coach Paul Pasqualoni will hand the quarterbacking chores to Kevin Mason, a three-year backup to Graves. The defense lacks size and experience up front. If Conley can't return to form (he's been granted a sixth year of eligibility by the NCAA), the Orangemen will struggle. You could almost describe John Majors as starting from scratch last year as he attempted to rebuild Pittsburgh's football fortunes. Majors had led Pitt to a national championship in 1976, but the Panthers fell on hard times. In his first season back, Majors coaxed three wins out of his squad and found talented players to carry the team into this season: running back Curtis Martin, who ran for 1075 yards, defensive tackle Tom Barndt and 305-pound offensive tackle Reuben Brown, whom NFL draftniks are already drooling over.

BIG EIGHT

Nebraska	12–0
Colorado	9–2
Oklahoma	8–3
Kansas State	7–4
Kansas	7–4
Missouri	5–7
Iowa State	4–7
Oklahoma State	4–7

Conference big boys Nebraska and Colorado may be battling for the national championship on top of the Big Eight title at season's end. Its probation woes over, Oklahoma will be a top-20 team if coach Gary Gibbs can find an effective quarterback. Last year's Big Eight surprise was pesky Kansas State. OK, so the out-of-conference schedule was a little easy. But there was nothing flukish about the Wildcats' win over Oklahoma or the 16–16 tie with Colorado. And how about that 52–17 stomping of Wyoming in the Copper Bowl, K State's first bowl appearance since 1982? Coach Bill Snyder is enthusiastic about his team's chances, primarily because of senior quarterback Chad May. Next door in Lawrence, Kansas coach Glen Mason has also done a remarkable job of rebuilding what had been a moribund football program. Only injuries and a couple of one-point losses to K State and Nebraska kept the Jayhawks from a third consecutive winning season. Playboy All-America guard John Jones headlines a talented offense. Asheiki Preston, who assumed the role of starting quarterback midway through last season, completed more than 60 percent of his passes, and running back June Henley was conference newcomer of the year. Larry Smith, former coach at Southern Cal, takes over for Bob Stull at Missouri. Smith thinks the Tigers' strength is defense, where Darryl Major and Travis McDonald are the team's best linebacking tandem in years. The return of senior quarterback Jeff

Handy won't hurt either, but Smith will have to rebuild an offensive line around one returning starter.

BIG TEN

Penn State	9–2
Michigan	9–2
Ohio State	9–2
Wisconsin	8–3
Illinois	7–4
Michigan State	7–4
Indiana	6–5
Iowa	4–7
Minnesota	3–8
Purdue	3–8
Northwestern	2–9

Wisconsin and Ohio State first played to a tie (14–14) and then tied for the Big Ten crown (6-1-1). The Badgers got the ticket to the Rose Bowl. Penn State needed only three feet on four tries to score a touchdown, beat Michigan and smell the roses. But they were stuffed and then beaten by Michigan (21–13), the only win the Wolverines could manage during a four-game October stretch. All four teams will vie for the trip to Pasadena and an opportunity to tour the Playboy Mansion this season: The Big Ten champ visits the Mansion, a tradition that goes back several years. But even if Illinois were to sneak past the conference front-runners, it's doubtful that coach Lou Tepper will allow Illini players to set foot in Hef's hutch. Tepper tried to prevent his players from being considered for the Playboy All-America team, a position from which he was dissuaded by university president Stan Ikenberry. The university (which happens to be Hef's alma mater) and Playboy All-America linebacker Dana Howard (obviously a man who thinks for himself) stood firm. The Illinois defense will likely be as stubborn. Howard, John Holecek and Simeon Rice are the best linebacker trio in the nation. Mikki Johnson at nose tackle had 17 tackles for losses last season. If Tepper can keep the focus on football, the Illini still have a shot at that invitation from Hef. Michigan State, an enigma the past three years (3–8, 5–6, 6–6), can step solidly into the win column this season if coach George Perles can solve the quarterback problem. His leading candidate, junior Tony Banks, is certainly big enough (6'6", 220 pounds). Perles' offensive line is perhaps his best ever, and that's saying a lot. Center Mark Birchmeier and 320-pound Shane Hannah lead the way. Mill Coleman at receiver has All-America potential. A successful season for Indiana (8–4) ended on a sour note last year with the Hoosiers' 45–20 loss to Virginia Tech in the Independence Bowl. Coach Bill Mallory called the game "our worst performance of the season." Mallory will have to replace nine defensive starters if Indiana is to have an opportunity for post-season atonement. The thrill seems to be gone from Iowa football. Coach Hayden Fry, who led the Hawkeyes to three conference championships and 11 bowls in his heyday, was unable to coax his team into a single victory over an opponent with a winning record last season. And things don't appear to be getting better. There is no heir apparent at quarterback to replace graduated Paul Burmeister, and the defense, which returns only four starters, loses all-conference defensive lineman Mike Wells. Minnesota coach Jim Wacker expects to get help from some of the 16 players redshirted last season. One of them, freshman Cory Sauter, will get a shot at the starting QB spot. The Gophers have improved their overall speed and quickness along both sides of the line but lack the depth and experience to make a run at the top half of the conference standings. Purdue coach Jim Colletto was so upset about the Boilermakers' 59–56 loss to Minnesota that two defensive coaches resigned after the game. New defensive coordinator Bob Morris, formerly with Indiana, is intent on making Purdue's front line more physical. Northwestern's battle cry last season was "Expect Victory!" The Wildcats got two, one a startling upset of Boston College. With quarterback Len Williams, receiver Lee Gissendaner and linebacker Steve Shine all departed, plus a brutal schedule, expect the Wildcats to struggle.

BIG WEST

Southwestern Louisiana	8–3
Utah State	7–4
Nevada	7–4
UNLV	5–6
New Mexico State	5–6
Northern Illinois	4–7
San Jose State	3–8
Pacific	3–8
Louisiana Tech	2–9
Arkansas State	2–9

Southwestern Louisiana, which tied for the conference title last year, appears to have enough returning talent to breeze to the championship this season. Jake Delhomme, the only true freshman in the nation to start all year for a Division I school, will add to his 1842 yards and 14 touchdown totals from last season. The Ragin' Cajuns' defense, led by secondary ace Orlanda Thomas—who led the nation in pass interceptions with nine—will dominate. Conference co-champ Utah State finished last season with six straight victories, including a 42–33 win over Ball State in the Las Vegas Bowl. The Aggies will field a strong defense this year but have lost too much on offense to repeat. Coach Charlie Weatherbie will look to running back

"On the defense . . . number 50 . . . called me a cocksucker."

Profail Grier (947 rushing yards) to score the points while a trio of inexperienced quarterbacks gets its feet wet. At Nevodo, it's coach Chris Ault II, the sequel. Ault stepped down at the end of last season after 17 years as head coach of the Wolf Pack and turned the reins over to handpicked successor Jeff Horton. Five months later, Horton bolted for UNLV, taking half of the coaching staff with him. Ault, who refers to this five-month hiatus as "my sabbatical," stepped back in because he felt an obligation to the players he recruited. Last year Nevada was an offensive juggernaut (number one in the nation in total offense with a 569-yard-per-game average). Heavy losses to graduation on the offensive side will swing the pendulum back to defense, where six starters return. Nevada–Las Vegas coach Horton has two major challenges facing him in his first season: selecting the right guy for quarterback from a bevy of untested candidates, and meeting the cold stare of former boss Ault when the Rebels face off against Nevada on November 19. New Mexico State can contend if coach Jim Hess can patch together a competitive defense. Hess hit the junior college circuit hard and came up with six offensive linemen, all 285 pounds or better, which should give NMSU's quarterback, Cody Ledbetter, plenty of protection. Northern Illinois will have to adjust to life without LeShon Johnson, the leading rusher in the nation last year with 1976 yards. "The Cowboy" accounted for 85.5 percent of the Huskies' offense last season. Coach Charlie Sadler is thinking positively, especially about junior college transfer quarterback Aaron Gilbert. "I think Gilbert has as much talent at quarterback as LeShon had as a tailback," says Sadler.

INDEPENDENTS

Notre Dame	9–2
Louisville	7–4
Cincinnati	6–5
East Carolina	5–6
Memphis	5–6
Army	5–6
Tulsa	5–6
Navy	4–7
Northeast Louisiana	4–7
Tulane	3–8
Southern Mississippi	3–8

Teams without conference affiliations are getting as rare as NBA players who haven't slept with Madonna. Notre Dame notwithstanding, independents can't get on TV, which translates into less money, more recruiting problems and more difficulty attracting the attention of bowls. It's getting so bad that nobody wants to play against these teams even in the regular season. The Irish, in the meantime, simply negotiate their own contract and play on major-network TV every week with no problem finding both opponents and bowls anxious to cash in on the Notre Dame mystique. But look at poor Louisville. Coach Howard Schnellenberger has no catchy fight song and a regional tradition rich in hoops and horse droppings against which to build football fortunes at Louisville. Nonetheless, Schnellenberger has built a legitimate national power since he took over in 1985. Last year, Louisville finished its 9–3 season with a Liberty Bowl win over Michigan State, the Cardinals' second bowl victory in three years. Schnellenberger will have to be more magician than coach to get his team to a bowl this season because of the loss of several key players, including the starting quarterback. Rick Minter, former Notre Dame defensive coordinator, takes over at Cincinnoti. The Bearcats, coming off a strong 8–3 performance, were hit hard by graduation losses. East Corolino will improve with the return of quarterback Marcus Crandell, who missed most of last season with a broken leg. Memphis (they've dropped the "State") has lost almost all of its starting offensive line players.

MID-AMERICAN

Western Michigan	8–3
Bowling Green State	7–4
Ball State	7–4
Central Michigan	6–5
Toledo	6–5
Miami	4–7
Ohio	4–7
Akron	4–7
Eastern Michigan	3–8
Kent	1–10

It will be the year of the Chinese fire drill again in the MAC, with at least half the teams having a chance to win the conference crown and the accompanying trip to the Las Vegas Bowl III opposite the Big West champ. Western Michigan may finally have the right combination of talent, balance and schedule to make it to the championship. Seven-year coach Al Molde (46-30-2) returns 45 lettermen, including junior quarterback Jay McDonagh and all-conference defenders Dion Powell at tackle and Peter Tuffo at linebacker. Gary Blackney (27-6-2) has done one of the best coaching jobs in the nation since arriving at Bowling Green State three years ago. Most of his skill-position players are returning, but he'll have to fill in three spots on both offensive and defensive lines. Boll State, winner of the MAC last season, returns some talented rushers and receivers on offense but loses four-year starting quarterback Mike Neu. There is no obvious replacement. Sixteen-year Central Michigon head coach Herb Deromedi (110-55-10) has been promoted to athletic director. Former defensive coordinator Dick Flynn, who has replaced him as head coach, plans to emphasize defense, a Chippewa forte until the past couple of seasons. Toledo has two talented candidates at quarterback: Tim Kubiak has the best arm and Ryan Huzjak is a scrambler. The Rockets may fizzle on defense, where only two starters are seniors. Junior quarterback Neil Dougherty is ready to step back into his starting quarterback spot for Miami. Dougherty missed most of last season with a broken thumb. The best part of Miami's defense is its secondary: David Thomas led the conference last year with six interceptions.

PACIFIC TEN

Arizona	9–2
California	8–3
UCLA	8–3
USC	7–4
Stanford	7–4
Arizona State	6–5
Washington	5–6
Oregon State	4–7
Oregon	4–8
Washington State	3–8

We say it every year, but this year it may be truer than ever: The Pac Ten is the best college football conference in the nation. It's not that the conference champion is going to win the national title. But there are at least seven teams in the conference that have a legitimate shot at making the top 20 and not a single weak sister in the bunch. Arizona and UCLA, which tied for the conference crown last year, could do the same this year. California has a super defense and a competent quarterback in Dave Barr. Southern Col's biggest obstacle in making a run at the top 20 is its schedule: road games at Penn State, Stanford and archrival UCLA, plus a home date with the Irish, whom the Trojans haven't beaten in their last 11 tries. Senior quarterback Rob Johnson has NFL written all over him—6'4", accurate arm (68.6 percent completions, 29 touchdowns, only six interceptions) and, as they say, excellent field presence. Coach John Robinson wants a running game to complement his passer. He has three-time Playboy All-America tackle Tony Boselli up front, but a big-time tailback has yet to emerge. Stanford also has an NFL-bound quarterback. Coach Bill Walsh thinks Steve Stenstrom is one of the premiere college quarterbacks in the nation. He has certainly given Stenstrom enough practice: Last season Stanford passed more than any team in Pac Ten history. This year could be Walsh's last as a college coach unless the Cardinal wins big. It took Bruce Snyder four years to build a winner at California. He thinks he's slightly ahead of that pace as he heads into his third year as coach at Arizona State. He landed what he describes as his best recruiting class so far, headlined by tailback Marlon Farlow. The Sun Devils are three deep at quarterback: Jake "The Snake" Plummer, who had a great freshman season; rocket-armed Jason Verdugo, who redshirted last year; and 6'7" Steve Campbell, who

may, in the end, be the best of all. At Washington, Jim Lambright, a 25-year assistant, found himself running the show two weeks before last season's opener after Don James resigned in protest when the Pac Ten sanctioned the Huskies. Lambright rallied his team to a season-opening win over Stanford and earned a four-year contract along the way. Washington's offense will revolve around talented running back Napoleon Kaufman, who set UW's all-time single-season rushing mark (1299 yards) last year. Oregon State coach Jerry Pettibone thinks he finally has the horses to run his specialty—the wishbone. Pettibone brought the option offense with him from Northern Illinois four years ago but so far has not felt he had the right players for it. The key to the option is the quarterback. Pettibone has two good ones in Don Shanklin and freshman Tim Alexander.

SOUTHEASTERN

EASTERN DIVISION

Florida	11–1
Tennessee	9–2
Kentucky	6–5
Georgia	6–5
South Carolina	5–6
Vanderbilt	4–7

WESTERN DIVISION

Alabama	9–2
Auburn	9–2
Arkansas	7–4
Louisiana State	7–4
Mississippi	5–6
Mississippi State	4–7

How about a round of applause for the SEC? A couple of years ago the league came up with the idea of adding two teams (Arkansas and South Carolina), splitting into two divisions and holding a conference championship game. The change has intensified traditional rivalries, kept more teams in contention further into the season and given us what usually turns out to be one of the better college football games of the year: the SEC championship.

In the East, Florida and Tennessee will duke it out again for the division and conference crowns, and perhaps the national championship as well. Kentucky coach Bill Curry is confident that last season's success (6–6) was no fluke. The Wildcats were narrowly edged (14–13) by Clemson in the Peach Bowl, their first postseason action in nine years. Moe Williams, the leading returning rusher in the conference, is only a sophomore. There's little doubt that Playboy All-America Eric Zeier will have another record-setting season as Georgia's quarterback. He has the arm, and he has three outstanding receivers (Brice Hunter, Jeff Thomas and Hason Graham). However, the Bulldogs (5–6) must improve their rushing game and defense in order to get back on the plus side of the ledger. New South Carolina coach Brad Scott has an impressive reference on his

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

PLAYBOY *expands your purchasing power by providing a list of retailers and manufacturers to contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. Check the listings below.*

WIRED

Page 20: "Expert Picks": **Audio and video equipment:** By *Mitsubishi*, 800-937-0000, ext. 1005. By *Sony*, 800-937-SONY. By *Panasonic*, 201-348-9090. By *Sharp*, 800-BE-SHARP. By *Runco*, 510-293-9154. By *JVC*, 800-252-5722. By *Pioneer*, 800-421-1404. By *Yamaha*, 800-4-YAMAHA. By *Denon*, 201-575-7810. By *Carver*, 206-775-1202. By *Technics*, 201-348-9090. **Home theater** by *Dolby*, 800-241-4115. "3DO": **3DO hardware** by *Panasonic*, 800-REAL-3DO. **Software:** By *PF Magic*, 415-473-3400. By *Electronic Arts*, 800-245-4525. **Software and game gun** by *American Laser Games*, 800-880-1718, ext. 447. "Wild Things": **Digital recorder** by *Norris Communications*, at electronics stores. **CD-ROM software** by *Gametek*, 800-927-4263. **Television sets** by *Toshiba*, 800-631-3811.

STYLE

Page 26: "Hike This Way": **Hiking boots:** By *Nautica*, at Johnston and Murphy's. By *Nike*, 508-671-3939. By *Timberland*, 800-644-0600. By *Reebok*, 800-343-4444. By *To Boot by Adam Derrick*, at To Boot, Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., NYC, 212-753-7300. "Strike the Cords": **Jeans** by *m'dr*, at A&S. **Barn jacket** by *Free Country*, at Lord & Taylor. **Shirt** by *Guess*, 800-39-GUESS. **Shirt jacket** by *Jhane Barnes*, at Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave., NYC. **Vest** by *Victor Victoria*, at Ron Herman/Fred Segal Melrose, 8100 Melrose Ave., L.A., 213-651-4129. **Suit** by *Sal Cesarani*, at Marshall Field's, 825 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, 312-335-7700. "Clothes Line": **Tuxedo** by *Gianni Versace*, at Gianni Versace, 9700 Collins Ave., Miami Beach. **Jeans:** By *A/X Armani Exchange*, at Armani Exchange, 760 Collins Ave., Miami Beach. By *Gianni Versace*, at Versace Jeans Couture, 775 Washington Ave., Miami Beach. By *Levi's*, 800-872-5384. **T-shirts** by *Calvin Klein*, at Bloomingdale's. **Riding boots** by *Ralph Lauren/Polo*, at Polo by Ralph Lauren. **Shirts** by *Traffic*, at select Traffic stores. **Vest** by *John Richmond*, at Charivari 57, 18 W. 57th St., NYC. **Watches** by *Cartier*, 800-CARTIER. "Status Skivvies": **Underwear:** By *Tommy Hilfiger*, *Colours for Alexander Julian* and *Ron Chereskin*, at fine department stores.

CAMPUS FASHION

Page 84: **Shirt** by *Dr. Martens*, at Here & Now, 625 Broadway, NYC. **Leather vest** by *Mossimo*, at Citizen, 536 Castro St., San Francisco. **T-shirt** by *Hang Ten*, at Bloomingdale's. **Cargo pants** by *Verso*, at Charivari 57, 18 W. 57th St., NYC. Page 85: **Jacket** by *Tom Tailor*, at Boogie's Diner, 800-224-4008. **Sweater** by *Paul Smith*, at Paul Smith, 108 Fifth Ave., NYC. **Shirt** by *Structure*, at Structure. **Jeans** by *Yes Men*, at fine specialty stores. Page 86: **Jacket** by *Stüssy*, at Stüssy, 104 Prince St., NYC. **Hooded shirt** by *Hang Ten*, at Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave., NYC. **Jeans** by *Guess*, at Guess. **Belt** by *Hangers*, 800-854-7370. **Sneakers** by *Skechers*, 800-456-3627. **Vest** by *Guess*, at Bloomingdale's. **Shirt** by *Dickies*, 800-DICKIES. **Pants** by *Safety*, at Boogie's Diner, 800-224-4008. **Sneakers** by *Vans*, at Kinney and Foot Locker. Page 87: **Coveralls** by *Dickies*, 800-DICKIES. **Shirt** by *Guess*, at Bloomingdale's. **Sneakers** by *Vans*, at Kinney and Foot Locker. **Coveralls** by *Dickies*, 800-DICKIES. **Sneakers** by *Vans*, at Kinney and Foot Locker. **Coveralls** by *Tommy Hilfiger*, at fine department stores. **Shirt** by *Vision*, 800-854-7370. **Sneakers** by *Vans*, at Kinney and Foot Locker. Page 88: **Jacket** by *Verso*, at Antique Boutique, 712 Broadway, NYC. **Shirt** from *Double RL by Ralph Lauren*, at Polo Sport, 888 Madison Ave., NYC. **Shirt** and **jeans** by *Yes Men*, at fine specialty stores. **Sneakers** by *Skechers*, 800-456-3627. Page 89: **Coat** by *Dr. Martens*, 800-866-9815. **Shirt** by *Z. Cavaricci*, at fine department stores. **Pants** by *Stüssy*, at Stüssy, 104 Prince St., NYC.

CLOSE SHAVE

Page 116: **Razors** by Floris of London, 703 Madison Ave., NYC; *Wally Razor*, at Museum of Modern Art, 44 W. 53rd St., NYC; Asprey, 725 Fifth Ave., NYC; *Gillette* and *Schick*, at stores nationwide. **Shaving accessories** by *Geo. F. Trumper*, 800-685-4385. **Moisturizer** by *Mont Source*, 800-833-2023. **Other shaving products:** By *Geo. F. Trumper*, 800-685-4385, *Musgo Real*, 800-362-3677, *Mont Source*, 800-833-2023, *Aubrey Organics*, 800-282-7394, by *Drakkar Noir*, *Polo Sport*, *Ralph Lauren*, *Guy Larouche* and *Aramis*, at fine department stores.

ON THE SCENE

Page 173: **Bikes:** By *Green Gear Cycling*, 800-777-0258. By *BMW*, 800-7-FOLD-IT.

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résumé: offensive coordinator for national champ Florida State. Scott inherits talented senior running back Brandon Bennett, who already has more than 2000 yards to his credit. Quarterback Steve Taneyhill, who had his ups and downs last season, should thrive under Scott's tutelage. The Gamecocks could surprise people this year.

In the wild West, Alabama has strong enough talent and a weak enough schedule to finish in the top ten nationally. Auburn will try to continue its magical mystery tour under ebullient Terry Bowden, though another year of probation prevents the Tigers from bowling. Danny Ford is too good a coach and Arkansas has too great a football tradition for the Razorbacks (5-5-1) not to start a climb back into the national ranks. Upset wins over Alabama and Mississippi were enough to earn Curley Hallman a third year as coach of Louisiana State. Jamie Howard, who begins his third year starting behind center, will face strong pressure to perform. After Mississippi recruiting practices came under fire, Billy Brewer is out and Joe Lee Dunn is in as coach. Dunn, hired on an interim basis, needs to improve the Rebels' offensive production. Ole Miss finished 92nd on the NCAA stat chart. Jackie Sherrill will need every motivational gimmick in his considerable bag of coaching tricks if Mississippi State is to improve its disappointing 3-6-2 finish of last year. Sherrill will build his offense around running back Michael Davis.

SOUTHWEST

Texas A&M	8–3
Texas	7–4
Baylor	6–5
Texas Tech	5–6
Texas Christian	4–7
Rice	4–7
Southern Methodist	3–8
Houston	2–9

The disease that had for several years afflicted the Southwest Conference—small TV market, dwindling revenues and shrinking prestige—became terminal earlier this year when four teams (Texas A&M, Texas, Baylor and Texas Tech) opted to join the Big Eight. Rice, Texas Christian and SMU quickly hooked up with the WAC as part of an expansion to 16 teams, while Houston remains uncommitted. With schedules laid out far in advance, the patient has two seasons to linger before SWC football is just a memory. For this season, Texas A&M has the most talent, though it's not clear how much an NCAA-imposed probation will affect the Aggies. Next best is a vastly improved Texas team under third-year coach John Mackovic. The Longhorns have better players and an easier schedule than last year, when they finished 5-5-1. Nine starters return on offense, including sophomore quarterback Shea Morenz, who broke all of UT's freshman passing records. He'll be throwing to all-conference wide receivers Mike Adams and Lovell Pinkney. Blake Brockermeyer, one of the better offensive tackles in the nation, also returns. Baylor's strong defense returns intact, and the team has several outstanding offensive players. None of that matters much if there is no quarterback ready to replace four-year starter J.J. Joe. Texas Tech has quarterback troubles as well. Coach Spike Dykes has several talented candidates, but none has ever taken a college-game snap. While Dykes hunts for some offense, the Tech defense will keep the Raiders in most games. Texas Christian looks to improve on last year's 4–7 mark. Junior quarterback Max Knake returns after breaking TCU's single-season passing and total offense records. The Horned Frogs' best defensive player is 285-pound senior tackle Royal West.

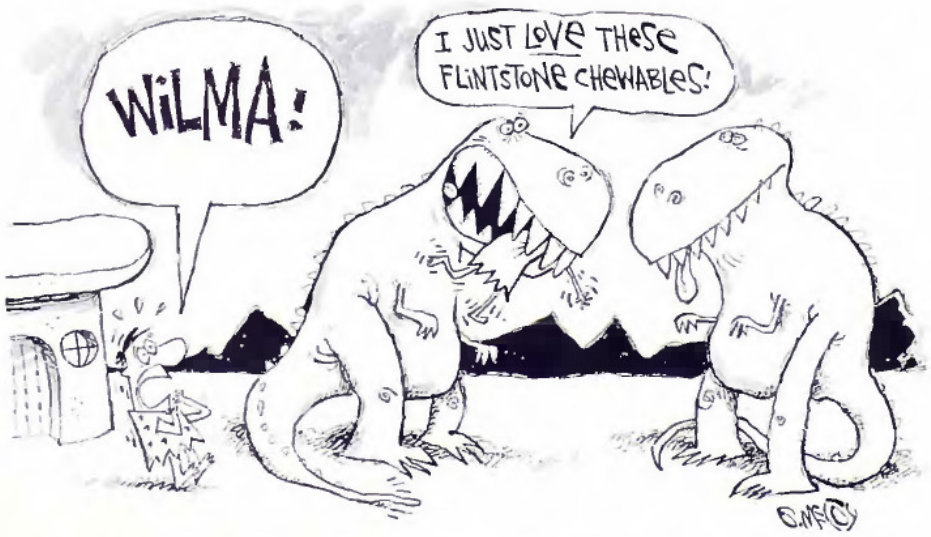
•

The WAC has lured in six new schools (Rice, Texas Christian, SMU, Tulsa, San Jose State and Nevada–Las Vegas), all of which begin conference football play in 1996. For now, there's still an abundance of good quarterbacks in the WAC, even after the defection of Fresno State's Trent Dilfer to the NFL after his junior season.

WESTERN ATHLETIC

Brigham Young	9–3
Utah	8–3
New Mexico	7–5
Wyoming	6–6
Fresno State	6–7
Colorado State	5–6
San Diego State	5–6
Hawaii	5–7
Air Force	4–8
UTEP	3–8

Brigham Young's John Walsh, number four nationally in total offense (309 yards per game) and number five in passing efficiency, will light it up again in coach LaVell Edwards' pro-set passing attack. The real test for BYU is on the defensive side of the line. Edwards has brought in two new coaches, hit the junior colleges and focused this year's recruiting effort on defense. Utah's Mike McCoy was the number two quarterback in the nation last year in total offense (3969 yards and 21 touchdowns). Coach Ron McBride, who has led the Utes to consecutive bowls the past two years, isn't going to fret over balancing his offensive attack since he has McCoy and a bevy of talented receivers, though not much in the way of running backs. New Mexico quarterback Stoney Case's stats are almost as good as his name: 17 touchdown passes and 14 rushing TDs plus two two-point conversions. Case will be backed by Winslow Oliver, who ran for 648 yards last season. Wyoming has lost one Ryan—premiere pass receiver Ryan Yarborough—to graduation but retains another, Ryan Christopher, a 1000-yard rusher last season. Coach Joe Tiller is leaning toward senior John Gustin as his starting QB. Fresno State loses 13 starters, including Trent Dilfer. Sophomore Adrian Claiborne, who attempted only nine passes last year, is the leading candidate to replace him. The option attack is out and a wide-open passing offense is in at Colorado State under second-year coach Sonny Lubick. Junior defensive back Greg Myers has already been named all-conference twice. When San Diego State fired coach Al Luginbill at the end of last season, it effectively ended Marshall Faulk's collegiate career. Ted Tollner, a veteran of both the college and NFL coaching ranks, has taken over the Aztec program, which won't boast much in the way of offense or defense. The best thing about Hawaii this year will be the palm trees. Coach Bob Wagner loses 14 starters from last season's 6–6 squad, including quarterback, running backs and wide receivers.



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WF-20

THE RAZOR'S EDGE

Barbershops once were like men's clubs. Regulars left their shaving cups and razors on a shelf, and the customers all knew one another. But in the Sixties, chrome and glass replaced leather and wood, and overnight many establishments closed their doors or became impersonal "salons." Now the barbershop is back, and more and more men are rediscovering its quiet charm. Most shops offer shoeshines and manicures as well as the one thing that defines a true barbershop—a shave.

BEVERLY HILLS

Anthony Palladino at the Beverly Hilton Hotel, 9876 Wilshire Boulevard, considers shaving an almost-lost art. He continues to hone his skill in the clubby atmosphere of a shop where Jack Nicholson and Bruce Willis are regulars (310-275-1254).

Gornik's/Drucker's, 9740 Wilshire Boulevard: Movie stars and Ronald Reagan get trimmed at this ten-chair, 40-year-old shop. And although its services have been updated for the Nineties, the shop's mahogany-and-leather barber chairs are reminders that classic cutting is still in style (310-274-7131).

BOSTON

O'Tansey's, 222 Berkeley Street: Rick O'Tansey's cherrywood-paneled establishment has traditional barber chairs and individual booths for privacy (617-247-7735).

CHICAGO

Charles of the Barclay, 166 East Superior Street, Lower Level: This friendly shop situated in the bowels of the Barclay Hotel is where some of the city's heavy-hitting lawyers, judges and politicians come to get their pates pampered. Facial massages, manicures and mud packs are also offered, and James Stewart gives a great shoeshine (312-337-3317).

Truefitt & Hill, 900 North Michigan Avenue, Level Six: Contemporary in creation, classic in conception, this is an American version of the traditional British barbershop. In addition to a shave and a haircut, you can also treat yourself to a neck-and-shoulder massage, an herbal-steam facial and a variety of traditional and modern hair-care and grooming products (312-337-2525).

DALLAS

Republic Barbers, Republic Towers, Tower Three, Suite P8: Although this shop was recently renovated, the new is still old-looking with painted wooden walls, antiques and hunt prints (214-220-2443).

The Village Barbers, 25 Highland Park Village, Suite 211: Situated in one of the oldest shopping centers in the U.S., this shop has been in business for 58 years (214-528-2497).

HOUSTON

Avalon Barbershop, 2606 Westheimer: For 40 years, barbers in this unpretentious shop have been trimming the hair of many of Houston's movers and shakers (713-523-6361).

NEW YORK

Peppe and Bill, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Avenue and 59th Street: This elegant shop provides each client with a private booth. Drinks and coffee are served, and there's a cable hookup to keep customers abreast of the latest market moves (212-751-8380).

Paul Molé Barber Shop, 1031 Lexington Avenue: In business since the 1890s, this is one of the few shops that service both tykes and tycoons. While Dad is being barbered, his son can get a trim while astride an antique carousel horse (212-535-8461).

Fodera, St. Regis Hotel, Fifth Avenue and 55th Street: Catering to many of New York's top businessmen, this elegant full-service shop takes care of the hair a client grows and also the kind he purchases. Both hair replacement and hair-replacement grooming are available (212-421-0002).

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Pitts Barbershop, Sheraton Carlton Hotel, 16th and K Street, N.W.: Milton Pitts' shop attracts a congressional clientele whose pictures line the walls. Services include haircuts, shaves, manicures, pedicures, hair coloring and facials (202-628-9425).

—DONALD CHARLES RICHARDSON

Close Shave

(continued from page 116)

ultimate shave, use a badger-bristle brush. Trumper of London makes one, as do Musgo Real and Ralph Lauren. The brushes come in three grades: pure, super and best.

Rinse your brush in hot water and shake off the excess. Apply shaving cream to the tip of the brush and, using a circular motion, work the cream into your beard. Squeeze the cream remaining in the brush onto your fingers and massage your face with both hands, rubbing the cream well into your beard.

Next comes the razor. Gillette, Schick, Remington and the others illustrated at the beginning of this feature all make great razors, so pay attention to how a product feels in your hand before you buy it. Rinse your razor under hot water. Begin just below the sideburn and shave one cheek, moving the razor with the growth of your beard down to the jaw. Shave the neck and then the jaw itself. Repeat on the other side of your face, then shave your upper lip and chin. (Your chin should be shaved last because its whiskers are the heaviest and most dense and thus require extra time to soften.) If you want a truly close shave, reapply the cream with your brush and shave again against the beard growth. Now trim your sideburns by feel rather than sight. Put your fingers at the bottom of the sideburn length you want on one side and then simply locate the same place on the other side.

Rinse your face and bury it in a washcloth that's been dipped in hot water and wrung out. Relax. Once the heat is gone from the cloth, use it to remove soap residue. (Any nicks, cuts or scrapes can easily be attended to with Nick-Fix, a soft-tip applicator containing aluminum sulfate and aloe.)

At this point you'll want to close your pores. Traditional after-shave products are primarily fragrance, and most contain a lot of alcohol. If you have sensitive skin, no-alcohol toners, such as Ginseng Mint After Shave by Audbrey Organics or Revitalizing Toner by Mont Source, are gentler. But the big news in men's grooming products today is shave balms, which combine an astringent with a moisturizer. Among our favorites are Trumper's Skin Food, Post Shave Relief Balm from Polo Sport by Ralph Lauren, Horizon Intensive After Shave Balm by Guy Laroche and Razor Burn Relief from the Aramis Lab Series.

The bottom line on how to get a good shave is knowing when to change your blade. Some men change it daily, some once a week. Two days maximum on a blade is our rule of thumb. And for those days when you want to be pampered, check our guide to great barbershops.

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TIM ALLEN (continued from page 72)

"Another rule is never to comment on a woman's rear end. Never. Avoid the area altogether. Trust me."

and say hello.

Looking back, it was probably a good thing I always chickened out, because I'd kept my obsession bottled up for so long that I would have blurted out everything I'd been thinking for a year, things a casual stranger shouldn't know.

"I love your car, your house and, by the way, where did you get those crystal doves on your dressing table?"

•

Eventually you find a woman you want to date. Now comes the hard part. What's the proper attitude to take?

If what you're after is a woman's undivided attention, give her none.

You can wait out any woman. Don't make any moves. Don't show your hand.

On the other hand, you can give a woman too much. I once tried just laying my cards on the table. I went to a club, saw a woman, walked right up and told her what I wanted. I had been reading *The Hite Report* and was eager to test out all I'd learned. She was speechless, and I figured I'd blown my chance. But then she said, to my total surprise, "No one's ever come on to me like that. Let's go to my place."

We made love. We made love again. We ate Mexican-style TV dinners. We slept fitfully. Two nights later she took me to her parents' house for dinner. I should have seen the signs. Because of my audacious approach, the poor woman thought I was hopelessly in love with her and ready to pop the question. I was scared to death. Her father was really, really big.

The only question I wanted to pop was, "Is there a back door?"

•

When a guy thinks he's going to get lucky, euphoria sets in. Then he wants to stay at the party, get drunk with his buddies and see who else falls prey to his immeasurable charm.

Unfortunately, being so self-centered and greedy often causes a guy to miss his opportunities. His intended gets drunk, too, and instead of going when the going is good, he waits too long and then her mood takes a turn.

This is more commonly known as a woman changing her mind.

How a woman changes her mind is difficult to understand. All I know is that it happens at the speed of light, without warning. Unlike men—who wouldn't have the nerve to try this unsupervised—women have an absolute right to change their minds. A man must respect it, no matter how swollen his glands have become.

"But Sherry, baby, you said this is what you wanted."

"Well, it's not what I want now. It's what I wanted a little bit ago, but it's not what I want now."

It's all timing with a woman.

"But we already made an agreement. I'm already in lovemaking mode. I can't stop now. And you're obviously excited and——"

"No, I'm going home."

"You can't go home."

And now you're begging, which is so very attractive. Once you beg you have lost her respect and you'll never get any. Once you beg you're in puppy-dog mode, and the last thing you will get is the bone. That's why it's good if a girl has roommates.

Some guys think they're getting lucky when a woman tells them she wants to sleep with them. Usually, when a woman is that straightforward, a distressing surprise is just around the corner.

"When I said I wanted us to sleep together, I really meant sleep."

Another sentence from hell.

I tried just sleeping with a woman once, but it didn't work. We did not sleep. She slept. I was awake. Staring at the ceiling. Counting the holes in the acoustic tile. After some heavy making out and what I thought was an ironclad agreement to have sex, I couldn't stop wondering what she suddenly meant by, "I think our friendship is worth too much for this."

•

Women are always asking men, "How do I look in this?"

Any answer will be the wrong answer, especially no answer. Silence is truly deadly. When you hear the question, it's already too late to run away. The guillotine blade has dropped, and your head is already in the basket.

I have a question: Do women really think men can say something they'll want to hear? Or is this question analogous to boys' pulling legs off spiders? That said, try to say something nice. Deep down, women will appreciate that you're at least paying attention.

Visual tip: Before answering, tilt your head slightly to one side, take a deep breath through your nose and, as you exhale, let a sigh slowly transform into a warm smile. The results are amazing and often overshadow any words you might mumble. Be sure to first practice this in the mirror. Avoid the classic quizzical dog-head tilt at all costs.

I once watched a relationship end because the guy didn't understand this. His girlfriend came out of the bedroom wearing an incredible red cashmere sweater. Her hair was magnificent. She was so lovely I almost fell down. They say women dress for themselves, but clearly she was trying to impress him. But this guy just looked at her and said, "You got any beer?"

The look on her face. Her spirits plummeted. She didn't even ask how she looked.

"You look really great," I said, stepping up to the plate. Sensitive man that I am, I had spotted the problem immediately and wanted to cheer her up. My reward was a gorgeous smile, half a lip lick and eyes that looked at me in a new way. Later, when she'd finally dumped her putz boyfriend, she asked me straight out if I wanted to sleep with her.

I declined. I wasn't going to fall for that routine.

She insisted. I resisted. She demanded. I gave in.

Do you know there are 3,200,629 holes in an acoustic tile ceiling?

Sadly, I've probably ignored how my wife dresses a million times without thinking about it. So now I try to remember that when I'm thinking she's pretty, I should tell her she's pretty. Guys, don't be lazy about that. If she looks wonderful right now, you should say, "You look wonderful right now." But be careful, because she's liable to say, "Right now? What the hell does that mean?"

Another rule to remember is never to comment on a woman's rear end. Never use the words large or size with rear end. Never. Avoid the area altogether. Trust me. What are you going to say?

"Your butt looks good in those pants."

"Why, are they tight?"

"Yeah."

"So it's big?"

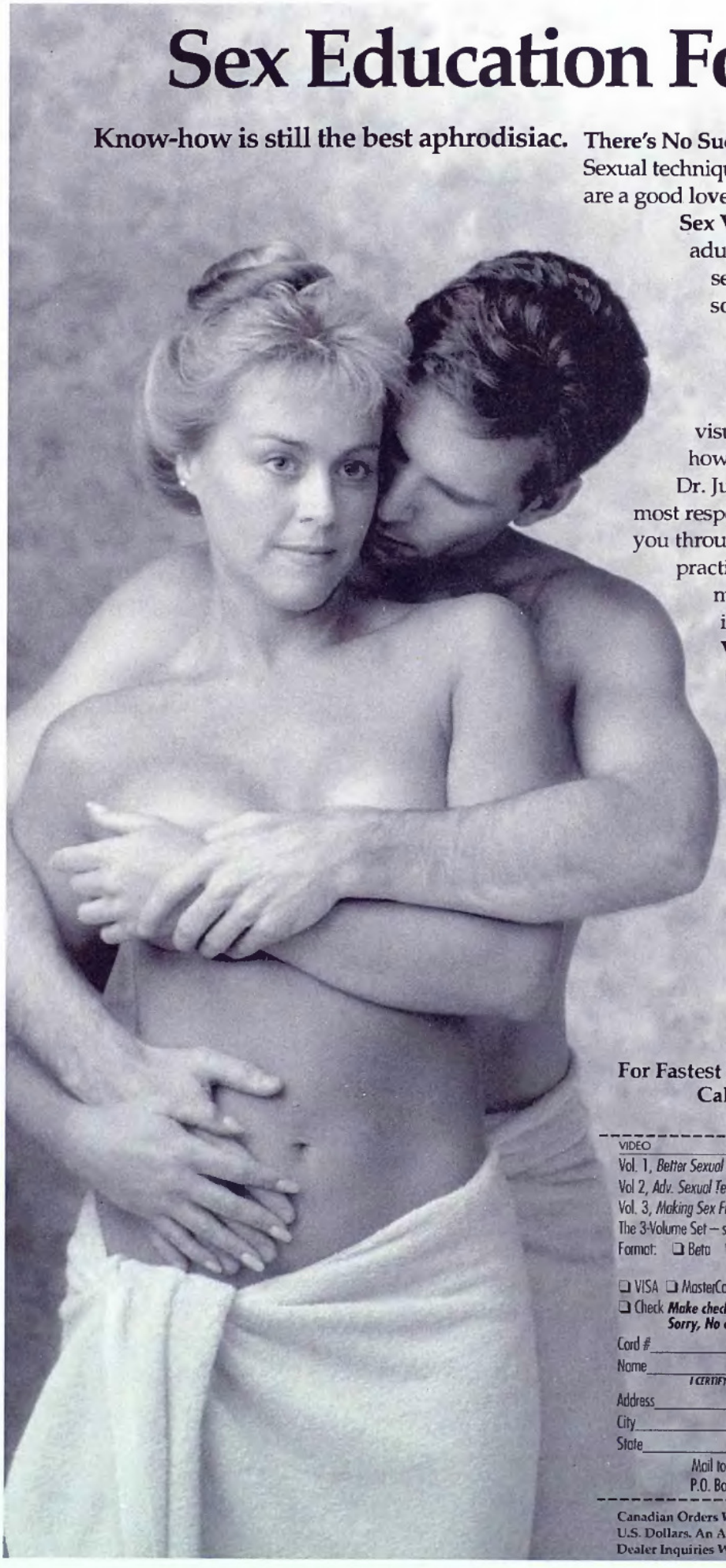
"No, it's just that I like the way it looks in those pants."

"Meaning you didn't like it yesterday because it was bigger in those other pants?"

Women always think their rear ends are too big. You can depend on that like you can depend on the morning chubby. There's nothing you can say about a woman's butt that doesn't make her suspicious. There are many theories, but I'm certain it's because the derriere is a woman's weakest area. She can't powder it. She can't use concealer. It's actually too far away to reach. She can't really see it well from any angle. It's something women can't control, and they like controlling everything that has anything to do with their appearance.

Men, on the other hand, don't care how their butts look, especially in the morning, when they go outside in their

Sex Education For Me?



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underwear to get the paper.

Very few things bother men. But women who don't shave is one. It's too much of a stretch. The guy will start shaving his legs just because someone in the relationship has to be smooth. Women grabbing a guy's love handles is another. Women can be particularly cruel about that. Along with the degradation of a woman manhandling your spare tire, there's actual pain associated with the pinch. Remarks about a man's skin are another. A girl I once danced with said, "God, your pores are so big!"

I didn't really need to hear that, did I?

Give a woman half a chance and she will shatter a man's confidence in less time than it takes to make love to your wife. And it's always in the form of a question.

My wife does this to me all the time. We're getting dressed for a date and she says, "You're going out like that?"

"No, this is a pre-outfit. I just wore this to get to the outfit. What do you think I should wear?"

"How about the brown shirt with those pants I just bought you?"

"Yeah, that's what I planned to wear! I just wore this to get to that outfit."

Meanwhile, she has changed her clothes five times.

She should understand.

•

A guy knows he's in love when he wants to grow old with a woman. When he wants to stay with her in the morning. When he doesn't want to leave the house. When he starts calling sex "making love" and afterward wants a great big hug. When he loses interest in his car for a couple days.

It's that simple, I swear.

So he does what any decent guy would do. He starts, however tentatively, to think about marriage.

And that's when it gets really scary.

•

The hardest thing about marriage is staying married. It has nothing to do with sex. It has to do with money and power. Mostly power.

My mother-in-law made me get married. I'd been living with the woman who is now my wife for eight years and one night "Mom" said, "I guess you guys are never going to get married. I mean, you've been through jail together, you're living together, but . . . oh, forget it."

"Oh, well," I said, "put it like *that* and I'll marry your daughter tomorrow."

Actually, I don't know what we were waiting for, except that for a guy it's never the right time to get married. In our case, I think we were both stalling. I'm also suspicious of any two people who don't struggle with that decision. For instance, I can't imagine meeting someone and getting married days later. I don't know how movie stars do it. Marriage is a big decision. Big enough to procrastinate for almost a decade.

Part of my problem was that I was still lusting in my heart after other ladies. But somehow I knew that I wasn't going to find another woman remotely as great as my soon-to-be wife. It's a good thing that my mother-in-law eventually spoke up.

•

A lasting marriage is like a job. And here's the problem with jobs: They're great when you first get them, but about a week into it you realize, "There are a few problems here." Then it gets repetitious and boring. And pretty soon you think that the guy in the next cubicle has a much better job that would suit you just fine.

The trick is to get past this.

The first time I dated my wife I envisioned us very old, sitting side by side on a couch. I'll keep that picture in my mind forever. When you're old and ugly you're not really in the mood to go barhopping. The person you're with is about all you're going to get. Believe it or not, this can be a comforting image.

Sometimes the urge to merge with someone else really struggles to get the better of a guy. The urge is not unusual. It's not wrong. It's biology. The male drive to inseminate as many young and attractive women as possible before he passes out from skipping lunch is responsible for the rapid spread of our species and its survival. The trouble is that if you're married and you fool around, and your wife finds out, citing *Scientific American* works about as well as saying all the guys in your bowling league did it, too. Either way, you can end up sleeping in the front yard.

•

I love spicy, rich food. I avoid it because it makes me feel both bloated and about to explode. Similarly, although I don't believe that monogamy is a biological truth, particularly for men, I still don't fool around because my wife would put a grenade in my pants. *That*'s feeling bloated and about to explode.

I think about sex all the time. Still. That's the difficult thing about marriage. And that's why I love to discourage young people with my clear picture of marital reality: "If sex is the reason you're getting married, then you shouldn't be getting married. You don't get married just to have sex with the same person. You get married to have a family."

My fantasy is to be able to sleep with whomever I want and still keep my wife. As shocked as you may be, I think I could handle a primary relationship and a few satellite relationships. I also think that if ABC ever resurrected *Fantasy Island*, I'd be perfect to play Mr. Roarke. Of course, after my wife got through with me, I'd be lucky if I got cast as Tattoo.

Monogamy is possible. Painful, but possible. After a torturous transition period during which a guy has to sort out all these problems for himself, things get better and suddenly extramarital excursions are no longer an issue. This happens when we're about 80, or even earlier, if you count the side effects of the antidepressants or blood pressure medicine. Either way, this stuff is tough for every man.

•

Does sex change after marriage? Isn't that the silliest question in the world? Of course it does. Only you don't want to tell your single friends the truth, because then no one would get hitched. And you don't want to think about it much either, because it's just too damn depressing.

The good thing is that reduced frequency just sort of creeps up on you, and stays with you, like midriff bulge. One day your pants are tight, but you know you don't have the time or energy to do anything about it. This is bad, but not as bad as one day realizing, as you're doing it, that two adults crawling all over each other and making funny noises is a ridiculous sight. Somehow you can't quite remember why this stuff ever seemed so damn important, why it drove you nuts and made you do crazy things just to quell that burning sensation.

Don't let this happen to you:

"What the hell are you doing?"

"Me? Look at you!"

I once called a good friend of mine to talk about this, because I was so worried about my libido falling asleep. I didn't exactly know how to broach the subject. So I just blurted it out.

"When you're in bed, how much do you do it?"

He laughed. "Oh, I don't know. Last time must have been four months ago. Maybe five."

"What?"

"Tim, I have three kids and two jobs. You both want to, but the kid comes in, the kid's sick. Every time a Saturday night seems free, something else happens. And all these magazines say you have to dedicate a night. Yeah, well, that's great. It's all good in theory. But if you're mad at your wife—and you're mad about, what, 30 percent of the time, or just irritated—then making love is the last thing in the world you want to do. So there are a lot of things working against sex in marriage."

Suddenly I realized it was marriage working against sex.

Look, if we're hungry we eat. If we want to make love bad enough, we do it. But as life goes on and kids come and responsibilities grow, time becomes precious and there's not all that much room

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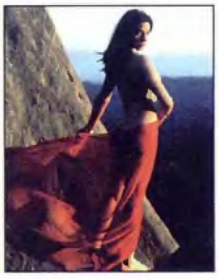

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to fit in both lovemaking and a couple hours for the little lady to read *Cosmo*.

•

Sometimes a man has no control over himself.

My wife and I once walked into a real estate office when we were looking for a house in Los Angeles. Right away I sensed something. It came in below my defenses. I grew a giraffe neck, twisted around and saw a woman sitting in an agent's booth clear across the room. She did a hair toss and started rubbing her neck. Before I knew it, I postured: My chest went straight out, my shoulders straight back. We locked eyes. The chemistry was instantaneous.

Meanwhile, my wife was discussing second trust deeds with our agent, but I had a tough time paying attention. Every time I looked up, the woman was staring at me. She'd moved into the lip-licking phase. We were like two pacing animals. She could have been a mother of six, and I'd have still wanted her.

Finally, I turned to my wife and said, "Do you smell anything weird?"

She said, "Why? Did you fart?"

"No. I smell something. Is anything going on here that you can recognize?"

She looked around and said, "Other than that woman staring at you?" A smile came to her lips. "She wants you, Tim."

My chest inflated another millimeter and I said, "I know that."

"And you are telling her that you want her," she said, looking at my pathetic pecs.

"What? I didn't do anything!"

"Look at the way you're standing," she said. "You're posturing."

"Oh."

"Sit down."

"I just want to smell her, to be near her. It's nothing personal."

"Sit."

That's why I love my wife.

What happened had almost everything to do with smell. It's that pheromone thing, the little chemical agents we all give off that pretty much say, "Hey! You, over there. If you like my aroma, I'm available."

Dogs are really good at this. Fortunately, people are sufficiently evolved to restrain themselves from sniffing each other's behinds. But it's the same thing.

When this happened to me at the real estate office, my body wanted to find a way to stay there—alone. The evil lunatic inside said, "Take your wife home. Say you left your jacket behind—it worked at Gilbert Dennison's house, didn't it? Come back here and fulfill your biological destiny."

My mind was churning. I began to rationalize the emotional consequences. "I've got to see her. So I'll kill my wife, quit my job and take the real estate lady and all my money and we'll go live in Indiana. I'll get a job in a hardware store and we'll just do it, do it, do it, all day and all night!"

I finally snapped out of it, but only because I heard my wife mumbling something about the thighs on the pool guy.

•

Take heart. Marriage can be fun. Wives are women, too, and they can be lots of fun. I love to travel with my wife. Her female sensibilities are so different that I always see the world in new ways. When we're on a trip, we're highly excited, we behave better, the romantic spark that linked us returns, she reads the autobahn and autostrada road maps like a pro. We go to nice hotels, eat great meals, get dressed up, marvel at the wonders of the world. And the wonders of our enduring partnership. If you get away now and then, you can look at your life from a new point of view. It's refreshing. And I'm not just saying this to be nice.

If we hadn't had a child, we'd probably never come home. Pretty soon we can take our daughter with us.

•

As I'm sure you realize, I've been speaking in generalizations for comic effect. I've said, "Men are like this and women are like that." But not necessarily. I know many women who are like this. I try to stay away from guys who are like that.

The older you get, the more you realize there are fewer absolutes in the world and more perspectives. Stereotypes describe the more common occurrences, but not always.

Life before marriage is great. Then one day everyone has to join the real world: jobs, love and settling down. And no more bullshit. The people I knew who didn't settle down are now dead.

"Whatever happened to Joey?"

"Died."

"Marjorie?"

"Went to a commune and died."

Just wanted to see if you're paying attention.

Imminent death notwithstanding, this doesn't mean you have to sacrifice your ideals. It just means forcing your ideals to mesh with the real world. Once upon a time I thought I could change the world. Now, although I have influenced part of the world we live in, I still come home from work and hope that dinner is on the table. Before the meal, I'll watch TV and gather myself. This is something men do, like the caveman who stared at the fire after a long day hunting. We commune hard with the electronic embers, not wanting to speak with anybody.

Later, after I've talked with the wife and played with the kid and helped clean up the dishes, I'll disappear into my garage workshop, where I can manipulate my own little world to my heart's content. And in there, it's so nice being married.

"I still don't know what happened. Some guy must have accessed me on the Internet."

Leslie Abramson *(continued from page 134)*

"When California reinstated the death penalty, she found her métier, saving people from the gas chamber."

closing argument, when Abramson walked up to a corkboard, took a box of tacks and stuck them, one by one, into a porn-tinged photo that Jose Menendez had taken of his naked younger son.

"You heard about some of the things he liked to do to his little boy," Abramson told the jury. "One of them was to stick tacks like *this* into his *thighs* and his *butt* and to run *pins* across his *penis*." At that moment, above all others, the trashy conventions of tabloid television intersected with Abramson's naked, righteous wrath.

•

To find the wellsprings of that wrath, one must go back to Leslie Abramson's childhood in New York City. Born in 1943, she was the second of three children in a complicated family. Her father was out of the home, for the most part, after she was six. "No one," she has said, "would have accused me of being a happy child." (During the Menendez trial her mother died and she reconnected with her father after 34 years.) Although most of her extended family in Russia died in the Holocaust, she knew and took inspiration from her immigrant grandmother, Fanny Kaprow. A left-wing organizer for the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, Kaprow was, by Abramson's account, a willful, stubborn woman who believed in women making their own way.

Growing up poor in a Queens apartment, Leslie dreamed of making her way as a ballerina, an actress, an FBI agent and a fighter pilot in the Israeli army. But her childhood was also marked by a preoccupation that one psychologist later labeled a pattern of victimization. It's easy to see such a pattern emerging from what she heard in her home about the horrors of the gas chambers. This is a connection she willingly draws, and one that allows her to see her clients as victims. (For Abramson, observes Charles Lindner, a former president of the Los Angeles Criminal Courts Bar Association, "'gas chamber' does not mean San Quentin, it means Auschwitz.") But this pattern, with its resulting anger, could just as plausibly have been set by her fatherless upbringing. That connection would make her feel herself to be a victim, and it's one she doesn't discuss, at least not in public.

Abramson married a young pharmacist while still enrolled in Queens College, where she majored in medieval history and was captain of the cheerleading team. Soon after graduation she and her husband moved to Los Angeles, where, in 1965, she gave birth to a daughter, Laine, now an aspiring filmmaker who lives in San Francisco. The following year she entered UCLA School of Law, after which she divorced her husband and joined the Los Angeles public defender's office, in 1969. Seven years later she went into private practice. At first she thought she would handle divorce cases, but the pettiness of many litigants didn't fill her needs. "For Leslie," a colleague says, "life must be high drama, and if it isn't she creates it."

The California state legislature helped create it for her in 1977, when it voted to reinstate the death penalty. Suddenly Abramson found her métier, saving people from the gas chamber, and she has pursued it with furious energy. Her clients have included Dr. Khalid Parwez, a Pakistan-born gynecologist accused of strangling his son and cutting his body

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into more than 200 pieces (acquitted); Peter Chan, a 29-year-old Chinese immigrant involved in a Los Angeles Chinatown jewelry store robbery that left one police officer and two of the robbers dead (convicted of second-degree murder, which does not carry the threat of capital punishment); and Ricardo Sanders, one of two men whose robbery of a Bob's Big Boy restaurant ended with a hideously brutal series of killings (her only client on death row).

"All of my life, to me the greatest evil in the world was overreaching government," she told Maria Shriver on TV, "not what individuals do or can't do. I mean, I was raised on the Holocaust, and it imprinted in me forever the notion that things are truly horrible, and not the way God meant them to be, when governments and their power are out of control. So I defend individuals when government has turned the full force of its power on them. I understand that in this society there's this jumping up and down about crime, but not everybody who's accused of a crime is guilty."

•

Force of nature that she is, Abramson doesn't defy description so much as she incites it. Consider Dominick Dunne's use of f-words to describe her: "flamboyant, feisty, formidable, fascinating and, occasionally, very funny. She is also, occasionally, truly frightening." (Abramson returned the compliment by calling him "that hack-romance-novelist prick," a tribute that, to his eternal credit, he reprinted in one of his Menendez pieces.) But she has definitely defeated efforts to capture her essence on TV, and no wonder; her emotions are scaled to grand opera, not movies of the week.

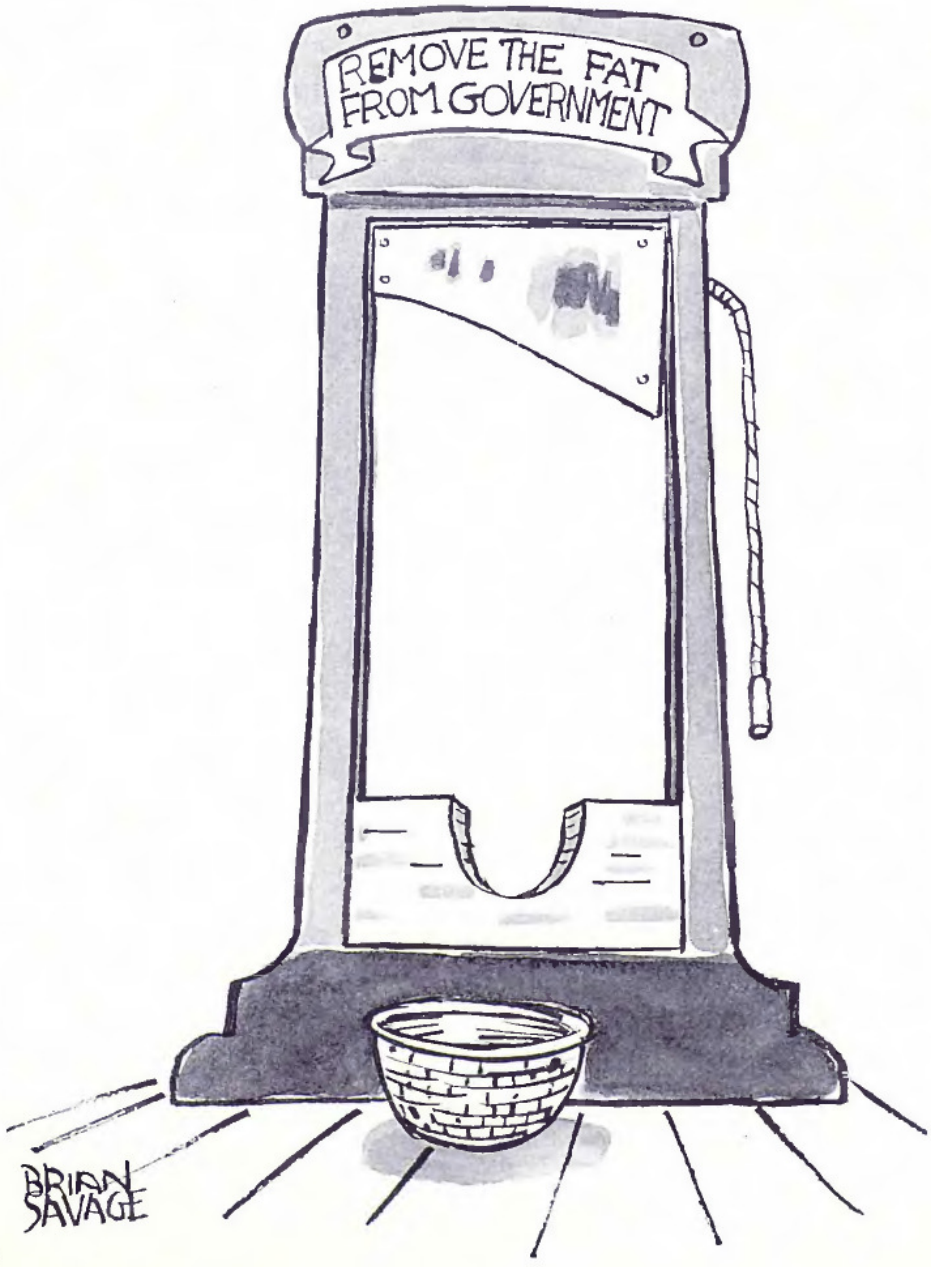
Margaret Whitton, the actress who played Abramson in the CBS version of the story, was forced to soften her subject's hard edges, to make her furtively likable, when the most likable thing about Abramson in court is her manifest indifference to being liked. Susan Blakely, the Leslie of the quickie version that the Fox network put on the air 30 seconds after the trial ended, had to cope with an underwritten script and little time to prepare a performance. "What I basically used," Blakely recalls, "was her superior, almost condescending attitude. More anger would have been great, but they gave all the biting legal jargon to the prosecutor. If you looked at our movie it was tough to see why Leslie did as well as she did."

More anger would always be great for the part of Leslie Abramson, though anger alone doesn't explain why she does well, in court or in life. An indispensable element of her success is her belief in her inalienable right to express herself fully and instantaneously, which means giving vent to love, hate, generosity, indulgence, annoyance, impatience, approval, disapproval, pleasure or any other feeling, consistent or contradictory, that happens to rise up in her gorge and demand equal time.

In the matter of Jerome Oziel, the Menendez brothers' Beverly Hills psychotherapist whose court appearance helped to broaden the definition of that job category, Abramson spat out to a television interviewer: "The notion of that man dicking with the lives of other people is so offensive, it's so wrong. God, I hope they get his license." Possibly afraid that she had not made her point with sufficient clarity, she added: "*He's* the sociopath of the case. He's the clear-cut sociopath. He's the worst." Asked at another moment for her assessment of the prosecutors, she replied: "You want my interpretation? They are outclassed, outmaneuvered and outlawyered." The truth is she was right.

"She says any damned thing she pleases," observes someone who knows her well. "Her words seem uncensored by any worries about decorum. She feels entitled to look you in the eye and say, 'I'm pissed off at you,' and to come back the next day and say, 'I really like your shoes.' She'll hurt people horribly and then expect that they'll like her, and often they do, because there's something special about her. It's all real. All her contradictions are real. There isn't a dishonest bone in her body. It's real when she tells you she thinks you're wonderful, and real when she says she can't stand being around you."

Someone else who knows her well, the novelist John Gregory Dunne, has seen her anger leveled at others but never at him. "It's hard to explain friendship," says Dunne, "but we clicked almost immediately when we met back in the



Seventies, and we've been friends ever since." One threat to that friendship was a tough-talking left-wing lawyer named Leah who lit up Dunne's 1987 novel *The Red White and Blue*. Leah was based on Abramson, though also on Dunne's wife, the writer Joan Didion, and on Nora Ephron. "Leslie detested the character and said so," Dunne recalls, "but it never caused a ripple in our friendship."

More recently the friendship came under pressure from the several public savagings that Abramson has suffered at the hands of Dunne's brother Dominick. Here again though, John, Joan, Abramson and her genially scholarly second husband, Tim Rutten, who writes for the *Los Angeles Times*, have remained close. "Tim is as smart as anyone I've ever known," John Dunne says, "and Leslie is wonderfully smart too. That's what people sometimes forget. She's really good, which is why a tiny Jewish girl from New York could go to Los Angeles, become a lawyer, then a public defender and then become what she's become. You know, it's been said that she has destroyed more careers in the district attorney's office than booze."

•

Wherever Leslie Abramson goes, tongues wag. People talk about her Jaguar and her diamond ring as if such amenities should be anathema to a defender of the downtrodden. Perpetually on a diet, she urges everyone around her to indulge, and glows with pleasure when they turn out to be good eaters. Protective of her privacy when she isn't courting the media, she once repelled a TV cameraman—and won an unsolicited moment on-screen—by giving him the finger outside a Beverly Hills courtroom.

Three decades ago, when her daughter was born, Abramson's maternal instinct ran into stiff competition with the demands of law school, followed by a rigorous rite of passage in the public defender's office. Last year, with that instinct rekindled, or unabated, she and Rutten adopted a baby boy. The depth of her feeling about mid-life motherhood can be inferred from her uncharacteristic reluctance to discuss it in public. But the adoption took place during the Menendez trial, when another facet of her maternal instinct was on display for all the world to see.

This was her ostentatious and widely criticized mothering of her client in the courtroom. At studiously unguarded moments during the trial, the camera, like the jurors and the judge, would catch her caressing Erik's head, resting her hand on his back and picking lint or pills from his sweater.

Sometimes Abramson's urge to mother is indistinguishable from her urge to control. Sometimes it's benign and endearing. Stefani Sherwin, who filled in for a month as court clerk in the Menendez trial and who remembers her warmly as "one smart cookie," says Abramson took a dim view of Sherwin's blondish-red hair (possibly because that meant there were two blondes in the TV picture). "She wanted me to meet her on a Saturday to go do something about it. But I liked the color of my hair, and I opted to keep it."

Shortly after her jury hung, Abramson gave an elaborate dinner party at her home for those she infelicitously dubbed "my jurors"—four of the women who had voted for manslaughter as opposed to first-degree murder, and two sympathetic alternates, one man and one woman. First Abramson took her jurors on a tour of the house and showed them her new baby. Next, her husband, an accomplished cook, prepared the dinner. Then Rutten took his leave so that his wife and her jurors could dish about the case and take turns talking with Erik, who called in from the county jail like some matinee idol who's filming abroad on Oscar night.

As soon as news of the dinner party got out, Abramson was portrayed in the press as a Svengali bent on adding sympathetic jurors to her collection of jewels. This perception was hardly dispelled when she continued to socialize with several of the women who had voted her way—the media referred to them as "Leslie's girls"—and to call the shots on which television shows they should or shouldn't appear on.

In defense of her dinner, Abramson has characterized it as a debriefing in a social setting. Lawyers always try to pick jurors' brains about which elements of their strategy worked well or badly, and she was facing the near certainty of a second trial. The female jurors, for their part, see the flap over their relationship with Abramson as unfair to her, and to themselves.

"We got slammed so often in the media for voting the way we did," says Tracy Miller, a bookstore clerk. "They called our half of the jury 'Erik's women,' as if Leslie told us how to vote and that's the way we voted." An ebullient, dark-skinned woman of 27 who describes herself as a "Judeo-Christian-Hungarian-African American"—she has a Jewish grandmother—Miller makes no apologies for her feelings about Abramson. "I didn't see anything wrong with a strong attorney mothering her client, and she's a great attorney. I told her after the trial that she was so good I worshiped her. She told me I shouldn't worship anybody, that no one was better than me.

"I've seen her several times since the trial, and yes, she picks lint off me too. She's always giving me advice. When I told her I'd found this really great dance club, she said dance clubs are dangerous and I should stay home instead of staying out so late. She's always at me about something. But we didn't vote the way we voted because she looked at us a lot, or because we were suckered by a strong woman making strong statements. All the grandstanding in the world isn't

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worth a thing if you can't prove a witness right or wrong. We voted because the prosecution couldn't prove its case."

Since Abramson neither picked off lint nor picked up votes from her male jurors, it's tempting to conclude that she antagonized the men to at least the same degree as she inspired the women. Even if that's true, though, none of the men will cop to it. Admitting they had been antagonized would be tantamount to admitting they had been intimidated, and what might that say about their cojones?

What's more, justice is supposed to be blind. If we're willing to believe that the women voted on the merits of the case, we must extend the same courtesy, or benefit of the doubt, to the men. That's not quite the position taken by one of the male jurors, a letter carrier named Robert Rakestraw. "I feel she had a great effect on the women," he says, "but none whatsoever on the men." All the same, he gives Abramson at least one backhanded compliment—"she was a master at turning things around"—and several forehanded ones. "She did a fantastic job, really. She was brilliant. She was the star of the show."

Another male juror, Richard Sartain, says he was "surprised at how abrasive she got," especially in her arguments with the judge. "I expected him to hold her in contempt and maybe throw her in jail overnight, and maybe he should have. But her tactics worked." For the women, he means. Like Rakestraw, Sartain, a retired Navy sonar technician, insists that Abramson's performance had no effect on his vote. "She made some mistakes, but the prosecution's mistakes were bigger. The women just beat us to death in the jury room over the fact that the prosecution didn't put on any expert witnesses to rebut hers."

•

Abramson is often abrasive, sometimes shockingly so, and her behavior sometimes creates serious problems. Defense attorneys are, after all, officers of the court, and they can't be allowed to trash an already tarnished judicial process.

"From a judge's standpoint," says George Trammel, the Superior Court judge who presided over the case of the security guard accused of rape and murder, "Leslie is a pain in the rear end. As I listened to and read about the problems Stan Weisberg was having with her, they were exactly the same ones I had. Frankly, I don't look forward to having her in my courtroom because of those things. Stan was almost constantly battling for control of the trial, and I found that to be true as well.

"When push would come to shove, I'd have to talk to her out of the presence of the jury and say, 'Leslie'—not Ms. Abramson but Leslie—'this has gone far enough. I've admonished you ten times now and I'm serious, one more time and I'm going to find you in contempt.' Then she'd back off for a while. She's not one to have total contempt for a judge.

"Despite all that, there's something about Leslie. I can't say that in any way, shape or form I dislike her. She's dynamic in argument, she's an advocate. As a lawyer myself I'm very proud of her abilities."

Still, there may be a problem in logic here. If Abramson's brilliant theatrics in the Menendez case didn't blind the women to the facts, and if her shameless theatrics didn't sway the men, then what did she do?

The simple answer is that she got a hung jury by hook or by crook, and spared her client from you know what. Exactly how she managed to do it can never be known, since jurors themselves never know exactly what they respond to in the course of a complex trial, let alone a festival of media furies in which Croesus and Oedipus interact.

In the larger context of Abramson's career, what she has done is work a long string of miracles by keeping the reality of her situation firmly in mind—people are going to kill her client unless she stops them—and acting on this reality with all the intelligence and passion at her command. That's what every top-notch trial lawyer does in capital cases; it's what Jill Lansing did, in her own style and to equal effect, on Lyle's behalf. But Abramson's style is like no one else's.

"She's willing to break the conventions and accept the consequences with no complaints," Lansing says. "She stands up to authority figures. People who'd like to stand up to the IRS or their landlord or some department store clerk who's too superior to wait on them can live vicariously through her. Most of us hold back in some way, most of us hedge, most of us look for a way to save our dignity if we lose, but Leslie is willing to risk all. There's never an apology, never a look back. She goes out there with guns blazing."

"Mr. Smith ran into a little difficulty on his nature walk. May I help you?"

BUCKEYE

(continued from page 90)

Sitting around on your duff won't get you anything better than a case of hemorrhoids."

"If you're such a believer, why don't you go around like my parents do, spouting Scripture and all that?" I reason that if I just keep asking questions I will eventually get Buckeye figured out.

"For one thing," Buckeye says flatly, "and you don't need to go telling this to anybody else, I'm not much of a reader."

I raise my eyebrows.

"Look here," he says, taking the menu from between the ketchup bottle and the sugar bowl. He points at something on it and says, "This is an A, this is a T and here's a G. This says 'hamburger'—I know that one. Oh, and this is 'beer.' I learned that early on." He looks up at me. "Nope, I can't read, not really. I never stayed put long enough to get an education. But I'm smart enough to fool anybody."

If this were a movie and not real life I would feel terrible for Buckeye—maybe I would vow to teach him to read, give him self-worth, help him become a complete human being. For the climax, he would win the national spelling bee or something. But this is reality and as I look across the table at Buckeye, I can see that his illiteracy doesn't bother him a bit. In fact, he looks rather pleased with himself.

"Like I've been telling you, it's not the reading, it's not the saying. It's only the doing I'm interested in. Do it, do it, do it," Buckeye says, hammering each "do it" into the table with his Coke bottle. He leans into his chair, a wide grin overtaking his face. "But sometimes it certainly is nice to kick back and listen to the music."

We sit there quietly, me doing my best not to stare at the dancer and Buckeye with his head back and eyes closed, sniffing the air with the deep concentration of a wine taster. A pretty woman in jeans and a flannel shirt comes up behind Buckeye and asks him to dance. There are only a few couples out on the floor. Most everybody else is sitting at their tables, drinking and yelling at one another over the music.

"Thanks, but no thanks," Buckeye says.

The woman looks over at me. "What about you?" she says.

My face gets hot and I begin to fidget. "No, no," I say. "No, thank you."

The woman seems amused by us and our Cokes. She takes a long look at both of us, with her hands on the back of an empty chair.

"Go ahead," Buckeye says. "I'll hold down the fort."

I shake my head and look down into my lap. "That's quite all right," I say. I don't know how to dance and the brace I'm wearing makes me walk like I have an advanced case of arthritis.

Buckeye sighs, smiles, gets up and leads the woman out onto the floor. She puts her head on his chest and I watch them drift away, swaying to the beat of a song about good love gone bad, until they are obscured by the smoke.

When the song is over Buckeye comes back with a flushed face and a look of exasperation. He says, "You see what I mean? That girl wanted things and for me to do them to her. She wanted these things done as soon as possible. She asked me if I didn't want to load her bases." He plops down in his chair and drains his Coke with one huge swallow. It doesn't even make him blink.

•

On our way home he pulls into the deserted front lot of a drive-in movie theater and floors the accelerator, yanking the steering wheel all the way to the left and holding it there. He yells, "Carnival ride!" and the car goes round and round, pinning me to the passenger door, spitting up geysers of dust and creaking and groaning as if it might fly into pieces at any second. When he finally throws on the brakes, we sit there, a great cloud of dust settling on the car, making ticking noises on the roof. The world continues to hurtle around me and I can feel my stomach throbbing like a heart.

Buckeye looks over at me, his head swaying back and forth a little, and says, "Now doesn't that make you feel like you've just had too much to drink?"

•

Simone and I are on the roof. It's somewhere around midnight and there are bats zooming over our heads. We can hear the *swish* as they pass. I have on only a pair of shorts, and Simone is wearing an oversize T-shirt. The warm, grainy tar paper holds us against the steep incline of the roof. Old pipes have forced us out here. Right now those pipes, the ones that run through the north walls of our turn-of-the-century house, are engaged in their semiannual vibrational moaning. According to the plumber, this condition has to do with drastic changes in temperature. We could either pay thousands of dollars to have the pipes replaced or we could put up with a little annoying moaning once in a while.

With my sister's windows closed it sounds like someone is crying in the hallway at the top of the stairs. My parents, with extra years of practice under their belts, have learned to sleep through it.

Simone and I are actually engaged in something that resembles conversation. Naturally, we are talking about Buckeye. If Buckeye has done nothing else, he has given us something to talk about.

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seems to be seriously in love. She's had boyfriends before, but Simone is the type of girl who'll break up with a guy because she doesn't like the way his clothes match. She's known Buckeye for all of three weeks and is already talking about names for their children. All this without anything close to sexual contact. "Do you really think he likes me?"

This is a question I've been asked before. "Difficult to say," I tell her. In my young life I've learned the advantages of ambivalence.

Actually, I've asked Buckeye directly how he feels for my sister, and this is the response I got: "I have feelings for her, feelings that could make an Eskimo sweat, but as far as feelings go, these simply aren't the right kind. There's a control problem I'm worried about."

"He truly loves the Lord," Simone says into the night. My sister, who wouldn't know a Bible from the menu at Denny's, thinks this is beautiful.

Over the past couple of weeks I've begun to see the struggle going on within Buckeye, a struggle in which the Lord is surely involved. Buckeye never says anything about it, never lets on, but it's there. It's a battle that pits Buckeye the Badger against Buckeye the Mormon. Buckeye told me that in his old life as the Badger he never stole anything, never lied without first making sure he didn't have a choice, got drunk once in a while, fought some, cussed quite a bit and had only the women who wanted him. Now, as a Mormon, there is a whole list of things he has to avoid, including coffee, tea, sex, tobacco, swearing and, as Buckeye puts it, "anything else unbecoming that smacks of the natural man."

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To increase his strength and defenses, Buckeye has taken to denying himself, testing his willpower in various ways. He goes without food for two full days. While he watches TV he holds his breath for as long as he can, doesn't use the bathroom until he's within seconds of making a mess. As part of his rugby training, he has filled an old tractor tire with rocks and made a rope harness for it. Every morning he drags it through the streets from his boarding house to our house, which is at least three miles. When he comes inside he is covered with sweat but will not accept liquid of any kind. Before taking a shower he goes out to the driveway and does a hundred pushups on his knuckles.

Since they've met, Buckeye has not so much as touched my sister, she tells me, except for some innocent hand-holding. Considering that he practically lives at our house and already seems like a brother-in-law, I find this a little weird. Buckeye's non-contact love is making Simone deranged, and I must say I'm enjoying that.

I sit back and listen to the pipes moaning like mating animals behind the walls. Hummingbird Lane, the street I've lived on my entire life, stretches off both ways into darkness. The clouds are low and the lights of the city reflect off them, giving everything a green, murky glow. Next to me my sister chats with herself, talking about the intrigues of beauty school, some inane deeds of my parents, her feelings and plans for Buckeye.

"Should I get baptized?" she says. "Do you think he would want me to?"

I snort.

"What?" she says. "Just because you're an atheist or something."

"I'm not an atheist," I tell her. "I'm just not looking for any more burdens than I already have."

•

In the morning, on Sunday, Buckeye comes to our house a newly ordained elder. I come upstairs just in time to hear him explain to Simone and my parents that he has been endowed with the power to baptize, to preach the Gospel, to administer the laying on of hands, to heal. It's the first time I've seen him in his Sunday clothes: striped shirt, blaring polyester tie and shoes that glitter so brightly you would think they'd been shined by a Marine. He's wearing some kind of potent cologne that makes my eyes tear if I get too close. Damn me if the phrase doesn't apply: Buckeye looks born again. As if he had just been pulled from the womb and scrubbed a glowing pink.

"Gosh dang," Buckeye says, "do I feel nice."

I can handle Buckeye the Badger and Buckeye the Mormon, but Buckeye the Elder? When I think of elders I imagine

bent, bearded men who are old enough to have the right to speak mysterious nonsense.

I have to admit, however, that he looks almost holy. He's on a high, he's ready to raise the dead. He puts up his dukes and performs some intricate Muhammad Ali footwork—something he does when he's feeling particularly successful. We all watch him in wonder. My parents, just back from prayer meeting themselves, look particularly awed.

After lunch, once Buckeye has left, we settle down for our "Sabbath family conversation." Usually it's not so much a conversation as it is an excuse for us to yell at one another in a constructive format. As always, my father calls the meeting to order. Then, my mother, who is a diabetic, begins by sighing and apologizing for the mess the house has been in for the past few weeks; her insulin intake has been adjusted and she hasn't been feeling well. This is just her way of blaming us for not helping out more. Simone breaks in and tries to defend herself by reminding everyone she's done the dishes twice this week. My father snaps at her for not letting my mother finish, and things take their natural course from there. Simone whines, my mother rubs her temples, my father asks the Lord why we can't be a happy Christian family and I smirk and finish off my pistachio ice cream. Whenever Buckeye is not around, it seems, we go right back to normal.

Not only does Buckeye keep our household happy and lighthearted with his presence, but he has also avoided any religious confrontation with my folks. Buckeye is not naturally religious like my parents, and he doesn't say much at all, just goes about his business, quietly believing what the folks at the Mormon church teach him. This doesn't keep Mom and Dad from loving him more than anybody. Buckeye goes fishing with my father and is currently educating my mother on how to grow a successful vegetable garden. My parents are biding their time until Buckeye comes to his spiritual senses. Then they will dazzle him with the special brand of truth found only in the Holton Hills Reformed Baptist Church, the church where they were not only saved but also met and eventually got married. Until now, though, I would have to say that Buckeye has done most of the dazzling.

•

One of the big attractions of the Mormon church for Buckeye is that it doesn't have any outright prohibitions against shooting things. Buckeye owns two rifles and a handgun he keeps under the front seat of his Oldsmobile. Today, I've got a .22 (something larger might aggravate my shoulder) while Buckeye is toting some kind of high-caliber hunting rifle that he says could take the head off a rhino. My parents have taken Simone to a fashion show in Dallas, so it's just me and Buckeye out for a little manly fun in a swamp, looking for something to shoot. The afternoon is sticky and full of bugs, and the chirping of birds tumbles down out of old moss-laden trees. A few squirrels whiz by and a thick black snake crosses our path, but Buckeye doesn't even notice. I guess if something worthwhile comes along, we'll shoot it.

Buckeye and I share secrets. I suppose this is something women do all the time, but I've never tried it with any of the few friends I have. I tell Buckeye that even though I've never been with a girl and have no business fretting about such a thing, one of my biggest worries is that I will be sterile. I started worrying about it after reading an article on the tragedy sterility can cause in people's lives. When I get through the entire explanation, Buckeye looks at me twice and laughs.

"You've never popped your cork with a girl?" he says. The expression on his face would lead me to believe that he finds this idea pretty incredible. I am really embarrassed now. I walk faster, tripping through the underbrush so Buckeye can't see the blood rushing to my face. Buckeye picks up his pace and stays right with me. He says, "Being sterile would have been a blessing for me at your age. I used to lay pipe all over the place, and while nobody can be sure, there's a good chance I'm somebody's papa."

I stop and look at him. With Buckeye, it's more and more secrets all the time. A couple of days ago he told me that on a few nights of the year he can see the ghost of his mother.

"What do you mean, 'nobody can be sure'?" I say.

"With the kinds of girls I used to do things with, nothing was certain. The only way you could get even a vague idea was to wait and see what color the kid came out to be."

There's a good chance Buckeye's the father of children he doesn't even know, and I've got baseless worries about being sterile. Buckeye points his gun at a crow passing overhead. He follows it across the sky and says, "Don't get upset about that, anyway. This is the modern world. You could have the most worthless sperm on record and there'd be a way to get around it. They've got drugs and lasers that can do just about anything. Like I say, a guy your age should only have worries about getting his cork popped. Your problem is you read too much."

I must have a confused look on my face because Buckeye stops to explain himself. With a blunt finger he diagrams the path of his argument on my chest. "Now, there's having fun when you're

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young and aren't supposed to know better, and then there's the time when you have to come to terms with things, line your ducks up in a row. You have to have sin before there's repentance. I should know about that. Get it all out of you now. You're holding back for no good reason I can see. Some people hold it in until they're middle-aged and then explode. And frankly, I believe there's nothing quite as ugly as that."

We clamber through the brush, me trying to reason through what I've just heard and Buckeye whistling bluegrass tunes and aiming at trees. I haven't seen him this relaxed in a long time. We come into a clearing where an old car sits on its axles in a patch of undergrowth. Remarkably, all its windows are still intact and we simply can't resist the temptation to fill the thing full of holes. We're blazing away at that sorry car, filled with the macho euphoria that comes with making loud noises and destroying things, when a Ford pickup barrels into the clearing on a dirt road just to the south of us. A skinny old geezer with a grease-caked hat pulled over his eyes jumps out.

To get where we are, we've crawled through a number of barbed-wire fences, and there is not a lot of doubt we're on somebody's land. The way the old man is walking toward us, holding his rifle out in front of him, would suggest that he is that somebody, and he's not happy that we're on his property. "You sons of bitches," he growls once he's within earshot.

"How do you do?" Buckeye says back.

The man stops about 20 feet away from us, puts the gun up to his shoulder and points it first at Buckeye, then at me. I have never been on the business end of a firearm before and the experience is definitely edifying. You get weak in the knees and take account of all the deeds in your life.

"This is it," the man says. He's so mad he's shaking. My attention never wavers from the end of that gun.

"Is there some problem we don't know about?" Buckeye says, still holding his gun in the crook of his arm. I have dropped my weapon and am debating whether or not to put my hands up.

"You damn shits!" the man nearly screeches. It's obvious he doesn't like the tone of Buckeye's voice. I wish Buckeye would notice this also.

"You come in here and wreck my property and shoot up my things and then give me this polite talk. I'm either going to take you to jail right now or shoot you where you stand and throw you in the river. I'm trying to decide."

This man appears absolutely serious. He is weathered and bent and has a face full of scars; he looks capable of a list of things worse than murder.

Buckeye sighs and points his rifle at the old man. "This is a perfect example of what my uncle, Lester Lewis, retired lieutenant colonel, likes to call 'mutually assured destruction.'" Buckeye loves the idea. "We can both stay or we can both go. As for myself, this is as good a time as any. I'm in the process of putting things right with my maker. What about you?"

I watch the fire go out of the old man's eyes and his face get slack and pasty. He keeps his gun up but doesn't answer.

"Shall we put down our guns or stand here all day?" Buckeye says happily.

The man slowly backs up, keeping his gun trained on Buckeye. By the time he makes it back to his pickup, Buckeye has already lowered his gun. "I'm calling the police right now!" the man yells, his voice cracking into a range of octaves. "They're going to put you shits away for good!"

Buckeye swings his gun up and shoots once over the man's head. As the pickup scrambles away over the gravel and clumps of weeds, Buckeye shoots three times into the dirt behind it, sending up small puffs of dust. We watch the truck disappear into the trees and I work on getting my lungs functional again. Buckeye retrieves my gun and hands it to me. "We better get," he says.

We thrash through the trees and underbrush until we find the car. Buckeye drives the thing like he's playing a video game, flipping the gearshift and spinning the steering wheel. He works the gas and brake pedals with both feet and shouts at the narrow dirt road when it doesn't curve the way he expects. We skid off the road once in a while, ending the life of a young tree, maybe, or

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OLD? HEY, IT WAS MY GENERATION THAT SAID, "DON'T TRUST ANYONE OVER 30."
AND HOW OLD ARE YOU?

putting a wheel into a ditch. But Buckeye never lets up. By the time we make it back to the highway we hear sirens.

"I guess that old cooter wasn't pulling our short and curlies," Buckeye says. He is clearly enjoying all this—his eyes are bright and a little frenzied. I hang my head out the window in case I vomit.

•

Once we get back to civilization Buckeye slows down and we meander along like we're out to buy a carton of milk at the grocery store. The sirens have faded and I don't even have a theory as to where we might be until Buckeye takes a shortcut between two warehouses and we end up in the parking lot of the Ranch. The place is deserted except for a rusty VW Beetle.

"Never been here this early in the day, but it's got to be open," Buckeye says, still panting. I shrug, not yet feeling capable of forming words. It's three in the afternoon.

"When's the last time you had a nice cold beer?" Buckeye says a little wistfully.

"Never, really," I admit after a few seconds. What I don't admit to is that I've never tasted any form of liquor in all my life. My parents have banned Simone and me from drinking alcohol until we reach the legal drinking age. Then, they say, we can decide for ourselves. Unlike Simone, I have never felt the need to defy my parents on this account. When I get together with my few friends we eat pizza and play Dungeons and Dragons. No one has ever even suggested beer. Since I've known Buckeye, I've discovered what a sorry excuse for a teenager I am.

Buckeye shakes his head and whistles in disbelief. I guess we surprise each other. "Then let's go get you a beer," he says. "You're thirsty, aren't you? I'll settle for a Coke."

The front doors, big wooden affairs that swing both ways, are locked with a padlock and chain. Buckeye smiles at me and knocks on one of the doors. "There's got to be somebody in there. I know some of the people who work here. They'll get us set up."

Buckeye knocks again but doesn't get any results. He peers through a window, goes back to the doors and pounds on them with both fists, producing a hollow booming noise that sounds like cannons in the distance. He kicks at the door and punches it a few times, leaving bright red circle-shaped scrapes on the tops of his knuckles.

"What is this?" he yells. "What is this? Hey!"

He throws his shoulder into the place where the doors meet. The doors buckle inward, making a metallic crunching noise, but the chain doesn't give. I try to tell Buckeye that I'm really not that thirsty, but he doesn't hear me. He hurls his body into the doors again, then stalks around and picks up a three-foot-high wooden cowboy next to the cement path that leads to the entrance. This squat, goofy-looking guy has been carved out of a single block of wood and holds up a sign that says COME ON IN! Buckeye emits a tearing groan and pitches it underhand against the door, succeeding only in breaking the cowboy's handlebar mustache.

Buckeye has a kind of possessed look on his face, his eyes vacant, the cords in his neck taut like ropes. He picks up the cowboy again, readies himself for another throw, then drops it at his feet. He stares at me for a few seconds, his features falling into a vaguely pained expression, and sits down on the top step. He sets the cowboy upright and his hands tremble as he fiddles with the mustache, trying to make the broken part stay. He is red all over and sweating.

"I guess I'll have to owe you that beer," he says.

•

Simone, my father and I are sitting around the dinner table and staring at the food on our plates. We're all distraught. We poke at our enchiladas and don't look at one another. The past 48 hours have been rough on us: My mother has had a diabetic episode and Buckeye has disappeared.

My mother is upstairs, resting. The doctors have told her not to get out of bed for a week. Since yesterday morning, old ladies from the church have been bringing food, flowers and get-well cards in waves. In the kitchen, casseroles are stacked into pyramids.

And nobody has seen Buckeye in two days. He hasn't called or answered his phone. My father has just returned from the boarding house where Buckeye rents a room. The owner told him that she hadn't seen Buckeye either, but it was against her policy to let strangers look in the rooms.

"One more day and we'll have to call the police," my father says. He's made this exact statement at least three times now. Simone, distressed as she is, cannot get any food in her mouth. She looks down at the food on her plate as if it's something she can't fully comprehend. She gets a good forkful of enchilada halfway to her mouth before she loses incentive and drops the fork back onto her plate. I think it's the first time in her 21 years that she's had to deal with real-life problems more serious than the loss of a contact lens.

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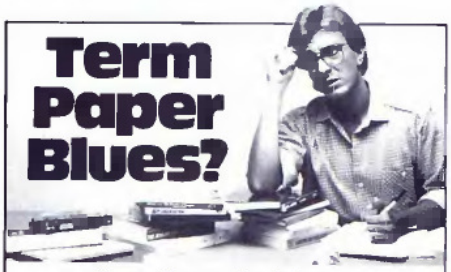
Three days ago, one day after the incident with the guns, I spent the entire morning nursing an irrational fear that somehow the police were tracking us down and a patrol car would be pulling up outside the house any minute. I was



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the only one home except for my mother, who had taken the day off sick from work and was sleeping upstairs.

I holed up in my basement bedroom to watch TV and read. About four o'clock I heard a knock at the front door and nearly passed out from fright. I had read about what happens in prisons to young, clean people like me. Trespassing and destruction of property, not to mention shooting in the general direction of the property's owner, might get Buckeye and me some serious time in the pen.

The knocking came again and then the front door creaked open. I pictured a police officer coming into our house with his pistol drawn. I turned off the light in my room, hid myself in the closet and listened to the footsteps upstairs. It took me only a few seconds to recognize the heavy shuffling gait of Buckeye.

Feeling relieved and a little ridiculous, I ran upstairs to find Buckeye going down the hall toward my parents' room.

"Hey, Bubba," he said when he saw me. "Nobody answered the door so I let myself in. Simone told me your mother's sick. I have something for her." He held up a mason jar that was filled with a dark green substance.

"She's just tired," I said. "What is that?"

"It's got vitamins and minerals," he said. "Best thing in the world for sick and tired people. My grandpop taught me how to make it. All natural, no artificial flavors or colors, though it could probably use some. It smells like what you might find in a baby's diaper and doesn't taste much better."

"Mom's asleep," I said. "She told me not to wake her unless there was an emergency."

"How long's she been asleep?" Buckeye asked.

"Pretty much the whole day," I told him.

Buckeye looked at his watch. "That's not good. She needs to have something to eat. Nutrients and things."

I shrugged and Buckeye shrugged back. He looked a little run-down himself. His hair flopped aimlessly around on his head. He rubbed the jar in his hands like it was a magic lamp.

"You can leave it and I'll give it to her. Or you can wait until she wakes up. Simone will be home pretty soon."

Buckeye looked at me and weighed his options. Then he turned on his heels, walked right up to my parents' bedroom door and rapped on it firmly. I deserted the hallway for the kitchen, not wanting to be implicated in this in any way. I was there only a few seconds when Buckeye appeared, short of breath.

"Something's wrong," he said. "Your mother."

My mother was lying still on the bed, her eyes open, unblinking, staring at nothing. Her skin was pale and glossy and her swollen tongue was hanging out of her mouth and covered with white splotches. I stood in the doorway while Buckeye telephoned an ambulance. "Mama?" I called from where I was standing. For some reason I couldn't make myself go any closer.

I walked out to the front yard and nearly fell on my face. Everything went black for a moment. I thought I'd gone blind. When my sight came back the world looked so sharp and real it hurt. I picked up a rock from the flower planter and chucked it at the Conleys' big bay window across the street. I missed, and the rock made a hollow thump on the siding. If I had played Little League like my father had wanted me to, that window would have been history.

I reeled around in the front yard until the ambulance and my father showed up. I hung out in the corner of the yard and swung dangerously back and forth in the lilac bushes. I watched the ambulance pull up and the paramedics run into my house, followed a few minutes later by my father. Neighbors began to appear, bald and liver-spotted heads poking out of windows and from behind screen doors.

When my father came out, he found me sitting in the gardenias. He told me that my mother was not dead but that she'd had a severe diabetic reaction. "Too much insulin, not enough food," he said, wiping his eyes. "Why doesn't she take care of herself?"

I'd seen my mother have minor reactions, when she would get numb all over and forget what her name was and we'd have to make her eat candy or drink soda until she became better. But nothing like this. My father put his hand on my back and guided me inside, where the paramedics were strapping her onto a stretcher and trying to pour orange juice down her throat. She didn't look any better than before.

"She's not dead," I said. I was honestly having trouble believing my father. I thought he might be trying to pull a fast one on me, saving me from immediate grief and shock. To me, my mother looked as dead as anything I'd ever seen, as dead as my aunt Sally in her coffin a few years ago, dense and filmy, like a figure carved from wax.

My father looked at me, his eyes moist and drawn, and shook his head. "She's serious, Lord help her, but she'll make

"Please don't feel you have to entertain us."

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By Dane Spotts

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it," he said. "I'm going to the hospital with her. I'll call you when I get there. Go and pray for her. That's what she needs from you."

I watched them load the stretcher into the ambulance and then went upstairs to pray. I had never truly prayed in all my life, though I'd mouthed the words in Sunday school. But my father had said that was what my mother needed, and as helpless and lost as I felt, I couldn't come up with anything better to do.

I found Buckeye in my sister's room kneeling at the side of the bed. My first irrational thought was that he might be doing something questionable in there, but then he started speaking and there was no doubt that I was listening to a prayer. He had his face pushed into his hands, but his voice came at me as if he were talking through a pipe. I can't remember a word he said, only that he pleaded for my mother's life and health in a way that made it impossible for me to move away from the door and leave him to his privacy. I forgot myself completely and stood dumbly above the stairs, my hand resting on the doorknob.

Buckeye rocked on his knees and talked to the Lord. If it is possible to be humble and demanding at the same time, Buckeye was pulling it off: He dug the heels of his hands into his forehead and called on the Almighty in a near shout. He asked questions and seemed to get answers. He pleaded for mercy. He chattered on for minutes, lost in something that seemed to range from elation to despair. I had never heard anything like it before. Light shot up and down my spine and hit the backs of my eyes. I don't think it's stretching it to say that for a few moments I was genuinely certain that God, who or whatever he may be, was in that room. Despite myself, I peeked around the door to make sure there was really nobody in there except Buckeye. He finished and I went down the hall to my parents' room. I sat down on their bed and mumbled to no one in particular that I backed up everything Buckeye was saying, 100 percent.

We went to the hospital, and after an eternity of reading women's magazines and listening to Simone's sobbing, a doctor came out and told us that it looked like my mother would be fine, though we were lucky we found her when we did because if we had let her sleep another half hour she certainly wouldn't have made it. Simone began to sob even louder and I looked at Buckeye, but he didn't react to what the doctor said. He slumped in his chair and looked terribly tired. Relief sucked everything out of me and left me so weak that I couldn't help but let loose a few stray tears myself.

While my father filled out insurance forms, Buckeye muttered something about needing to get some sleep. He gave Simone a kiss on the forehead and patted my father and me on the back and wandered away into the dark halls of the hospital. That was the last we saw of him.

•

My mother's nearly buying the farm and the disappearance of Buckeye, the family hero, has thrown us all into a state. I poke at a mound of Jell-O with my fork and say, "I bet he's just had a good run of luck selling pantyhose. By now he's probably selling them to squaws in Oklahoma." I don't know why I say things like this. I guess it's because I'm the baby of the family.

My father shakes his head in resigned paternal disappointment and Simone bares her teeth and throws me a look of such hate that I'm unable to make another comment. My father asks me why I don't go to my room and do something worthwhile. I decide to take his advice. Simone looks like she's meditating violence. I thump down the stairs, turn up my stereo as loud as it will go, lie on my bed and stare at the ceiling. Before I go to sleep I imagine sending words to heaven, clouds opening up before me to reveal a light so brilliant I can't make out what's inside.

I'm awakened by a loud grating sound like a manhole cover being slid from its place. It's dark in my room, the music is off and someone has put a blanket over me. There is a scrape and a thud and I twist around to see Buckeye stuffed into the small window well on the other side of the room, looking at me through the glass.

He has pushed away the wrought-iron grate that covers the well and is squatting in the dead leaves and spiderwebs that cover the bottom of it. Buckeye is just a big jumble of shadow and moonlight, but I can still make out his smile. I get up and slide open the window.

"Good evening," Buckeye whispers, polite as ever. He presses his palms against the screen. "I didn't want to wake you, but I brought you something. Do you want to come out here?"

I run upstairs, go out the front door and find Buckeye trying to lift himself out of the window well onto the grass. I help him up and say, "Where have you been?"

When Buckeye straightens up and faces me, I get a strong whiff of alcohol and old sweat. He acts like he didn't hear my question. He holds up a finger, indicating for me to wait a moment, and goes to his car, leaning to the right just a little. He comes back with a case of beer and bestows it on me as if it were a red pillow with the crown jewels on top. "This is that beer I owe you," he says, his voice gritty and raw with drink. "I wanted to get you a keg of the good-tasting stuff, but I couldn't find one this late."

We stand in the wet grass and look at each other. His lower lip is split and swollen, his half-ear is a mottled purple and he's got what looks like lipstick smudged on his chin. His boots are muddy and he's wearing the same clothes he had on three days ago.

"Your mother OK?" he says.

"She's fine. They want her to stay in bed a week or so."

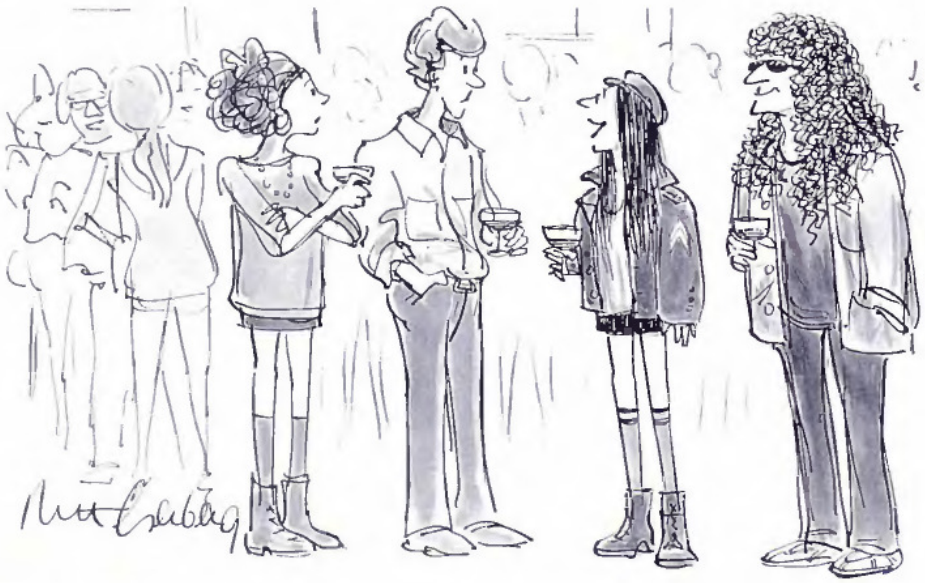
"Simone?"

"She's been crying a lot."

For a long time he just stands there, his face gone slack, and looks past me to the dark house. "Everybody asleep in there?"

I look at my watch. It's almost 3:30 in the morning. "I guess so," I say.

Buckeye says, "Hey, let's take a load off. Looks like you're about to drop that beer." We walk over to the porch and sit down on the steps. I keep the case in my



"Michael supports Howard Stern for governor."

lap, not really knowing what to do with it. Buckeye pulls out two cans, pops them open, hands one to me.

I have the first beer of my life sitting on our front porch with Buckeye. It's warm and sour but not too bad. I feel strange, like I haven't completely come out of sleep. I have so many questions looping through my brain that I can't concentrate on one long enough to ask it. Buckeye takes a big breath and looks down into his hands. "What can I say?" he whispers. "I thought I was getting along fine and the next thing I know I'm facedown in the dirt. I lost my strength for just a minute and that's all it takes." He gets up, walks out to the willow tree, touches its leaves with his fingers and comes back to sit down. "I think I got ahead of myself. This time I have to take things slower."

"Are you going somewhere?" I ask. It seems to be the only question that means anything right now.

"I don't know. I'll keep looking for Bud. He's the only brother I've got. I've just got to get away, start things over again."

Not having anything to say, I nod. We quietly drink a couple more beers together and stare into the distance. I want to tell Buckeye about hearing him pray for my mother, thinking it might change something, but I can't coax out the words. Finally, Buckeye stands up and whacks some imaginary dust out of his pants. "I'd leave a note for Simone and your folks. . . ." he says.

"I'll tell them," I say.

"Lord," Buckeye says. "Damn."

He sticks his big hand out for a shake, a habit he picked up from the Mormons, and gives me a knuckle-popping squeeze. As he walks away on the cement path toward his car, the inside of my chest feels as big as a room and I have an overpowering desire to tackle him, take his legs out, pay him back for my collarbone, hold him down and tell him what a goddamn bastard I think he is. This feeling stays with me for all of five seconds, then bottoms out and leaves me as I was before, the owner of a long list of emotions: sorry that it had to turn out this way for everybody, relieved that Buckeye is back to his natural self, pleased that he came to see me before he left, afraid of what life will be like without him around.

Buckeye starts up his battle wagon and instead of just driving slowly away into the distance, which would probably be the appropriate thing to do, he gets the car going in a tight circle, four, five times around in the middle of the quiet street, muffler rattling, tires squealing and bumping the curb, horn blowing, a hubcap flying into somebody's yard—all for my benefit.

I go into the house before I hear the last rumbles of Buckeye's car die away. I pick up the case of beer to hide under my bed, already planning a hell-raising beer party for my friends. I figure it's about time we did something like that. On the way down the stairs, I wobble a little and bump into things, feeling like the whole house is pitching beneath my feet. All at once it hits me that I'm officially roasted. Gratified, I go back upstairs and into my father's den, where he keeps the typewriter I've never seen him use.

I feed some paper into the dusty old machine and begin typing. I've decided not to tell anyone about Buckeye's last visit; it will be the final secret between us. Instead, I go to work composing the letter Buckeye would have left had he only learned to write. I address it to Simone and just let things flow. I don't really try to imitate Buckeye's voice, but somehow I can feel it coming out in a crusty kind of eloquence. Even though I've always been someone who's been highly aware of grammar and punctuation, I let sentence after sentence go by without employing so much as a comma. I tell Simone everything Buckeye could have felt and then some. I tell her how much she means to me and always will. I tell her what a peach she is. I'm shameless, really. I include my parents and thank them for everything, inform them that as far as I'm concerned, no two more Christian people ever walked the earth. I philosophize about goodness and badness and the sweet sorrow of parting. As I type, I imagine my family reading this at the breakfast table and the heartache compressing their faces, emotion rising in them so fully that they are choked into speechlessness. This image spurs me on and I clack away on the keys like a single-minded idiot. When I'm finished, I have two and a half pages and nothing left to say.

I take the letter out on the front porch and tack it to our front door, feeling ridiculously like Martin Luther, charged with conviction and fear. I go back inside and try to go to sleep, but I'm restless—the blood inside me is hammering against my ribs and the ends of my fingers, the house is too dark and cramped. Instead of going up the stairs, I push out my window screen, climb out through the well and begin to run around the house, the sun a little higher in the sky every time I come around into the front yard. I feel light-headed and weightless and I run until my lungs are raw, trying to get the alcohol out of my veins before my parents wake up.

The second-place winner of this year's College Fiction Contest is Catherine L. Day, of the University of Alabama. Third prizes were awarded to Scott Garson of George Mason University, Timalyne Lindquist-Frazier of Marlboro College and Alex Smith of the University of Texas.

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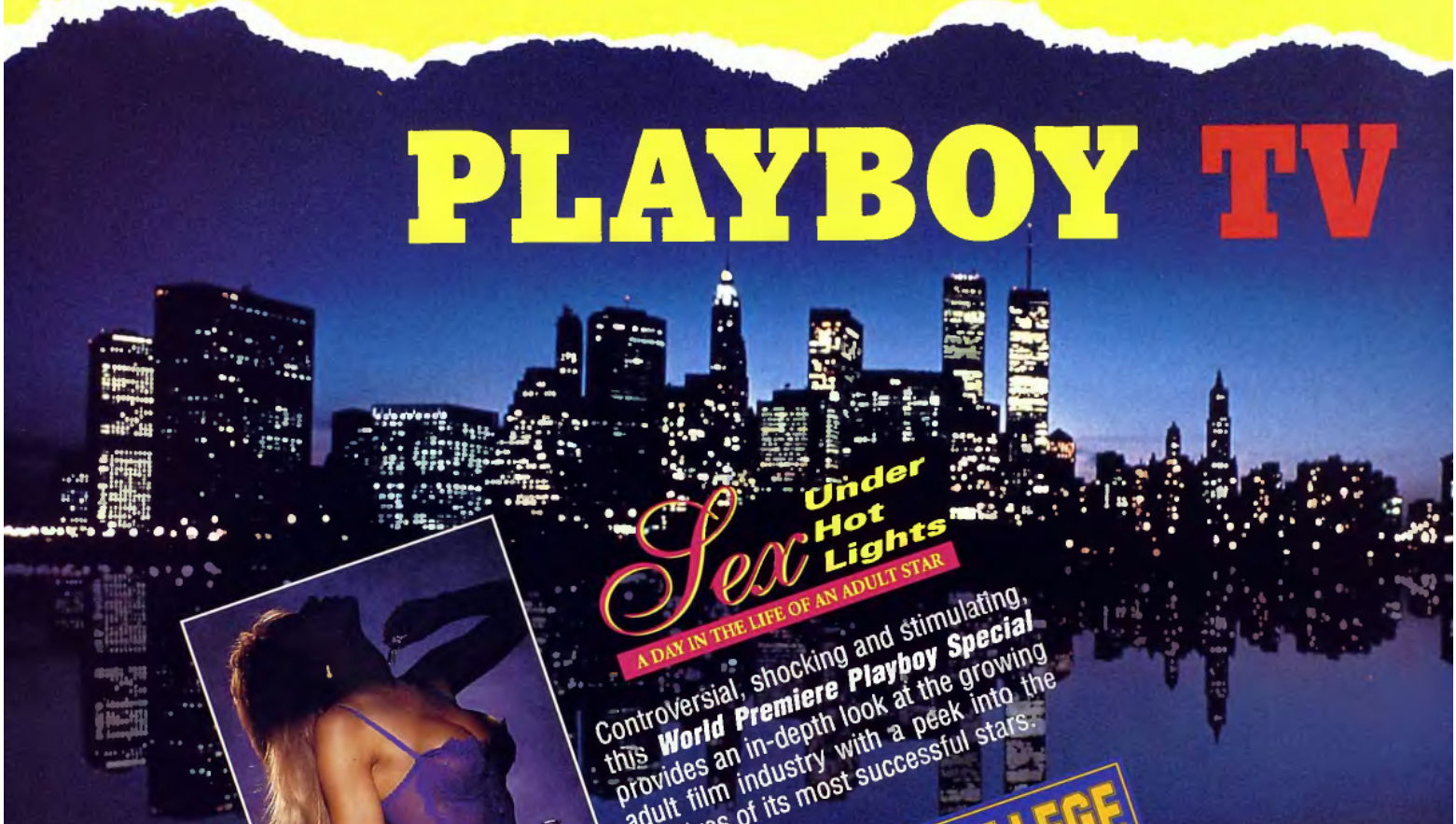

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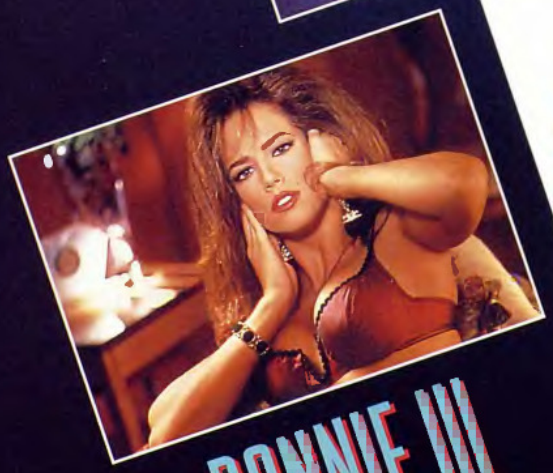

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TAKE A BIKE

Cycling enthusiasts who dismiss folding bikes as nothing but kid stuff now have two good reasons to take compact collapsibles seriously: the Bike Friday Pocket Rocket and the BMW Mountain Bike, both pictured below. Unlike the flimsy models of old, these rough riders feature the same high-quality chromoly steel frames and Shimano components as top-of-the-line street bikes. They're also lightweight (less than 35 pounds each) and can be folded and unfolded in a matter of seconds. For short road trips, both models will fit neatly into the trunk of your car. Or, if you're really going the distance, you can stash either bike in a special suitcase, check it at the airport as standard luggage and save yourself the $90 round-trip handling fee.

JAMES IMBROGNO

Below: The custom Bike Friday Pocket Rocket is a 16-speed racing model with a chromoly steel frame and Shimano 105 components, by Green Gear Cycling, about $1400, including a sturdy Samsonite Travel Case. It folds down to a 27" x 34" x 13" package (shown below right). Bottom: It takes only 30 seconds to fold BMW's 32-pound Mountain Bike down to 36" x 30" x 10". Built by Montague Corporation, the $595 18-speeder also features a chromoly steel frame as well as Shimano TY20 components, grip shifters and an optional carrying case, $65.

Where & How to Buy on page 149.

Buddy and the Blondes

Playmate of the Year JENNY MCCARTHY presented blues master BUDDY GUY with a limited-edition Marilyn Monroe Stratocaster made especially for PLAYBOY's 40th Anniversary. Buddy's beaming.

Alternative Cash

After 40 years in the country music business, JOHNNY CASH has made the astonishing album *American Recordings*. Alone with his acoustic guitar, he sings songs by Nick Lowe, Glenn Danzig and Leonard Cohen. It's worth the cash.

Popping Her Top

On *Melrose Place* DAPHNE ZUNIGA plays a single mom-to-be looking for a mate. Says Zuniga, "I wish Jo would find a decent guy." In real life, she's a photographer's dream. And probably booked solid.

Everything's Coming Up Rosie

A 1994 Oscar nominee, ROSIE PEREZ is currently starring in *It Could Happen to You* and *Somebody to Love*. And her leather dress ain't too shabby, either.

Masculine Femmes

For their seventh album, *New Times*, the VIOLENT FEMMES have a new drummer and a new label, but their punk roots are solid. The band calls this CD a "rough rock-and-roll acoustic punk kind of thing." Go see them perform this fall and decide for yourself.

Tooth and Nails

Nine Inch Nails' TRENT REZNOR is flying high since the band's *Downward Spiral* album has gone gold. Nails played Woodstock 1994 and collaborated on the soundtrack for Oliver Stone's *Natural Born Killers*. The band's two-part tour ends soon, so you'd better hurry.

Belle Raquel

If you've spotted RAQUEL WELCH in Equal TV commercials or seen her cameo appearance in *Naked Gun 33⅓: The Final Insult*, you know that she is more beautiful than ever. For a look back, get *The Playboy Book: Forty Years*. We fell for Raquel all over again.

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"Wrap yourself Heidi style. Do-Anything Clothing" is how Heidi Fleiss, the madam of Beverly Hills, is promoting her line of women's loungewear. No, Heidi Wear isn't teddies, peignoirs, bustiers and other types of provocative attire; it's heather gray, all-cotton tank tops, shorts and pants that are as flattering and sexy as they are comfortable and fun to wear. The postpaid prices: $35 for the pants and button-front tops, $25 for tank tops and shorts, all in sizes small through large. (By the way, Heidi Wear also has a men's line, and men's cotton boxer shorts in several plaid designs with a hidden condom pocket are $40.) To order, call 800-HEIDI-PJ or send a check to Heidi PJ, P.O. Box 629000, El Dorado Hills, California 95762.

CUTTY AND SEAWATER

Shove off on Cutty Sark's Virtual Voyage—and be prepared for rough seas. It's a virtual reality booth that combines 21st century technology with the adventure of piloting a tall ship. Mountainous waves, pirates and an attack by a biplane are just some of the dangers you'll encounter before you return to safe harbor. Virtual Voyage is on a national tour of trade shows and restaurants. If it gets to your area, go aboard—if you dare.

THE BUCK DOESN'T STOP HERE

As loyal readers of PLAYBOY know, Buck Brown is the talented artist who's been the guiding hand behind the ever-horny cartoon character Granny since she debuted in the magazine in 1966. Now Brown has taken his talent in a new direction: He's producing prints of some of his works of art painted over the years in a style that he calls "soul genre." Pictured here is *The Eagle Flies on Friday*, which measures 17″ x 20″ and sells for $40, postpaid, signed by Brown. Other prints in the series, including a wee-hours nightclub scene titled *Comin' Down With the Blues*, are available from the artist at P.O. Box 122, Park Forest, Illinois 60466. Drop him a note for more information.

GO CLIMB A TREE

Peter Pan and Peter Nelson have one thing in common: They both dig treehouses. But while Pan has flown his aerie, Nelson still occupies the one he built in British Columbia while writing *Treehouses: The Art and Craft of Living Out on a Limb*. In addition to step-by-step construction photos, *Treehouses* contains shots of other people's castles in the sky. Price: $35 for hardcover, $19.95 for paperback. Call 800-225-3362 or check your bookstore.

BIG BEN ON THE RISE

Tired of whiling away those long fall nights playing Scruples? Try putting together Big Ben, a 51″-tall, 1500-piece, three-dimensional puzzle of the famous clock. It's just one of a number of international jigsaw structures—others include an Alsatian village and a Victorian avenue—that Wrebbit, the manufacturer, is offering for $66.95, postpaid. Call 800-562-1234 for stores that carry the puzzles. On Wrebbit's ease-of-assembly graph, Big Ben is "very difficult."

DEATH BECOMES YOU

Death Studios in La Porte, Indiana is back with five full-head Halloween masks that are more evil than ever. At far left is the 27″-tall Healer with looks that kill ($85). Behind it, the always-unpopular Bone ($65) and, up front, a Satyr from Hell ($75). The hirsute creation is Bad Moon ($155), a werewolf with furry, 25″-long hands and arms ($90). Then there's Mad Jack-in-the-Box ($95), a jester with the wrong attitude. To order, call 219-362-4321.

THE HEAT IS ON

Eat ten chicken wings that have been marinated in Armageddon hot sauce and you'll get your name on the Red Dog Tavern's wall of flame. That and just about everything else you want to know about fire down below is contained in *Hot Licks*, a hardcover by Jennifer Thompson that is devoted to the subject of hot sauces. And you can bet that if the recipe for Joe's Soak Sauce doesn't leave you smoldering, then a product named Capital Punishment will. Price: $14.95, postpaid, from 800-722-6657.

SONG OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC

Who hasn't hankered to hop aboard a freighter and sail for Rarotonga and beyond? That's what Michael Krieger does in *Conversations With the Cannibals: The End of the Old South Pacific*, a 300-page hardcover that explores the "cultures, subcultures and extraordinary people who reflect an epoch on the verge of extinction." It's high adventure for only $25, postpaid. Call the Ecco Press in Hopewell, New Jersey at 800-342-3226 to order a copy.

BIXOLOGY

Bix Beiderbecke's professional career may have been short, but his contribution to jazz plays on forever. Now IRD Records in Milan, Italy has released *The Complete Bix Beiderbecke in Chronological Order*, a marvelously remastered nine-CD set that begins in 1924 with *Fidgety Feet* and ends 208 songs later in 1931 with *In the Dark*. The set, which is hard to find, sells for about $130. Ask your record dealer to order it.

NEXT MONTH

POUTY PAMELA

MR. POLITICO

LATEST CATCH

CINEMA EROTICA

CLOSING TIME—IN THE LONG-AWAITED SEQUEL TO *CATCH-22*, YOSSARIAN IS AN AGING HYPOCHONDRIAC. BUT NOT MUCH ELSE HAS CHANGED—HE'S STILL SEDUCING NURSES FROM HIS HOSPITAL BED—FICTION BY **JOSEPH HELLER**

THE SCARIEST CRIMINAL IN AMERICA—FOR ALMOST TWO DECADES A RUTHLESS BOMBER HAS ELUDED ONE OF THE LARGEST TASK FORCES ASSEMBLED BY THE FBI. HIS LATEST TARGETS, TOP COMPUTER SCIENTISTS, ARE LUCKY TO BE ALIVE—ARTICLE BY **MICHAEL REYNOLDS**

CHRISTIAN SLATER—GENERATION X'S FAVORITE ACTOR (*HEATHERS*, *PUMP UP THE VOLUME*, *TRUE ROMANCE*) TALKS ABOUT *INTERVIEW WITH THE VAMPIRE*, DIRECTORS HE DOESN'T LIKE, LEADING LADIES HE DOES, AND HIS DAYS AS A BAD BOY, ALL IN A PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

ROCK GIRLS—COURTNEY LOVE, KIM DEAL AND **LIZ PHAIR** OUTROCK AND OUTRAUNCH THE GUYS. READ HOW FEEDBACK FEMINISTS ARE RESHAPING MUSIC IN THE NINETIES—BY **CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO**

PAMELA ANDERSON—THE SULTRY PLAYMATE AND *BAYWATCH* STAR FLAUNTS HER NEW CAREER MOVES AND HER BARDOT LOOK IN A SIZZLING PICTORIAL SHOT IN SAINT-TROPEZ

STERN FOR GOVERNOR—RADIO'S LOUDMOUTH, **HOWARD STERN,** IS MAKING A KAMIKAZE RAID ON NEW YORK'S GUBERNATORIAL RACE. CAN ELECTORAL POLITICS SURVIVE? AN OUTRAGEOUS REPORT FROM THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL BY **GEOFFREY NORMAN**

SOVIET CHIC—THE COLD WAR'S MELTDOWN HAS PROVIDED SOME UNIQUE OFFICE GIZMOS. DAZZLE COLLEAGUES WITH BORDER-GUARD BINOCULARS OR A CLOCK FROM A MIG 29. FOR THE ULTIMATE CAREER BOOST, TRY THE MIG 15 EJECTOR SEAT

QUENTIN TARANTINO—HE'S FILM NOIR'S NEW DARLING, THE MAN WHO GAVE US BUCKETS OF BLOOD IN *RESERVOIR DOGS* AND CRAZY LOVE IN *TRUE ROMANCE*. NOW THE DIRECTOR OF *PULP FICTION* DISCUSSES GUY THINGS, MADONNA AND ITALIANS IN 20 QUESTIONS

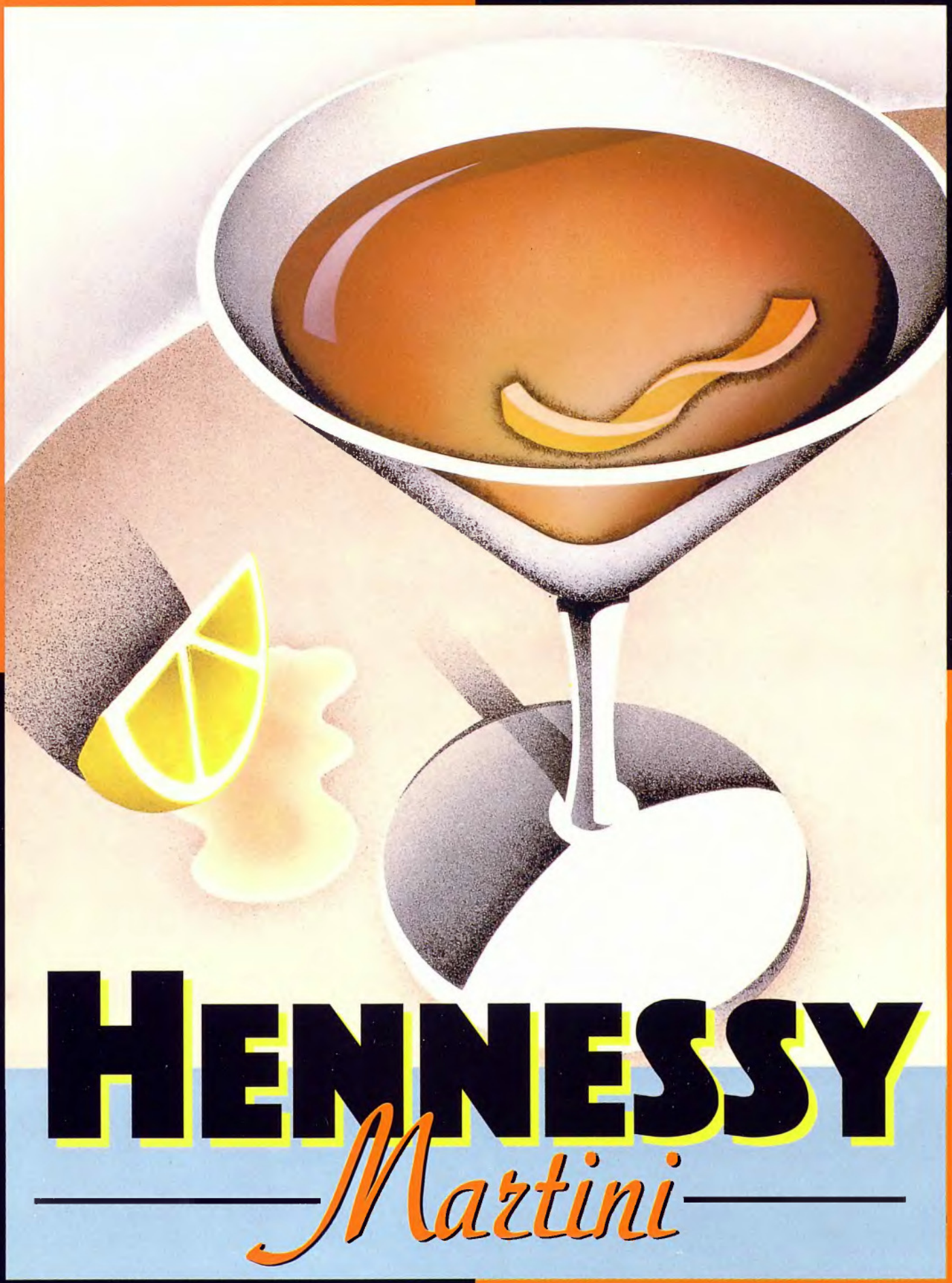
PLUS: THE LATEST SNOWBOARDS, CAR WARS—WHO'S NUMBER ONE?, **JON KRAKAUER** ON THE RIGHT WAY TO STAY TRIM, GREAT TOPCOATS AND A STIRRING YEAR FOR SEX IN CINEMA STARRING *SIRENS'* **ELLE MACPHERSON**

BEYOND KOOL

no doubt about it.

100's, 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method. © 1994 B&W T Co.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.



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Discover this classic. Combine 2 oz. of Hennessy V.S and a squeeze of lemon over ice. Stir gently, don't shake. Strain into a chilled martini glass. Or ask your bartender.